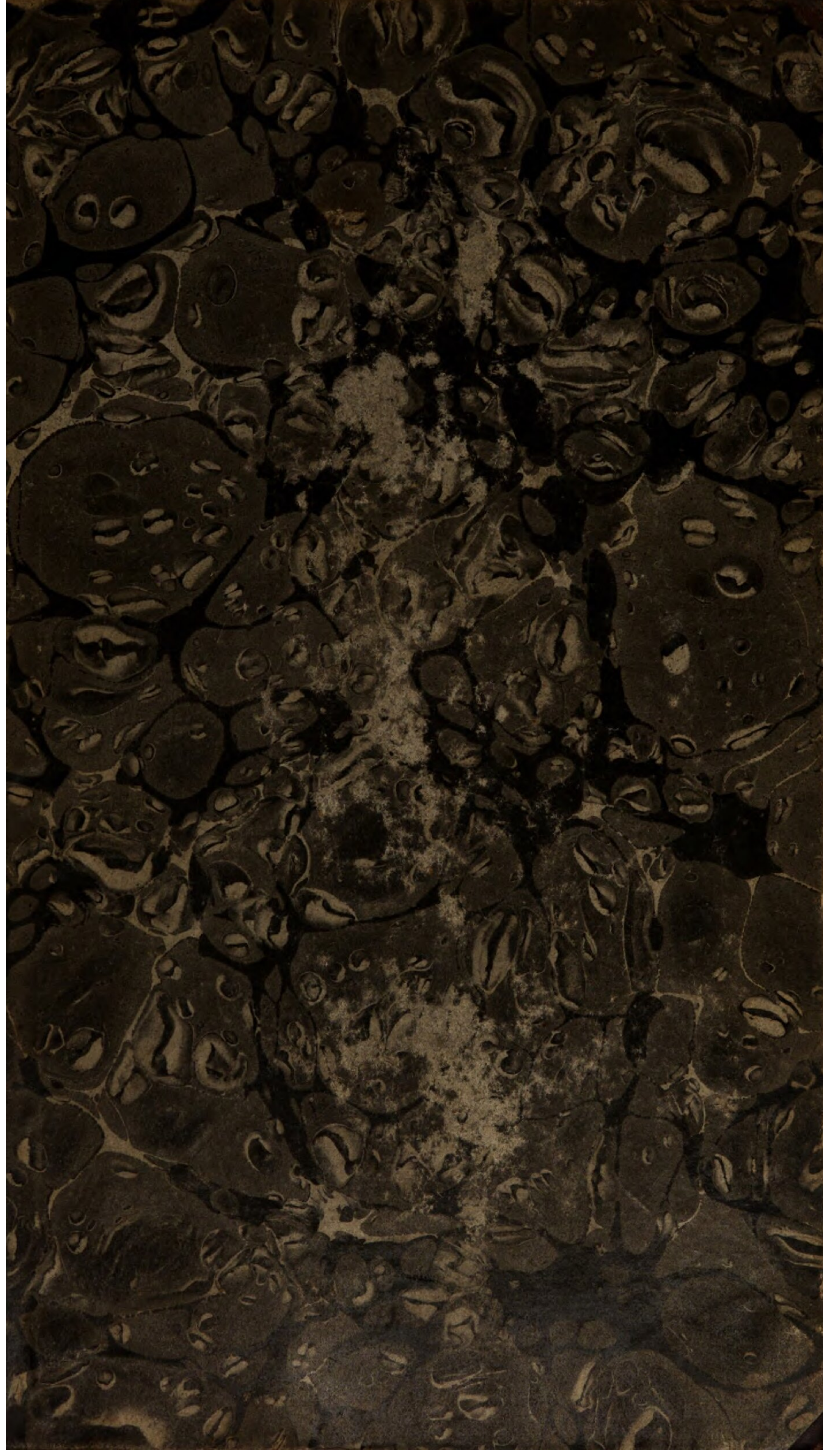




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JAMES WASHINGTON
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IN FOUR VOLUMES
VOL. II

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.

CONTAINING
ORIGINAL POEMS,
TALES, AND TRANSLATIONS,
WITH NOTES,
BY THE LATE
REV. JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

THE
REV. JOHN WARTON, M.A.

AND OTHERS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; T. PAYNE; J. NUNN; R. LEA;
LACKINGTON AND CO.; J. RICHARDSON; LONGMAN AND CO; CADELL
AND DAVIES; AND S. BAGSTER;

By Law and Gilbert, St. John's-Square, Clerkenwell.

1811.

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CONTENTS

TO

VOL. III.

	PAGE
To his Grace the Duke of Ormond - - -	1
Preface prefixed to the Fables - - -	13
To her Grace the Dutchess of Ormond - - -	47
Palamon and Arcite; or, the Knight's Tale. Book I.	55
II.	84
III.	116
The Cock and the Fox; or, the Tale of the Nun's Priest	175
The Flower and the Leaf; or, the Lady in the Arbour.	
A Vision - - - - -	211
The Wife of Bath, her Tale - - - - -	243
The character of a Good Parson - - - - -	267
Sigismonda and Guiscardo - - - - -	277
Theodore and Honoria - - - - -	311
Cymon and Iphigenia - - - - -	331
To the Right Honourable Lord Radcliffe - - -	361
The First Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses - -	379
Meleager and Atalanta, out of the Eighth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses - - - - -	425
Baucis and Philemon, out of the Eighth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses - - - - -	445
The Fable of Iphis and Ianthe, from the Ninth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses - - - -	455
Pygmalion and the Statue, from the Tenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses - - - - -	465

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Cinyras and Myrrha, out of the Tenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses - - - -	471
Ceyx and Alcyone, out of the Tenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses - - - -	489
Æfacus transformed into a Cormorant. From the Eleventh Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses -	511
The Twelfth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses wholly translated - - - -	515

1	To the Grace the Duke of Ormond
13	Epitaph prefixed to the Tables
47	To her Grace the Duchess of Ormond
55	Palamon and Arcite; or, the Knight's Tale. Book I.
84	II.
116	III.
175	The Cock and the Fox; or, the Tale of the Wren's Nest
	The Flower and the Leaf; or, the Lady in the Arbour.
211	A Vision
243	The Wife of Bath, her Tale
267	The character of a Good Person
277	Reginard and Ginevra
311	Theodore and Honora
321	Cymon and Iphigenia
361	To the Right Honourable Lord Radcliffe
379	The Tenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses
	Melampus and Atalanta, out of the Eighth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses
425	Phaon and Psithia, out of the Eighth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses
445	Ovid's Metamorphoses
	The Tale of Iphis and Ianthe, from the Ninth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses
455	Pygmalion and the Statue, from the Tenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses
465	Ovid's Metamorphoses

TO
HIS GRACE
THE
DUKE OF ORMOND.

MY LORD,

Anno 1699.

SOME estates are held in England by paying a fine at the change of every lord. I have enjoyed the patronage of your family, from the time of your excellent grandfather to this present day. I have dedicated the translation of the Lives of Plutarch to the first Duke; and have celebrated the memory of your heroic father. Though I am very short of the age of Nestor, yet I have lived to a third generation of your house; and by your Grace's favour am admitted still to hold from you by the same tenure.

I am not vain enough to boast that I have deserved the value of so illustrious a line; but my fortune is the greater, that for three descents they have been pleased to distinguish my

poems from those of other men; and have accordingly made me their peculiar care. May it be permitted me to say, that as your grandfather and father were cherished and adorned with honours by two successive monarchs, so I have been esteemed and patronized by the grandfather, the father, and the son, descended from one of the most ancient, most conspicuous, and most deserving families in Europe.

It is true, that by delaying the payment of my last fine, when it was due by your Grace's accession to the titles and patrimonies of your house, I may seem, in rigour of law, to have made a forfeiture of my claim; yet my heart has always been devoted to your service; and since you have been graciously pleased, by your permission of this address, to accept the tender of my duty, it is not yet too late to lay these poems at your feet.

The world is sensible that you worthily succeed not only to the honours of your ancestors, but also to their virtues. The long chain of magnanimity, courage, easiness of access, and desire of doing good, even to the prejudice of your fortune, is so far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious metal yet runs pure to the newest link of it; which I will not call the last, because I hope and pray it may descend to late posterity; and your flourishing

youth, and that of your excellent Dutcheſs, are happy omens of my wiſh.

It is obſerved by Livy and by others, that ſome of the nobleſt Roman families retained a reſemblance of their anceſtry, not only in their ſhapes and features, but alſo in their manners, their qualities, and the diſtinguiſhing characters of their minds. Some lines were noted for a ſtern, rigid virtue, ſavage, haughty, pariſimonious, and unpopular: others were more ſweet and affable, made of a more pliant paſte, humble, courteous, and obliging; ſtudious of doing charitable offices, and diffuſive of the goods which they enjoyed. The laſt of theſe is the proper and indelible character of your Grace's family. God Almighty has endued you with a ſoftneſs, a beneficence, an attractive behaviour winning on the hearts of others; and ſo ſenſible of their miſery, that the wounds of fortune ſeem not inflicted on them, but on yourſelf. You are ſo ready to redreſs, that you almoſt prevent their wiſhes, and always exceed their expectations; as if what was yours was not your own, and not given you to poſſeſs, but to beſtow on wanting merit. But this is a topic which I muſt caſt in ſhades, leſt I offend your modeſty, which is ſo far from being oſtentatious of the good you do, that it bluſhes even to have it known; and therefore I muſt leave you to

the satisfaction and testimony of your own conscience, which, though it be a silent panegyric, is yet the best.

You are so easy of access, that Poplicola was not more, whose doors were opened on the outside to save the people even the common civility of asking entrance; where all were equally admitted; where nothing that was reasonable was denied; where misfortune was a powerful recommendation, and where I can scarce forbear saying that want itself was a powerful mediator, and was next to merit.

The history of Peru assures us, that their Incas, above all their titles, esteemed that the highest, which called them Lovers of the Poor; a name more glorious than the Felix, Pius, and Augustus of the Roman Emperors; which were epithets of flattery, deserved by few of them, and not running in a blood like the perpetual gentleness and inherent goodness of the ORMOND Family.

Gold, as it is the purest, so it is the softest and most ductile of all metals. Iron, which is the hardest, gathers rust, corrodes itself, and is therefore subject to corruption: it was never intended for coins and medals, or to bear the faces and inscriptions of the great. Indeed it is fit for armour, to bear off insults, and preserve the wearer in the day of battle; but the

danger once repelled, it is laid aside by the brave, as a garment too rough for civil conversation: a necessary guard in war, but too harsh and cumbersome in peace, and which keeps off the embraces of a more humane life.

For this reason, my lord, though you have courage in an heroical degree, yet I ascribe it to you but as your second attribute: mercy, beneficence, and compassion, claim precedence, as they are first in the Divine Nature. An intrepid courage, which is inherent in your Grace, is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity: affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word, which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue, I mean goodness, are of daily use: they are the bread of mankind, and staff of life: neither sighs, nor tears, nor groans, nor curses of the vanquished, follow acts of compassion, and of charity; but a sincere pleasure and serenity of mind, in him who performs an action of mercy, which cannot suffer the misfortunes of another without redress, lest they should bring a kind of contagion along with them, and pollute the happiness which he enjoys.

Yet since the perverse tempers of mankind, since oppression on one side, and ambition on the other, are sometimes the unavoidable occa-

sions of war; that courage, that magnanimity, and resolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended. And here it grieves me that I am scanted in the pleasure of dwelling on many of your actions; but *αἰδέομαι Τρώας* is an expression which Tully often uses, when he would do what he dares not, and fears the censure of the Romans.

I have sometimes been forced to amplify on others; but here, where the subject is so fruitful, that the harvest overcomes the reaper, I am shorted by my chain, and can only see what is forbidden me to reach: since it is not permitted me to commend you, according to the extent of my wishes, and much less is it in my power to make my commendations equal to your merits.

Yet in this frugality of your praises, there are some things which I cannot omit, without detracting from your character. You have so formed your own education, as enables you to pay the debt you owe your country, or, more properly speaking, both your countries; because you were born, I may almost say, in purple, at the Castle of Dublin, when your grandfather was Lord-lieutenant, and have since been bred in the Court of England.

If this address had been in verse, I might have called you, as Claudian calls Mercury,

Numen commune, gemino faciens commercia mundo. The better to satisfy this double obligation, you have early cultivated the genius you have to arms, that when the service of Britain or Ireland shall require your courage and your conduct, you may exert them both to the benefit of either country. You began in the cabinet what you afterwards practised in the camp ; and thus both Lucullus and Cæsar (to omit a crowd of shining Romans) formed themselves to war by the study of history, and by the examples of the greatest captains, both of Greece and Italy, before their time. I name those two commanders in particular, because they were better read in chronicle than any of the Roman leaders ; and that Lucullus in particular, having only the theory of war from books, was thought fit, without practice, to be sent into the field against the most formidable enemy of Rome. Tully indeed was called the learned Consul in derision ; but then he was not born a foldier : his head was turned another way : when he read the *Tactics*, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle. The knowledge of warfare is thrown away on a general, who dares not make use of what he knows. I commend it only in a man of courage and resolution : in him it will direct his martial spirit, and teach him the way to the

best victories, which are those that are least bloody, and which, though achieved by the hand, are managed by the head. Science distinguishes a man of honour from one of those athletic brutes whom undeservedly we call heroes. Cursed be the poet, who first honoured with that name a mere Ajax, a man-killing ideot. The Ulysses of Ovid upbraids his ignorance, that he understood not the shield for which he pleaded: there was engraven on it plans of cities, and maps of countries, which Ajax could not comprehend, but looked on them as stupidly as his fellow-beast, the lion. But on the other side, your Grace has given yourself the education of his rival: you have studied every spot of ground in Flanders, which for these ten years past has been the scene of battles and of sieges. No wonder if you performed your part with such applause on a theatre which you understood so well.

If I designed this for a poetical encomium, it were easy to enlarge on so copious a subject; but confining myself to the severity of truth, and to what is becoming me to say, I must not only pass over many instances of your military skill, but also those of your assiduous diligence in the war; and of your personal bravery, attended with an ardent thirst of honour; a long train of generosity; profuseness of doing good;

a soul unsatisfied with all it has done ; and an unextinguished desire of doing more. But all this is matter for your own historians ; I am, as Virgil says,

Spatiis exclusus iniquis.

Yet not to be wholly silent of all your charities, I must stay a little on one action, which preferred the relief of others to the consideration of yourself. When, in the battle of Landen, your heat of courage (a fault only pardonable to your youth) had transported you so far before your friends, that they were unable to follow, much less to succour you ; when you were not only dangerously, but, in all appearance, mortally wounded ; when in that desperate condition you were made prisoner, and carried to Namur, at that time in possession of the French ; then it was, my lord, that you took a considerable part of what was remitted to you of your own revenues, and, as a memorable instance of your heroic charity, put it into the hands of Count Guiscard, who was Governor of the place, to be distributed among your fellow-prisoners. The French commander, charmed with the greatness of your soul, accordingly consigned it to the use for which it was intended by the donor : by which means the lives of so many miserable men were saved,

and a comfortable provision made for their subsistence, who had otherwise perished, had not you been the companion of their misfortune; or rather sent by Providence, like another Joseph, to keep out famine from invading those, whom in humility you called your brethren. How happy was it for those poor creatures, that your Grace was made their fellow-sufferer! And how glorious for you, that you chose to want, rather than not relieve the wants of others! The heathen poet, in commending the charity of Dido to the Trojans, spoke like a Christian:

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

All men, even those of a different interest, and contrary principles, must praise this action, as the most eminent for piety, not only in this degenerate age, but almost in any of the former; when men were made *de meliore luto*; when examples of charity were frequent, and when there were in being

Teucris pulcherrima proles,
Magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis.

No envy can detract from this: it will shine in history; and, like swans, grow whiter the longer it endures; and the name of ORMOND will be more celebrated in his captivity, than in his greatest triumphs.

But all actions of your Grace are of a piece ; as waters keep the tenor of their fountains : your compassion is general, and has the same effect as well on enemies as friends. It is so much in your nature to do good, that your life is but one continued act of placing benefits on many, as the sun is always carrying his light to some part or other of the world. And were it not that your reason guides you where to give, I might almost say that you could not help bestowing more than is consistent with the fortune of a private man, or with the will of any but an Alexander.

What wonder is it then, that being born for a blessing to mankind, your supposed death in that engagement was so generally lamented through the nation ? The concernment for it was as universal as the loss ; and though the gratitude might be counterfeit in some, yet the tears of all were real : where every man deplored his private part in that calamity, and even those who had not tasted of your favours, yet built so much on the fame of your beneficence, that they bemoaned the loss of their expectations.

This brought the untimely death of your great father into fresh remembrance ; as if the same decree had passed on two short successive generations of the virtuous ; and I repeated to

myself the same verses, which I had formerly applied to him :

Ostendunt terris hunc tantùm fata, nec ultrà
Esse finunt.

But to the joy not only of all good men, but of mankind in general, the unhappy omen took not place. You are still living to enjoy the blessings and applause of all the good you have performed, the prayers of multitudes whom you have obliged, for your long prosperity; and that your power of doing generous and charitable actions may be as extended as your will; which is by none more zealously desired than by

Your GRACE'S

Most humble,

Most obliged,

And most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

P R E F A C E

P R E F I X E D T O T H E

F A B L E S.

IT is with a poet, as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the cost before-hand; but, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his account, and reckons short in the expence he first intended. He alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happened to me: I have built a house, where I intended but a lodge; yet with better success than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finish the palace he had contrived.

From translating the first of Homer's Iliads (which I intended as an essay to the whole work) I proceeded to the translation of the twelfth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, because it contains, among other things, the causes, the beginning, and ending, of the Trojan war. Here I ought in reason to have stopped; but the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses lying next in my way, I could not baulk them. When I

had compassed them, I was so taken with the former part of the fifteenth book, (which is the master-piece of the whole *Metamorphoses*) that I enjoined myself the pleasing task of rendering it into English. And now I found, by the number of my verses, that they began to swell into a little volume; which gave me an occasion of looking backward on some beauties of my author, in his former books: there occurred to me the Hunting of the Boar, *Cinyras* and *Myrrha*, the good-natured story of *Baucis* and *Philemon*, with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same turn of verse which they had in the original; and this, I may say without vanity, is not the talent of every poet. He who has arrived the nearest to it, is the ingenious and learned *Sandys*, the best versifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name which was the former part of this concluding century. For *Spenser* and *Fairfax* both flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; great masters in our language, and who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of *Spenser*, and Mr. *Waller* of *Fairfax*, for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families. *Spenser* more than once insinuates, that the soul of *Chaucer* was transfused into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me, that *Spenser* was his original, and many besides myself have heard our famous *Waller* own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, which was turned into English by Mr. *Fairfax*.

But to return. Having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind, that our old English poet, Chaucer, in many things resembled him, and that with no disadvantage on the side of the modern author, as I shall endeavour to prove when I compare them; and as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the honour of my native country, so I soon resolved to put their merits to the trial, by turning some of the Canterbury Tales into our language, as it is now refined; for by this means, both the poets being set in the same light, and dressed in the same English habit, story to be compared with story, a certain judgment may be made betwixt them by the reader, without obtruding my opinion on him. Or if I seem partial to my countryman, and predecessor in the laurel, the friends of antiquity are not few; and besides many of the learned, Ovid has almost all the beaux, and the whole fair sex, his declared patrons. Perhaps I have assumed somewhat more to myself than they allow me, because I have ventured to sum up the evidence; but the readers are the jury, and their privilege remains entire, to decide according to the merits of the cause, or, if they please, to bring it to another hearing before some other court. In the mean time, to follow the thread of my discourse, (as thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbes, have always some connexion) so from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary, but also pursued the same studies; wrote novels in prose, and many works in verse: particularly is said to have invented the octave rhyme, or stanza of eight lines, which ever since has been main-

tained by the practice of all Italian writers, who are, or at least assume the title of, Heroic Poets : he and Chaucer, among other things, had this in common, that they refined their mother tongues ; but with this difference, that Dante* had begun to file their language, at least in verse, before the time of Boccace, who likewise received no little help from his master Petrarch. But the reformation of their prose was wholly owing to Boccace himself, who is yet the standard of purity in the Italian tongue ; though many of his phrases are become obsolete, as in process of time it must needs happen. Chaucer, (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. Rymer) first adorned and amplified our barren tongue from the Provencall, which was then the most polished of all the modern languages ; but this subject has been copiously treated by that great critic, who deserves no little commendation from us his countrymen. For these reasons of time, and resemblance of genius in Chaucer and Boccace, I resolved to join them in my present work ; to which I have added some original papers of my own ; which, whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the most improper judge, and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the best,

* Dante, in one of his prose works, has treated of different sorts of style, which he has divided into three species, the *Sublime*, the *Middle*, and *Low* ; the first, he says, is proper for tragedy, the second for comedy, the third for elegy ; and he meant by giving his *Inferno* the title of *Comedia*, to insinuate, that in this work he wrote in the middle style. This seems to have been the reason why he gave it this title, which it has been thought difficult to account for.

that they will not be condemned ; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair spectators, that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs ; but what decays are in my mind, the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree ; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgment I had, increases rather than diminishes ; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to chuse or to reject ; to run them into verse, or to give them the other harmony of prose. I have so long studied and practised both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old gentleman's excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work, but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I writ it, or the several intervals of sickness : they who think too well of their own performances, are apt to boast in their prefaces how little time their works have cost them, and what other business of more importance interfered ; but the reader will be as apt to ask the question, why they allowed not a longer time to make their works

more perfect? and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges, as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them, as if they deserved no better?

With this account of my present undertaking, I conclude the first part of this discourse: in the second part, as at a second sitting, though I alter not the draught, I must touch the same features over again, and change the dead colouring of the whole. In general I will only say, that I have written nothing which favours of immorality or profaneness; at least, I am not conscious to myself of any such intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent expression, or a thought too wanton, they are crept into my verses through my inadvertency; if the searchers find any in the cargo, let them be staved or forfeited, like contrabanded goods; at least, let their authors be answerable for them, as being but imported merchandise, and not of my own manufacture. On the other side, I have endeavoured to choose such fables, both ancient and modern, as contain in each of them some instructive moral, which I could prove by induction, but the way is tedious; and they leap foremost into sight, without the reader's trouble of looking after them. I wish I could affirm with a safe conscience, that I had taken the same care in all my former writings; for it must be owned, that supposing verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet if they contain any thing which shocks religion, or good manners, they are at best what Horace says of good numbers without good sense,

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Thus far, I hope, I am right in court, without renouncing my other right of self-defence, where I have been wrongfully accused, and my sense wire-drawn into blasphemy or bawdry, as it has often been by a religious lawyer, in a late pleading against the stage; in which he mixes truth with falsehood, and has not forgotten the old rule of calumniating strongly, that something may remain.

I resume the thread of my discourse with the first of my translation, which was the first Iliad of Homer. If it shall please God to give me longer life, and moderate health, my intentions are to translate the whole Ilias; provided still that I meet with those encouragements from the public, which may enable me to proceed in my undertaking with some cheerfulness. And this I dare assure the world before-hand, that I have found, by trial, Homer a more pleasing task than Virgil, (though I say not the translation will be less laborious.) For the Grecian is more according to my genius, than the Latin poet. In the works of the two authors we may read their manners, and natural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words; Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties both of numbers, and of expressions, which his language, and the age in which he lived, allowed him: Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined; so that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry; for nothing can be more evident, than that the Ro-

man poem is but the second part of the Ilias ; a continuation of the same story, and the persons already formed ; the manners of Æneas are those of Hector superadded to those which Homer gave him. The Adventures of Ulysses in the Odyssæis are imitated in the first Six Books of Virgil's Æneis ; and though the accidents are not the same, (which would have argued him of a servile copying, and total barrenness of invention) yet the seas were the same, in which both the heroes wandered ; and Dido cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of Calypso. The six latter books of Virgil's poem are the four and twenty Iliads contracted : a quarrel occasioned by a lady, a single combat, battles fought, and a town besieged. I say not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict any thing which I have formerly said in his just praise : for his Episodes are almost wholly of his own invention ; and the form, which he has given to the telling, makes the tale his own, even though the original story had been the same. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to design ; and if invention be the first virtue of an Epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the second place. Mr. Hobbs, in the preface to his own bald translation of the Ilias, (studying poetry as he did mathematicks, when it was too late) Mr. Hobbs, I say, begins the praise of Homer where he should have ended it. He tells us, that the first beauty of an Epic poem consists in diction, that is, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers : now the words are the colouring of the work, which in the order of nature is last to be considered. The

design, the disposition, the manners, and the thoughts, are all before it: where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life; which is in the very definition of a poem. Words indeed, like glaring colours, are the first beauties that arise, and strike the sight: but if the draught be false or lame, the figures ill-disposed, the manners obscure or inconsistent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the finest colours are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monster at the best. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this last, which is expression, the Roman poet is at least equal to the Grecian, as I have said elsewhere; supplying the poverty of his language by his musical ear, and by his diligence. But to return: our two great poets, being so different in their tempers, one choleric and sanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic; that which makes them excel in their several ways, is, that each of them has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the design, as in the execution of it. The very heroes shew their authors; Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful, *Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*, &c. Æneas patient, considerate, careful of his people, and merciful to his enemies; ever submissive to the will of heaven, *quò fata trahunt, retrahuntque, sequamur*. I could please myself with enlarging on this subject, but am forced to defer it to a fitter time. From all I have said I will only draw this inference, that the action of Homer being more full of vigour than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of conse-

quence more pleasing to the reader. One warms you by degrees ; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. 'Tis the same difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demosthenes and Tully. One persuades ; the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the second book, (a graceful flattery to his countrymen ;) but he hastens from the ships, and concludes not that book till he has made you an amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in less compass than two months. This vehemence of his, I confess, is more suitable to my temper ; and therefore I have translated his first book with greater pleasure than any part of Virgil ; but it was not a pleasure without pains ; the continual agitations of the spirits must needs be a weakening of any constitution, especially in age ; and many pauses are required for refreshment betwixt the heats ; the Iliad of itself being a third part longer than all Virgil's works together.

This is what I thought needful in this place to say of Homer. I proceed to Ovid and Chaucer, considering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the golden age of the Roman tongue : from Chaucer the purity of the English tongue began. The manners of the poets were not unlike : both of them were well-bred, well-natured, amorous, and libertine, at least in their writings, it may be also in their lives. Their studies were the same, philosophy and philology. Both of them were known in astronomy, of which Ovid's books of the Roman feasts,

and Chaucer's treatise of the Astrolabe, are sufficient witnesses. But Chaucer was likewise an astrologer, as were Virgil, Horace, Persius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful facility and clearness: neither were great inventors; for Ovid only copied the Grecian fables; and most of Chaucer's stories were taken from his Italian contemporaries, or their predecessors. Boccace's Decameron was first published; and from thence our Englishman has borrowed many of his Canterbury tales; yet that of Palamon and Arcite was written in all probability by some Italian wit in a former age, as I shall prove hereafter: the tale of Grisild was the invention of Petrarch; by him sent to Boccace; from whom it came to Chaucer: Troilus and Cressida was also written by a Lombard author; but much amplified by our English translator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen in general being rather to improve an invention, than to invent themselves; as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him; but there is so much less behind; and I am of the temper of most kings, who love to be in debt, are all for present money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: besides, the nature of a preface is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learned from the practice of honest Montaign, and return at my pleasure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to say. Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet since Chaucer had something of his own, as the Wife of Bath's Tale, the Cock and the Fox, which I have transf-

lated, and some others, I may justly give our countryman the precedence in that part; since I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them understood the manners, under which name I comprehend the passions, and, in a larger sense, the descriptions of persons, and their very habits; for an example, I see Baucis and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if some ancient painter had drawn them; and all the pilgrims in the Canterbury tales, their humours, their features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark; yet even there too the figures in Chaucer are much more lively, and set in a better light: which though I have not time to prove, yet I appeal to the reader, and am sure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and words remain to be considered in the comparison of the two poets; and I have saved myself one half of that labour, by owning that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian, Chaucer in the dawning of our language; therefore that part of the comparison stands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid, or of Chaucer and our present English. The words are given up as a post not to be defended in our poet, because he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be considered, and they are to be measured only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the persons described, on such and such occasions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and jingles wit, who see Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me

little less than mad, for preferring the Englishman to the Roman : yet, with their leave, I must presume to say, that the things they admire are only glittering trifles, and so far from being witty, that in a serious poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Would any man, who is ready to die for love, describe his passion like Narcissus ? Would he think of *inopem me copia fecit*, and a dozen more of such expressions, poured on the neck of one another, and signifying all the same thing ? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death ? This is just John Littlewit in Bartholomew-Fair, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery ; a miserable conceit. On these occasions the poet should endeavour to raise pity ; but instead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made use of such machines, when he was moving you to commiserate the death of Dido : he would not destroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his love, and unjust in the pursuit of it : yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably : he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character ; but acknowledges the injustice of his proceedings, and resigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occasion ? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his death-bed. He had complained he was farther off from possession, by being so near, and a thousand such boyisms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the subject. They, who think otherwise, would by the same reason prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all four of them. As for the turn of words,

in which Ovid particularly excels all poets; they are sometimes a fault, and sometimes a beauty, as they are used properly or improperly; but in strong passions always to be shunned, because passions are serious, and will admit no playing. The French have a high value for them; and I confess, they are often what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more simplicity, and followed nature more closely, than to use them. I have thus far, to the best of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition, not meddling with the design nor the disposition of it; because the design was not their own, and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences; and therefore speaks properly on all subjects: as he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off, a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way, but swept like a drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill-sorted; whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men: all this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment; neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults

of other poets ; but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing ; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer : and for ten impressions, which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth : for, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, Not being of God, he could not stand.

Chaucer followed nature every where ; but was never so bold to go beyond her : and there is a great difference of being *Poeta* and *nimis Poeta*, if we believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us ; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata* : they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical ; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries : there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him ; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine : but this opinion is not worth confuting ; it is so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in every thing but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers in every verse which we call

Heroic, was either not known, or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronounciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius, and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being: and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared. I need say little of his parentage, life, and fortunes: they are to be found at large in all the editions of his works. He was employed abroad and favoured by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I suppose, to all three of them. In Richard's time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the rebellion of the commons; and being brother-in-law to John of Gaunt, it was no wonder if he followed the fortunes of that family; and was well with Henry the Fourth when he had deposed his predecessor. Neither is it to be admired, that Henry, who was a wise as well as a valiant prince, who claimed by succession, and was sensible that his title was not found, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the heir of York; it was not to be admired, I say, if that great politician should be pleased to have the greatest wit of those times in his interests, and to be the trumpet of his praises. Augustus had given him

the example, by the advice of Mæcenas, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him ; whose praises helped to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death have made him precious to posterity. As for the religion of our poet, he seems to have some little bias towards the opinions of Wickliff, after John of Gaunt his patron ; somewhat of which appears in the tale of Piers Plowman : yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the vices of the clergy in his age : their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their worldly interest, deserved the lashes which he gave them, both in that, and in most of his Canterbury tales : neither has his contemporary Boccace spared them. Yet both those poets lived in much esteem with good and holy men in orders : for the scandal which is given by particular priests, reflects not on the sacred function. Chaucer's Monk, his Chanon, and his Fryer, took not from the character of his Good Parson. A satyrical poet is the check of the laymen, on bad priests. We are only to take care, that we involve not the innocent with the guilty in the same condemnation. The good cannot be too much honoured, nor the bad too coarsely used : for the corruption of the best becomes the worst. When a clergyman is whipped, his gown is first taken off, by which the dignity of his order is secured : if he be wrongfully accused, he has his action of slander ; and it is at the poet's peril, if he transgress the law. But they will tell us, that all kind of satire, though never so well deserved by particular priests, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is then the peerage of England any thing

dishonoured, when a peer suffers for his treason? If he be libelled, or any way defamed, he has his *Scandalum Magnatum* to punish the offender. They, who use this kind of argument, seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserved the poet's lash; and are less concerned for their public capacity, than for their private; at least there is pride at the bottom of their reasoning. If the faults of men in orders are only to be judged among themselves, they are all in some sort parties: for, since they say the honour of their order is concerned in every member of it, how can we be sure, that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allowed to speak my opinion in this case, I know not: but I am sure a dispute of this nature caused mischief in abundance betwixt a king of England and an archbishop of Canterbury; one standing up for the laws of his land, and the other for the honour (as he called it) of God's Church; which ended in the murder of the prelate, and in the whipping of his majesty from post to pillar for his penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. Drake has saved me the labour of inquiring into the esteem and reverence which the priests have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it: yet I must needs say, that when a priest provokes me without any occasion given him, I have no reason, unless it be the charity of a Christian, to forgive him? *Prior læsit* is justification sufficient in the Civil Law. If I answer him in his own language, self-defence, I am sure, must be allowed me; and if I carry it farther, even to a sharp recrimination, somewhat may be indulged to human frailty. Yet

my resentment has not wrought so far, but that I have followed Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarged on that subject with some pleasure, reserving to myself the right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of priests, such as are more easily to be found than the good parson; such as have given the last blow to Christianity in this age, by a practice so contrary to their doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the meanwhile, I take up Chaucer where I left him. He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his Canterbury tales the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low cha-

acters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing lady prioress, and the broad-speaking gap-toothed wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our fore-fathers and great grand-dames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks and Friars, and Chanons, and lady Abbesses, and Nuns: for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature, though every thing is altered. May I have leave to do myself the justice, (since my enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good poet, that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a moral man) may I have leave, I say, to inform my reader, that I have confined my choice to such tales of Chaucer as favour nothing of immodesty. If I had desired more to please than to instruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchant, the Sumner, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the prologue to her tale, would have procured me as many friends and readers, as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good manners: I am sensible, as I ought to be, of the scandal I have given by my loose writings; and make what reparation I am able, by this public acknowledgment. If any thing of this

nature, or of profaneness, be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it, that I disown it. *Totum hoc indictum volo.* Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad-speaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our countryman, in the end of his characters, before the Canterbury tales, thus excuses the ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his novels.

But first, I pray you of your courtesy,
That ye ne arrette it nought my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this matter
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere :
Ne though I speak her words properly,
For this ye knowen as well as I,
Who shall tellen a tale after a man,
He mote rehearse as nye, as ever he can :
Everich word of it been in his charge,
All speke he, never so rudely, ne large.
Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words new :
He may not spare, although he were his brother,
He mote as well say o word as another.
Christ spake himself full broad in holy writ,
And well I wote no villany is it,
Eke Plato faith, who so can him rede,
The words mote been coufin to the dede.

Yet if a man should have inquired of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing such characters, where obscene words were proper in their mouths, but very indecent to be heard; I know not what answer they could have made: for that reason, such tale shall be left untold by me. You have

here a specimen of Chaucer's language, which is so obsolete, that his sense is scarce to be understood; and you have likewise more than one example of his unequal numbers, which were mentioned before.— Yet many of his verses consist of ten syllables, and the words not much behind our present English: as for example, these two lines, in the description of the carpenter's young wife:

Wincing she was, as is a jolly colt,
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have answered some objections relating to my present work. I find some people are offended that I have turned these tales into modern English; because they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late earl of Leicester say, that Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion; who having read him over at my lord's request, declared he had no taste of him. I dare not advance my opinion against the judgment of so great an author: but I think it fair, however, to leave the decision to the public: Mr. Cowley was too modest to set up for a dictator; and being shocked perhaps with his old style, never examined into the depth of his good sense. Chaucer, I confess, is a rough diamond, and must first be polished, ere he shines. I deny not, likewise, that, living in our early days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece: but sometimes mingles trivial things with those of greater moment. Some-

times also, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great wits besides Chaucer, whose fault is their excess of conceits, and those ill sorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observed this redundancy in Chaucer, (as it is an easy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater) I have not tied myself to a literal translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have presumed farther, in some places, and added somewhat of my own where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true lustre, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened, because (if I may be permitted to say it of myself) I found I had a soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same studies. Another poet, in another age, may take the same liberty with my writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the sense of Chaucer, which was lost or mangled in the errors of the press: let this example suffice at present; in the story of Palamon and Arcite, where the temple of Diana is described, you find these verses, in all the editions of our author:

There saw I Danè turned into a tree,
 I mean not the goddess Diane,
 But Venus daughter, which that hight Danè:

Which after a little consideration I knew was to be

reformed into this sense, that Daphne the daughter of Peneus was turned into a tree. I durst not make thus bold with Ovid, lest some future Milbourn should arise, and say, I varied from my author, because I understood him not.

But there are other judges who think I ought not to have translated Chaucer into English, out of a quite contrary notion : they suppose there is a certain veneration due to his old language ; and that it is a little less than profanation and sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion, that somewhat of his good sense will suffer in this transfusion, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent person, whom I mentioned, the late earl of Leicester, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despised him. My lord dissuaded me from this attempt, (for I was thinking of it some years before his death) and his authority prevailed so far with me, as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him : yet my reason was not convinced with what he urged against it. If the first end of a writer be to be understood, then as his language grows obsolete, his thoughts must grow obscure : *multa renascentur quæ nunc cecidere ; cadentque, quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus, quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.* When an ancient word for its sound and significancy deserves to be revived, I have that reasonable veneration for antiquity, to restore it. All beyond this is superstition. Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed ; customs

are changed, and even statutes are silently repealed, when the reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will lose of their original beauty, by the innovation of words; in the first place, not only their beauty, but their being is lost, where they are no longer understood, which is the present case. I grant that something must be lost in all transference, that is, in all translations; but the sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maimed, when it is scarce intelligible; and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, so as to understand him perfectly? And if imperfectly, then with less profit and no pleasure. 'Tis not for the use of some old Saxon friends, that I have taken these pains with him: let them neglect my version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes who understand sense and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and sense is put into words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what beauties I lose in some places, I give to others which had them not originally: but in this I may be partial to myself; let the reader judge, and I submit to his decision. Yet I think I have just occasion to complain of them, who, because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the same advantage, and hoard him up, as misers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In sum, I seriously protest, that no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer, than myself. I have translated some part

of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my countrymen. If I have altered him any where for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him: *Facile est inventis addere*, is no great commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserved a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one remark: a lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correspondence with some authors of the fair sex in France, has been informed by them, that Mademoiselle de Scudery, who is as old as Sibyl, and inspired like her by the same god of poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old Provencal, (for how she should come to understand old English I know not.) But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think that there is something in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great wits should be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, 'tis extraordinary, and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with superstition.

Boccace comes last to be considered, who, living in the same age with Chaucer, had the same genius, and followed the same studies: both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother tongue. But the greatest resemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar stile, and pleasing way of relating comical adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that nature.

In the serious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's side; for though the Englishman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears that those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modelled: so that what there was of invention in either of them, may be judged equal.— But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the stories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling; though prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy, when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage. I desire not the reader should take my word: and therefore I will set two of their discourses on the same subject, in the same light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I translated Chaucer first, and, amongst the rest, pitched on the wife of Bath's tale; not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her prologue, because it is too licentious: there Chaucer introduces an old woman of mean parentage, whom a youthful knight of noble blood was forced to marry, and consequently loathed her: the crone being in bed with him on the wedding-night, and finding his aversion, endeavours to win his affection by reason, and speaks a good word for herself, (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollify the fullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and ugliness, the vanity of youth, and the silly pride of ancestry and titles without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had closed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and translated some

d. 10. 10.6. 6. 6.See

more of his fables; and by this time had so far forgotten the wife of Bath's tale, that, when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the same argument of preferring virtue to nobility of blood, and titles, in the story of Sigismunda; which I had certainly avoided for the resemblance of the two discourses, if my memory had not failed me. Let the reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, it is in him to right Boccace.

I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other stories, the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, which is of the Epique kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the Ilias or the Æneis: the story is more pleasing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various; and the disposition full as artful; only it includes a greater length of time, as taking up seven years at least; but Aristotle has left undecided the duration of the action; which yet is easily reduced into the compass of a year, by a narration of what preceded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought for the honour of our nation, and more particularly for his, whose laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this story was of English growth, and Chaucer's own: but I was undeceived by Boccace; for casually looking on the end of his seventh Giornata, I found Dioneo (under which name he shadows himself) and Fiametta (who represents his mistress the natural daughter of Robert, king of Naples) of whom these words are spoken, *Dioneo e la Fiametta granpezza contarono insieme d' Arcita, e di Palamone*: by which it appears that

this story was written before the time of Boccace; but the name of its author being wholly lost, Chaucer is now become an original; and I question not but the poem has received many beauties by passing through his noble hands. Besides this tale, there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provencals, called The Flower and the Leaf; with which I was so particularly pleased, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myself from recommending it to the reader.

As a corollary to this preface, in which I have done justice to others, I owe somewhat to myself: not that I think it worth my time to enter the lists with one Milbourn, and one Blackmore, but barely to take notice, that such men there are who have written scurrilously against me, without any provocation. Milbourn, who is in Orders, pretends amongst the rest this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on priesthood: if I have, I am only to ask pardon of good priests, and am afraid his part of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an adversary. I contemn him too much to enter into competition with him. His own translations of Virgil have answered his criticisms on mine. If (as they say, he has declared in print) he prefers the version of Ogilby to mine, the world has made him the same compliment: for it is agreed on all hands, that he writes even below Ogilby: that, you will say, is not easily to be done; but what cannot Milbourn bring about? I am satisfied, however, that

while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the worst poet of the age. It looks as if I had desired him underhand to write so ill against me: but upon my honest word I have not bribed him to do me this service, and am wholly guiltless of his pamphlet. 'Tis true, I should be glad, if I could persuade him to continue his good offices, and write such another critique on any thing of mine: for I find by experience he has a great stroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them. He has taken some pains with my poetry; but no body will be persuaded to take the same with his. If I had taken to the church (as he affirms, but which was never in my thoughts) I should have had more sense, if not more grace, than to have turned myself out of my benefice by writing libels on my parishioners.— But his account of my manners and my principles, are of a piece with his cavils and his poetry: and so I have done with him for ever.

As for the City Bard, or Knight Physician, I hear his quarrel to me is, that I was the author of Absalom and Achitophel, which he thinks is a little hard on his fanatic patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two poems, because nothing ill is to be spoken of the dead: and therefore peace be to the Manes of his Arthurs. I will only say, that it was not for this noble knight that I drew the plan of an Epic poem on king Arthur, in my preface to the translation of Juvenal.— The guardian angels of kingdoms were machines

too ponderous for him to manage ; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirlbats of Eryx, *Col* when they were thrown before him by Entellus.— Yet from that preface he plainly took his hint: for he began immediately upon the story ; though he had the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor ; but instead of it, to traduce me in a libel.

I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly ; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality ; and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph ; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove that in many places he has perverted my meaning by his glosses ; and interpreted my words into blasphemy and baudry, of which they were not guilty ; besides that he is too much given to horse-play in his raillery ; and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will not say, The zeal of God's house has eaten him up ; but I am sure it has devoured some part of his good manners and civility. It might also be doubted whether it were altogether zeal, which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding ; perhaps it became not one of his function to rake into the rubbish of ancient and modern plays ; a divine might have employed his pains to better purpose, than in the nastiness of Plautus and Aristophanes ; whose examples,

as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly supposed, that he read them not without some pleasure. They who have written commentaries on those poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have explained some vices, which without their interpretation had been unknown to modern times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt the former age and us.

There is more baudry in one Play of Fletcher's, called *The Custom of the Country*, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the stage in my remembrance. Are the times so much more reformed now, than they were five and twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate the amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cause of my fellow-poets, though I abandon my own defence: they have some of them answered for themselves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier so formidable an enemy, that we should shun him. He has lost ground at the latter end of the day, by pursuing his point too far, like the prince of Conde at the battle of Senneffe: from immoral plays, to no plays; *ab abusu ad usum, non valet consequentia*. But being a party, I am not to erect myself into a judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such scoundrels, that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourn are only distinguished from the crowd, by being remembered to their infamy.

— Demetri, Teque Tigelli

Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

TALES

FROM

CHAUCER.

DUTCHES OF ORMOND

THE FOLLOWING ROOM

TALES

TALAMON AND ARGENT

FROM

CHAPTER

THE first who had shared our nation's
To the British, the nation's
Which, however, we had not
And, however, we had not
The nation's, however, we had not
The nation's, however, we had not
The nation's, however, we had not
The nation's, however, we had not

* TO HER GRACE THE
DUTCHESS OF ORMOND,

WITH

THE FOLLOWING POEM

OF

PALAMON AND ARCITE.

MADAM,

THE bard who first adorn'd our native tongue,
Tun'd to his British lyre this ancient song :
Which Homer might without a blush rehearse,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse :
He match'd their beauties, where they most
excel ; 5
Of love sung better, and of arms as well.

* Dr. Johnson justly censures this Dedication as a " piece where his original fondness of remote conceits seems to have revived."
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 4. *And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse :]*

—— dubiam facientia carmina palmam.

Juv.

JOHN WARTON.

Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond, to behold
 What power the charms of beauty had of
 old ;

Nor wonder if such deeds of arms were done,
 Inspir'd by two fair eyes, that sparkled like
 your own. 10

If Chaucer by the best idea wrought,
 And poets can divine each other's thought,
 The fairest nymph before his eyes he set ;
 And then the fairest was Plantagenet ;
 Who three contending princes made her
 prize,

And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes : 16
 Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
 And to the noblest order gave the name.

Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
 You keep her conquests, and extend your
 own : 20

As when the stars, in their ethereal race,
 At length have roll'd around the liquid space, }
 At certain periods they resume their place, }
 From the same point of heaven their course
 advance,

And move in measures of their former dance ; 25
 Thus, after length of ages, she returns,
 Restor'd in you, and the same place adorns ;
 Or you perform her office in the sphere,
 Born of her blood, and make a new Platonic
 year.

O true Plantagenet, O race divine, 30
 (For beauty still is fatal to the line)
 Had Chaucer liv'd that angel-face to view,
 Sure he had drawn his Emily from you;
 Or had you liv'd to judge the doubtful right,
 Your noble Palamon had been the knight; 35
 And conquering Theseus from his side had sent
 Your generous lord, to guide the Theban go-
 vernment.

Time shall accomplish that; and I shall see
 A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.
 Already have the fates your path prepar'd, 40
 And sure presage your future sway declar'd:
 When westward, like the sun, you took your
 way,

And from benighted Britain bore the day,
 Blue Triton gave the signal from the shore,
 The ready Nereids heard, and swam before 45
 To smoothe the seas; a soft Etesian gale
 But just inspir'd, and gently swell'd the sail;
 Portunus took his turn, whose ample hand
 Heav'd up his lighten'd keel, and sunk the
 sand, }
 And steer'd the sacred vessel safe to land. 50 }

Ver. 31. ——— *fatal to the line,*] Destined or given by
 the Fates.—A peculiar sense. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 48. *Portunus took his turn, whose ample hand]*

Et pater ipse manu magnâ Portunus euntem
 Impulit.

Æneid. v. l. 241.

JOHN WARTON.

The land, if not restrain'd, had met your way,
 Projected out a neck, and jutt'd to the sea.
 Hibernia, prostrate at your feet, ador'd,
 In you, the pledge of her expected lord;
 Due to her isle; a venerable name; 55
 His father and his grandfire known to fame;
 Aw'd by that house, accusom'd to command,
 The sturdy kerns in due subjection stand;
 Nor bear the reins in any foreign hand. }
 At your approach, they crowded to the port; 60
 And scarcely landed, you create a court:
 As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run;
 For Venus is the promise of the fun.
 The waste of civil wars, their towns destroy'd,
 Pales unhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd, 65
 Were all forgot; and one triumphant day
 Wip'd all the tears of three campaigns away.
 Blood, rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought,
 So mighty recompence your beauty brought.
 As when the dove returning bore the mark 70
 Of earth restor'd to the long-lab'ring ark,
 The relics of mankind, secure of rest,
 Ope'd every window to receive the guest,
 And the fair bearer of the message blest'd; }
 So, when you came, with loud repeated cries, }
 The nation took an omen from your eyes, 76
 And God advanc'd his rainbow in the skies, }

Ver. 70. *As when the dove*] He had before used this simile,
 in *Threnodia Augustalis*, I believe. JOHN WARTON.

To sign inviolable peace restor'd ;
 The faints, with solemn shouts, proclaim'd the
 new accord.

When at your second coming you appear, 80
 (For I foretel that millenary year)
 The sharpen'd share shall vex the soil no more,
 But earth unbidden shall produce her store ;
 The land shall laugh, the circling ocean smile,
 And Heaven's indulgence blefs the holy isle. 85
 Heaven from all ages has reserv'd for you
 That happy clime, which venom never knew ;
 Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
 Have power to chase all poison but their own.

Now in this interval, which fate has cast 90
 Betwixt your future glories, and your past,
 This pause of power, 'tis Ireland's hour to
 mourn ;

While England celebrates your safe return,
 By which you seem the seasons to command,
 And bring our summers back to their forsaken
 land. 95

The vanquish'd isle our leisure must attend, }
 Till the fair blessing we vouchsafe to send ; }
 Nor can we spare you long, tho' often we may }
 lend.

The dove was twice employ'd abroad, before
 The world was dry'd, and she return'd no more.

Ver. 82. *The sharpen'd share &c.*] He could not avoid an
 imitation of Virgil's Pollio. JOHN WARTON.

Nor dare we trust so soft a messenger, 101
 New from her sickness, to that northern air;
 Rest here a while your lustre to restore,
 That they may see you, as you shone before;
 For yet, the eclipse not wholly past, you wade 105
 Through some remains, and dimness of a shade.

A subject in his prince may claim a right,
 Nor suffer him with strength impair'd to fight;
 Till force returns, his ardour we restrain,
 And curb his warlike wish to cross the main. 110

Now past the danger, let the learn'd begin
 The inquiry, where disease could enter in;
 How those malignant atoms forc'd their way,
 What in the faultless frame they found to make
 their prey?

Where every element was weigh'd so well, 115
 That heaven alone, who mix'd the mass, could
 tell

Which of the four ingredients could rebel;
 And where, imprison'd in so sweet a cage,
 A soul might well be pleas'd to pass an age.

And yet the fine materials made it weak: 120
 Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break:

Ver. 118. *And where, imprison'd in so sweet a cage,
 A soul might well be pleas'd to pass an age.*

Pope has a similar expression, and the same rhyme.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age.

Dull fullen pris'ners in the body's cage.

Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady, l. 17.

JOHN WARTON.

Ev'n to your breast the sickness durst aspire ;
 And, forc'd from that fair temple to retire,
 Profanely set the holy place on fire. 124 }

In vain your lord, like young Vespasian, mourn'd,
 When the fierce flames the sanctuary burn'd :
 And I prepar'd to pay in verses rude
 A most detested act of gratitude :

Ev'n this had been your elegy, which now 129
 Is offer'd for your health, the table of my vow.

Your angel sure our Morley's mind inspir'd,
 To find the remedy your ill requir'd ;
 As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
 Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolemee :
 Or Heaven, which had such over-cost bestow'd,
 As scarce it could afford to flesh and blood, 136
 So lik'd the frame, he would not work anew,
 To save the charges of another you.

Or by his middle science did he steer,
 And saw some great contingent good appear }
 Well worth a miracle to keep you here : 141 }
 And for that end, preserv'd the precious mould,
 Which all the future Ormonds was to hold ;
 And meditated in his better mind
 An heir from you, which may redeem the fail-
 ing kind. 145

Blest be the power which has at once restor'd
 The hopes of lost succession to your lord ;
 Joy to the first and last of each degree,
 Virtue to courts, and, what I long'd to see, }
 To you the Graces, and the Muse to me. 150 }

O daughter of the rose, whose cheeks unite
The differing titles of the red and white;
Who heaven's alternate beauty well display,
The blush of morning, and the milky way;
Whose face is paradise, but fenc'd from sin: 155
For God in either eye has plac'd a cherubin.

All is your lord's alone; ev'n absent, he
Employs the care of chaste Penelope.
For him you waste in tears your widow'd hours,
For him your curious needle paints the flowers;
Such works of old imperial dames were taught;
Such, for Ascanius, fair Elisa wrought. 162
The soft recesses of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love:
All other parts of pious duty done, 165
You owe your Ormond nothing but a son;
To fill in future times his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race.

PALAMON AND ARCITE*;

OR, THE

KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK I.

IN days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame,
A valiant prince, and Theseus was his name :
A chief, who more in feats of arms excell'd,
The rising nor the setting sun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won, 5
And added foreign countries to his crown.
In Scythia with the warrior queen he strove,
Whom first by force he conquer'd, then by
love ;
He brought in triumph back the beauteous
dame,
With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came. 10

* Chaucer was more than 60 years old, and Dryden 70, when they wrote Palamon. Sade says in 1359, Boccace sent a copy of Dante, written by his own hand, to Petrarch, who, it seems, was jealous of Dante, and in his answer speaks coldly of him.—Sade, p. 507.

Dr. J. WARTON,

With honour to his home let Theseus ride,
 With love to friend, and fortune for his guide,
 And his victorious army at his side.
 I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,
 Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on the
 way : 15

But, were it not too long, I would recite
 The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
 Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight ;
 The town besieg'd, and how much blood it cost
 The female army, and the Athenian host ; 20
 The spousals of Hippolita the queen ;
 What tilts and turneys at the feast were seen ;
 The storm at their return, the ladies' fear :
 But these, and other things, I must forbear.
 The field is spacious I design to sow, 25
 With oxen far unfit to draw the plow :
 The remnant of my tale is of a length
 To tire your patience, and to waste my strength ;
 And trivial accidents shall be forborn,
 That others may have time to take their turn ; 30
 As was at first enjoin'd us by mine host :
 That he whose tale is best, and pleases most,
 Should win his supper at our common cost. }

And therefore where I left, I will pursue
 This ancient story, whether false or true, 35
 In hope it may be mended with a new. }

Ver. 26. *With oxen*] From Ovid :—

Non profecturis littora bobus arat.

JOHN WARTON.

The prince I mention'd, full of high renown,
 In this array drew near the Athenian town ;
 When in his pomp and utmost of his pride,
 Marching, he chanc'd to cast his eye aside, 40
 And saw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
 By two and two acrofs the common way :
 At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry,
 And beat their breasts, and held their hands on
 high,
 Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last 45
 His courser's bridle, and his feet embrac'd.

Tell me, said Theseus, what and whence you
 are,

And why this funeral pageant you prepare ?
 Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
 To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds ? 50
 Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
 With grief my pleasures, and pollute my
 joy ?

Or are you injur'd, and demand relief ?
 Name your request, and I will ease your grief.

The most in years of all the mourning train 55
 Began ; (but swooned first away for pain)
 Then scarce recover'd spoke : Nor envy we
 Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory ;

Ver. 49. *Is this the welcome &c.]*

Hi nostri reditus expectatique triumph.

JOHN WARTON.

'Tis thine, O king, the afflicted to redress,
And fame has fill'd the world with thy suc-
cess:

We wretched women sue for that alone, 61
Which of thy goodness is refus'd to none;
Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be just, and we deserve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore, 65
But held the rank of sovereign queen before;
Till thanks to giddy chance, which never
bears,
That mortal bliss should last for length of
years,

She cast us headlong from our high estate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait: 70
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddess Clemency.
But reverence thou the power whose name it
bears,

Relieve the oppress'd, and wipe the widow's
tears.

I, wretched I, have other fortune seen, 75
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:
At Thebes he fell; curst be the fatal day!
And all the rest thou seest in this array,
To make their moan, their lords in battle lost
Before that town besieg'd by our confederate
host:

But Creon, old and impious, who commands
 The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
 Denies the rites of funeral fires to those
 Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
 Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a heap they lie ; 85
 Such is their fate, and such his tyranny ;
 No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
 But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed.
 At this she shriek'd aloud ; the mournful train
 Echo'd her grief, and, groveling on the plain,
 With groans, and hands upheld, to move his
 mind, 91
 Besought his pity to their helpless kind !

The prince was touch'd, his tears began to
 flow,

And, as his tender heart would break in two,
 He sigh'd ; and could not but their fate deplore,
 So wretched now, so fortunate before. 96
 Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,
 And raising one by one the suppliant crew,
 To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,
 That by the faith which knights to knighthood
 bore, 100
 And whate'er else to chivalry belongs,
 He would not cease, till he reveng'd their
 wrongs :

Ver. 88. *But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed.*]

—— αὐτοῦς δὲ ἐλώγια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν.

Homer.

JOHN WARTON.

That Greece should see perform'd what he declar'd ;

And cruel Creon find his just reward.

He said no more, but, shunning all delay, 105

Rode on ; nor enter'd Athens on his way :

But left his sister and his queen behind,

And wav'd his royal banner in the wind :

Where in an argent field the god of war

Was drawn triumphant on his iron car ; 110

Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire,

And all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire ;

Ev'n the ground glitter'd where the standard flew,

And the green grass was dy'd to sanguine hue.

Ver. 109. ——— *the god of war*
Was drawn triumphant in his iron car ;]

This passage was in Gray's mind, when he wrote the *Progress of Poesy* ; and I am surpris'd that the epithet applied to *car* escaped him :

“ On Thracia's hills *the lord of war*
“ Has curb'd the fury of his *car*.” TODD.

Ver. 113. *Ev'n the ground glitter'd where the standard flew,]*
———— *totaque circum*

Ære renidescit tellus. Lucret. lib. ii.

And again :

Stare videtur et in campis consistere fulgur.

So Euripides, *Phœnissæ*, verse 110.

———— *κατάχαλκον ἅπαν*
Πεδίον ἀσράπτει.

JOHN WARTON.

High on his pointed lance his pennon bore 115
 His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaure :
 The foldiers shout around with generous rage,
 And in that victory their own presage.
 He prais'd their ardour ; inly pleas'd to see
 His host the flower of Grecian chivalry. 120
 All day he march'd, and all the ensuing night,
 And saw the city with returning light.
 The process of the war I need not tell,
 How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon fell :
 Or after, how by storm the walls were won, 125
 Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the town :
 How to the ladies he restor'd again
 The bodies of their lords in battle slain :
 And with what ancient rites they were in-
 terr'd ;
 All these to fitter times shall be deferr'd : 130
 I spare the widows' tears, their woeful cries,
 And howling at their husbands' obsequies ;

Ver. 115. *High on his pointed lance his pennon bore*
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaure :]

Chaucer's original says,

And by his banner borne is his penon
 Of gold full riche, in which there was ybete (i. e. stamp'd)
 The Minotaure which that he slew in Crete.

This adventure of Theseus and the Minotaur is represented by Virgil as being the subject of the sculpture on the front of the temple of Apollo at Cumæ; which, I conjecture, he borrowed, as he uses some of the very expressions of Catullus, from his description of the embroidered hangings or tapestry.

JOHN WARTON.

How Theseus at these funerals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames dismissed.

Thus when the victor chief had Creon slain, 135
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain

His mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
The country wasted, and the hamlets burn'd,
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
Without controul to strip and spoil the dead. 140

There, in a heap of slain, among the rest
Two youthful knights they found beneath a load
oppress'd

Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death they
sent,

The trophies of their strength, a bloody monument.

Both fair, and both of royal blood they seem'd,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds
deem'd ; 146

That day in equal arms they fought for fame ;
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats were
the same.

Close by each other laid, they press'd the
ground,

Their manly bosoms pierc'd with many a grievous
wound ; 150

Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear ;

The wand'ring breath was on the wing to part,
 Weak was the pulse and hardly heav'd the heart.
 These two were sisters' sons; and Arcite one, 155
 Much fam'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
 From these their costly arms the spoilers rent,
 And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent:
 Whom known of Creon's line, and cur'd with
 care,

He to his city sent as prisoners of the war, 160
 Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
 In durance, doom'd a ling'ring death to die.
 This done, he march'd away with warlike
 found,

And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
 Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd, and
 more renown'd. 165

But in a tower, and never to be loos'd,
 The woeful captive kinsmen are inclos'd :

Thus year by year they pass, and day by day,
 Till once, 'twas on the morn of chearful May,
 The young Emilia, fairer to be seen 170
 Than the fair lily on the flowery green,
 More fresh than May herself in blossoms new,
 For with the rosy colour strove her hue,
 Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day,
 To do the observance due to sprightly May : 175
 For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
 The vigils of her night, and breaks their slug-
 gard sleep ;

Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she
moves ;

Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.

In this remembrance Emily ere day 180

Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array ;

Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair :

Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair :

A ribband did the braided tresses bind,

The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind :

Aurora had but newly chas'd the night, 186

And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,

When to the garden walk she took her way,

To sport and trip along in cool of day,

And offer maiden vows in honour of the May. }

At every turn, she made a little stand, 191

And thrust among the thorns her lily hand

To draw the rose, and every rose she drew

She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew :

Then party-coloured flowers of white and red 195

She wove, to make a garland for her head :

This done, she sung and caroll'd out so clear,

That men and angels might rejoice to hear :

Ev'n wond'ring Philomel forgot to sing : 199

And learn'd from her to welcome in the spring.

The tower, of which before was mention made,

Within whose keep the captive knights were
laid,

Built of a large extent, and strong withal,

Was one partition of the palace wall ;

The garden was inclos'd within the square, 205
Where young Emilia took the morning air.

It happen'd Palamon, the prisoner knight,
Restless of woe, arose before the light,
And with his jailor's leave desir'd to breathe
An air more wholesome than the damps be-
neath. 210

This granted, to the tower he took his way,
Chear'd with the promise of a glorious day :
Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw, with hateful eyes, the temples }
crown'd 214 }

With golden spires, and all the hostile ground. }
He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew
'Twas but a larger jail he had in view :

Then look'd below, and from the castle's height
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight :|

The garden, which before he had not seen, 220 }
In spring's new livery clad of white and green, }
Fresh flowers in wide parterres, and shady }
walks between. }

This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss ;
Himself an object of the public scorn, 225
And often wish'd he never had been born.

At last, for so his destiny requir'd,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He through a little window cast his sight, 229
Though thick of bars, that gave a scanty light :

But ev'n that glimmering ferv'd him to descry
The inevitable charms of Emily.

Scarce had he seen, but seiz'd with sudden
smart,

Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart ; 234
Struck blind with over-powering light he stood,
Then started back amaz'd, and cry'd aloud.

Young Arcite heard ; and up he ran with
haste,

To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd ;
And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,
And whence and how his change of cheer be-
gan ? 240

Or who had done the offence ? But if, said
he,

Your grief alone is hard captivity ;
For love of heaven with patience undergo
A cureless ill, since fate will have it so :
So stood our horoscope in chains to lie, 245
And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
Or other baleful aspect, rul'd our birth,
When all the friendly stars were under earth :
Whate'er betides, by destiny 'tis done ;
And better bear like men, than vainly seek to
shun. 250

Nor of my bonds, said Palamon again,
Nor of unhappy planets I complain ;
But when my mortal anguish caus'd my cry,
That moment I was hurt through either eye ;

Pierc'd with a random shaft, I faint away, 255
 And perish with insensible decay :
 A glance of some new goddess gave the wound,
 Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.
 Look how she walks along yon shady space,
 Not Juno moves with more majestic grace; 260
 And all the Cyprian queen is in her face. }
 If thou art Venus, (for thy charms confess
 That face was form'd in heaven, nor art thou
 less ;
 Disguis'd in habit, undisguis'd in shape)
 O help us captives from our chains to 'scape; 265
 But if our doom be past in bonds to lie
 For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die,
 Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our disgrace,
 And shew compassion to the Theban race,
 Oppress'd by tyrant power! While yet he spoke,
 Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look; 271
 The fatal dart a ready passage found,
 And deep within his heart infix'd the wound :
 So that if Palamon were wounded fore,
 Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more : 275

Ver. 258. *Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.*] An Ovidian allusion. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 261. *And all the Cyprian queen &c.*]

And Venus is it, sothly as I gesse.
 And therewithall on knees adoun he fell,
 And fayde :—

This circumstance of his falling on his knees, which is striking and dramatic, Dryden has hastily omitted without judgment, as appears by the tenor of Arcite's argument. JOHN WARTON.

Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and said,
 The beauty I behold has struck me dead :
 Unknowingly she strikes ; and kills by chance ;
 Poison is in her eyes, and death in every glance.
 O, I must ask ; nor ask alone, but move 280
 Her mind to mercy, or must die for love.

Thus Arcite : and thus Palamon replies,
 (Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes.)
 Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting vein ?
 Jestings, said Arcite, suits but ill with pain. 285
 It suits far worse, (said Palamon again,
 And bent his brows) with men who honour
 weigh,

Their faith to break, their friendship to betray ;
 But worst with thee, of noble lineage born,
 My kinsman, and in arms my brother sworn. 290
 Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
 That one should be the common good of both ;
 One soul should both inspire, and neither prove
 His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love ?
 To this before the gods we gave our hands, 295
 And nothing but our death can break the
 bands.

This binds thee, then, to further my design :
 As I am bound by vow to further thine :

Ver. 285. *Jesting, said Arcite, suits but ill with pain.*]

Difficile est tristi fingere mente jocum.

Tibullus, lib. iii. E. 6, 2.

JOHN WARTON.

Nor can'st, nor dar'st thou, traitor, on the
plain

Appeach my honour, or thine own maintain, 300
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whose faith I trust, and on whose care de-
pend :

And would'st thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than release would choose to die ?
But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain 305
Thy bad pretence ; I told thee first my pain :
For first my love began ere thine was born ;
Thou as my council, and my brother sworn,
Art bound to assist my eldership of right,
Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight. 310

Thus Palamon : but Arcite with disdain
In haughty language thus reply'd again :
Forsworn thyself : the traitor's odious name
I first return, and then disprove thy claim.
If love be passion, and that passion nurs't 315
With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first.
Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worship, and a power celestial nam'd ?
Thine was devotion to the blest above,
I saw the woman, and desir'd her love ; 320
First own'd my passion, and to thee commend
The important secret, as my chosen friend,
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
A moment elder than my rival fire ;

Can chance of seeing first thy title prove? 325
 And know'st thou not, no law is made for love;
 Law is to things which to free choice relate;
 Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;
 Laws are but positive; love's power, we see,
 Is Nature's sanction, and her first decree. 330
 Each day we break the bond of human laws
 For love, and vindicate the common cause.
 Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd,
 Love throws the fences down, and makes a
 general waste:
 Maids, widows, wives, without distinction fall;
 The sweeping deluge, love, comes on, and covers
 all. 336

If then the laws of friendship I transgress,
 I keep the greater, while I break the less;
 And both are mad alike, since neither can
 possess.

Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more 340
 To see the sun, but as he passes o'er.

Like Æsop's hounds contending for the bone,
 Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone:

Ver. 326. ——— *no law is made for love;*]

Quis legem dat amantibus?

Major lex amor est sibi.

Boeth. iii. 12.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 342. *Like Æsop's hounds contending for the bone,*] Dryden seems here to speak in his own person, which breaks the thread of the contest rather inartificially, whereas the original continues in the first person.

We strive as did the houndes for the bone.

JOHN WARTON.

The fruitless fight continued all the day,
 A cur came by, and snatch'd the prize away. 345
 As courtiers therefore juggle for a grant,
 And when they break their friendship, plead
 their want,

So thou, if fortune will thy suit advance,
 Love on, nor envy me my equal chance :
 For I must love, and am resolv'd to try 350
 My fate, or failing in the adventure die.

Great was their strife, which hourly was re-
 new'd,

Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd :
 Now friends no more, nor walking hand in
 hand ;

But when they met, they made a furly stand ;
 And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd, 356
 And wish'd that every look might be their
 last.

It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came to at-
 tend

This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend ;
 Their love in early infancy began, 360
 And rose as childhood ripen'd into man,
 Companions of the war ; and lov'd so well,
 That when one dy'd, as ancient stories tell,
 His fellow to redeem him went to hell. }

Ver. 352. *Great was their strife, &c.*] These six spirited lines are entirely our author's own, and an improvement on the simple original.

JOHN WARTON.

But to pursue my tale; to welcome home 365
 His warlike brother is Pirithous come:
 Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long since,
 And honour'd by this young Theffalian prince.
 Theseus to gratify his friend and guest,
 Who made our Arcite's freedom his request, 370
 Restor'd to liberty the captive knight,
 But on these hard conditions I recite:
 That if hereafter Arcite should be found
 Within the compass of Athenian ground,
 By day or night, or on whate'er pretence, 375
 His head shou'd pay the forfeit of the offence.
 To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,
 And on his promise was the prisoner freed.

Unpleas'd and penfive hence he takes his
 way,

At his own peril; for his life must pay. 380
 Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
 Finds his dear purchase, and repents too late?
 What have I gain'd, he said, in prison pent,
 If I but change my bonds for banishment?

Ver. 379. *Unpleas'd and penfive hence he takes h way,*] The original exceeds the imitation here in the picture of Arcite's distress.

How great a sorwe suffereth now Arcite?
 The deth he feleth thurgh his herte smite;
 He weepeth, waileth, crieth pitously;
 To flee himself he waiteth hourly.

An admirable picture of despair!

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 383.] So Ferdinand in the Tempest, Act the first.

And banish'd from her sight, I suffer more 385
 In freedom, than I felt in bonds before ;
 Forc'd from her presence, and condemn'd to
 live;

Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve :
 Heaven is not, but where Emily abides,
 And where she's absent, all is hell besides. 390
 Next to my day of birth, was that accurst,
 Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first :
 Had I not known that prince, I still had been
 In bondage, and had still Emilia seen :
 For though I never can her grace deserve, 395
 'Tis recompence enough to see and serve.

O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
 How much more happy fates thy love attend !
 Thine is the adventure ; thine the victory :
 Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee :
 Thou on that angel's face may'st feed thine
 eyes, 401

In prison, no ; but blissful paradise !
 Thou daily seest that sun of beauty shine,
 And lov'st at least in love's extremest line.
 I mourn in absence, love's eternal night ; 405
 And who can tell but since thou hast her sight,
 And art a comely, young, and valiant knight, }

Might I but through my prison once a day
 Behold this maid : all corners else of the earth
 Let liberty make use of ; shall enough
 Have I in such a prison.

JOHN WARTON.

Fortune (a various power) may cease to frown,
 And by some ways unknown thy wishes crown?
 But I, the most forlorn of human kind, 410
 Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
 But doom'd to drag my loathsome life in care,
 For my reward, must end it in despair.
 Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates,
 That governs all, and Heaven that all creates,
 Nor art, nor nature's hand can ease my grief;
 Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief:
 Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell,
 With youth and life, and life itself farewell.

But why, alas! do mortal men in vain 420
 Of fortune, fate, or Providence complain?
 God gives us what he knows our wants require,
 And better things than those which we desire:
 Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;
 But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are
 slain: 425
 Some pray from prison to be freed; and come,
 When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
 Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,
 A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife.
 Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,
 Because we know not for what things to pray:

Ver. 427. — *guilty of their vows*] A Latinism used by
 Virgil:—"Constituam ante aras, voti reus —" *Æn.* v. 237.

JOHN WARTON.

Like drunken fots about the street we roam :
 Well knows the fot he has a certain home :
 Yet knows not how to find the uncertain place,
 And blunders on, and staggers every pace. 435
 Thus all seek happiness ; but few can find,
 For far the greater part of men are blind.
 This is my case, who thought our utmost good
 Was in one word of freedom understood :
 The fatal blessing came : from prison free, 440
 I starve abroad, and lose the sight of Emily.

Thus Arcite ; but if Arcite thus deplore
 His sufferings, Palamon yet suffers more.
 For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
 He swells with wrath ; he makes outrageous
 moan : 445

He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the
 ground ;

The hollow tower with clamours rings around :
 With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
 And droop'd all o'er with agony of sweat.

Ver. 432. *Like drunken fots about &c.*] Sed ad hominum studia revertor, quorum animus, etsi caligante memoriâ, tamen summum bonum repetit ; sed veluti ebrius, domum quo tramite revertatur, ignorat.—Boethius de Cons. l. 3.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 446. *He frets, he fumes,*] Why should I tell the reader to admire these seven lines ?

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 447. *The hollow tower*] An improvement : in Chaucer, "the grete tower."

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 448. ——— *his fetter'd feet,*] I take occasion here to observe, once for all, the beauty and simplicity of Dryden's epithets.

JOHN WARTON.

Alas ! he cry'd ! I, wretch, in prison pine, 450
 Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine :
 Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy native
 air,
 Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my despair :
 Thou mayst, since thou hast youth and courage
 join'd,
 A sweet behaviour and a solid mind, 455
 Assemble ours, and all the Theban race,
 To vindicate on Athens thy disgrace ;
 And after, by some treaty made, possess
 Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace.
 So thine shall be the beauteous prize, while I
 Must languish in despair, in prison die. 461
 Thus all the advantage of the strife is thine,
 Thy portion double joys, and double sorrows
 mine.

The rage of jealousy then fir'd his soul,
 And his face kindled like a burning coal : 465
 Now cold despair, succeeding in her stead,
 To livid paleness turns the glowing red.
 His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
 Like water which the freezing wind constrains.
 Then thus he said : Eternal Deities, 470
 Who rule the world with absolute decrees,

Ver. 470. ——— *Eternal Deities,*] We think we are reading a chapter in Bayle, in defence of the Manichæan doctrines, instead of a passage in a romantic poem, concerning the lives of two unfortunate cavaliers. It is strange our author should introduce a metaphysical discourse in the midst of such a story.

And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
 With pens of adamant, on plates of brass ;
 What, is the race of human kind your care
 Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are ; 475
 He with the rest is liable to pain,
 And like the sheep, his brother-beast, is slain.
 Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
 All these he must, and guiltless oft endure ;
 Or does your justice, power, or prescience fail ;
 When the good suffer, and the bad prevail? 481
 What worse to wretched virtue could befall,
 If fate or giddy fortune govern'd all?
 Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate ;
 Them, to pursue their pleasures, you create ; 485
 We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,
 And your commands, not our desires, fulfil ;
 Then when the creature is unjustly slain,
 Yet after death at least he feels no pain ;
 But man in life furcharg'd with woe before, 490
 Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.
 A serpent shoots his sting at unaware ;
 An ambush'd thief forelays a traveller:

But Johnson says his delight was in ratiocination. The same may be said of a passage below at verse 830.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 473. *With pens of adamant, on plates of brass ;*] Χαλκῆς ὅπως δύσνιπτον ἐκ δέλτε γραφήν. From Chaucer, Milton has adopted this expression—

— incisas leges adamante perenni.

See Todd's Milton, vol. vii. p. 333.

JOHN WARTON.

The man lies murder'd, while the thief and
snake,

One gains the thickets, and one thrids the
brake. 495

This let divines decide ; but well I know,
Just, or unjust, I have my share of woe,
Through Saturn seated in a luckless place,
And Juno's wrath, that persecutes my race ;
Or Mars and Venus, in a quartile, move 500
My pangs of jealousy for Arcite's love.

Let Palamon oppress'd in bondage mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.
By this, the sun, declining from his height,
The day had shorten'd to prolong the night : 505
The lengthen'd night gave length of misery
Both to the captive lover and the free.
For Palamon in endless prison mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns :
The banish'd never hopes his love to see, 510
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty :
'Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains :
One sees his love, but cannot break his chains :
One free, and all his motions uncontrol'd,
Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would
behold. 515

Ver. 512. *'Tis hard to say*] In the original is an apostrophe,
which in my humble opinion greatly heightens the pathos.

You lovers axe I now this question,

Who hath the worse, Arcite or Palamon ?

JOHN WARTON.

Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
What fortune to the banish'd knight befel.

When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loss of her he lov'd renew'd his pain ;
What could be worse, than never more to see
His life, his soul, his charming Emily ? 521
He rav'd with all the madness of despair,
He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears : 525
His eye-balls in their hollow sockets sink,
Bereft of sleep he loaths his meat and drink.
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man :
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves : 531
In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone :
Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures
shares, 534
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.

Ver. 524. *Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,]*

Δάκρυα δὲ ξηροῖσιν ὑπὸ βλεφάροισι παγέοντα

ἴσται, ἀγρύπνῃ σῆμα δυσηπαθίης.

Juliani Ægyptii in imaginem Philoctetis.

Antholog. H. Steph. p. 313.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 535. *But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.]*

Qui tristis audis musicum citharæ sonum,

Quem tiliarum macerat jucunditas. Phædrus.

JOHN WARTON.

His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd, }
 He hears as from afar, or in a swoon, }
 Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound : }
 Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
 Unlike the trim of love and gay desire ; 540
 But full of museful mopings, which presage
 The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.
 This when he had endur'd a year and more,
 Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,
 It happen'd once, that, slumbring as he lay, 545
 He dream'd, (his dream began at break of day)
 That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
 And with soft words his drooping spirits chear'd :
 His hat, adorn'd with wings, disclos'd the god,
 And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling
 rod : 550
 Such as he seem'd, when, at his fire's command,
 On Argus' head he laid the snaky wand.
 Arise, he said, to conquering Athens go,
 There fate appoints an end to all thy woe.
 The fright awaken'd Arcite with a start, 555
 Against his bosom bounc'd his heaving heart ;
 But soon he said, with scarce-recover'd breath,
 And thither will I go, to meet my death,
 Sure to be slain ; but death is my desire,
 Since in Emilia's fight I shall expire. 560
 By chance he spy'd a mirror while he spoke,
 And gazing there beheld his alter'd look ;

Ver. 561. *By chance he spy'd a mirror while he spoke,*] This is

Wondring, he saw his features and his hue
 So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he
 knew.

A sudden thought then starting in his mind, 565
 Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
 The world may search in vain with all their
 eyes,

But never penetrate through this disguise.
 Thanks to the change which grief and sickness
 give,

In low estate I may securely live, 570
 And see unknown my mistress day by day.
 He said; and cloth'd himself in coarse array:
 A labouring hind in shew; then forth he went,
 And to the Athenian towers his journey bent:
 One squire attended in the same disguise, 575
 Made conscious of his master's enterprize.
 Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to court,
 Unknown, unquestion'd in that thick resort:
 Proffering for hire his service at the gate,
 To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait. 580

So fair befel him, that for little gain
 He serv'd at first Emilia's chamberlain;

not according to the original, which, I think, contains a very natural incident, "And with that word he caught a gret mirrour," in the sudden thought of revisiting Athen, he wished to see what appearance he made.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 566. *Since I in Arcite &c.*] Chaucer continues his narrative, which is more judicious.

JOHN WARTON.

And, watchful all advantages to spy,
Was still at hand, and in his master's eye ;
And as his bones were big, and sinews strong,
Refus'd no toil that could to slaves belong ; 586
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
He pass'd a year at least attending thus
On Emily, and call'd Philostratus. 590
But never was there man of his degree
So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courtesy was blown :
All think him worthy of a greater place, 595
And recommend him to the royal grace ;
That exercis'd within a higher sphere,
His virtues more conspicuous might appear.
Thus by the general voice was Arcite prais'd,
And by great Theseus to high favour rais'd ; 600
Among his menial servants first enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with sums of gold :
Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,
Of his own income, and his annual rent :
This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and
fame, 605
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three years he liv'd with large in-
crease,
In arms of honour, and esteem in peace ;

To Theseus' person he was ever near ;
 And Theseus for his virtues held him dear. 610

Ver. 610. *And Theseus &c.*] Palamon and Arcyte, a comedy, was acted before queen Elizabeth in Christ Church Hall at Oxford, 1566, with which the queen appeared to be much delighted, and promised to reward the author, Richard Edwards, for his pains. His poems are printed in the *paradise of dainty Devises*. London, quarto, 1578.

Dr. J. WARTON.

PALAMON AND ARCITE;

OR, THE

KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK II.

WHILE Arcite lives in blifs, the ftory turns
Where hopelefs Palamon in prifon mourns.
For fix long years immur'd, the captive knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and fcarcely feen the
light :

Loft liberty and love at once he bore : 615
His prifon pain'd him much, his paffion more :
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wifhes to be free from love.

But when the fixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins receiv'd the fun, 620
Were it by chance, or forceful destiny,
Which forms in caufes firft whate'er fhall be,
Affifted by a friend, one moonlefs night,
This Palamon from prifon took his flight :

A pleasant beverage he prepar'd before 625
 Of wine and honey mix'd with added store
 Of opium ; to his keeper this he brought,
 Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy draught,
 And snor'd secure till morn, his senses bound
 In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd. 630

Short was the night, and careful Palamon
 Sought the next covert e'er the rising sun.

A thick-spread forest near the city lay,
 To this with lengthen'd strides he took his
 way, 634

(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day.)

Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light,
 Till the brown shadows of the friendly night
 To Thebes might favour his intended flight. }

When to his country come, his next design
 Was all the Theban race in arms to join, 640

And war on Theseus, till he lost his life,

Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.

Thus while his thoughts the lingering day be-
 guile,

To gentle Arcite let us turn our stile ;

Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care, 645

Till treacherous fortune caught him in the snare.

The morning lark, the messenger of day,

Saluted in her song the morning gray ;

And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,

That all the horizon laugh'd to see the joyous
 fight ; 650

He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the
dews ;

When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
Observance to the month of merry May :
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode, 655
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod :
At ease he seem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I nam'd before ; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair ;
Then turn'd his face against the rising day, 661
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green
liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year :
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours, 665
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers :
When thy short reign is past, the feverish sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly
on.

So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight, 669
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou shalt guide my wandring feet to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind.

His vows address'd, within the grove he
stray'd,
Till fate, or fortune, near the place convey'd
His steps where secret Palamon was laid. 675

Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
 Who, flying death, had there conceal'd his
 flight,
 In brakes and brambles hid, and shunning
 mortal fight.

And less he knew him for his hated foe,
 But fear'd him as a man he did not know. 680

But as it has been said of ancient years,
 That fields are full of eyes, and woods have
 ears ;

For this the wise are ever on their guard,
 For, unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.

Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone, 685
 And less than all suspected Palamon.

Who listning heard him, while he search'd the
 grove,

And loudly sung his roundelay of love :

But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood, 689

As lovers often muse, and change their mood ;

Now high as heaven, and then as low as hell ;

Now up, now down, as buckets in a well ;

For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,

And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.

Ver. 682. *That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears ;*
 There is an old Monkish verse to this effect :

Campus habet lumen, et habet nemus auris acumen.

Tyrwhitt.

There is an Hebrew proverb much to the same purpose :

Do not speak of great matters in a field that is full of little
 hills.—Ray's Proverbs.

JOHN WARTON.

Thus Arcite having fung, with alter'd hue 695
 Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom drew
 A desperate sigh, accusing heaven and fate,
 And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
 Curs'd be the day when first I did appear;
 Let it be blotted from the calendar, 700
 Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the
 year.

Still will the jealous Queen pursue our race?
 Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was:
 Yet ceases not her hate: for all who come
 From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
 I suffer for my blood: unjust decree! 706
 That punishes another's crime on me.
 In mean estate I serve my mortal foe,
 The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.
 This is not all; for Juno, to my shame, 710
 Has forc'd me to forsake my former name;
 Arcite I was, Philostratus I am.
 That side of heaven is all my enemy:
 Mars ruin'd Thebes: his mother ruin'd me.

Ver. 699. *Curs'd be the day when first I did appear;
 Let it be blotted from the calendar,
 Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the year.]*

“Let the day perish wherein I was born, and let it not be joined unto the days of the year. Let it not come into the number of the months. Let them curse it that curse the day.”

Job iii. 3, et seq.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 703. ——— the Theban city was:]

——— fuit Ilium.

JOHN WARTON.

Of all the royal race remains but one 715
 Besides myself, the unhappy Palamon,
 Whom Theseus holds in bonds, and will not
 free ;

Without a crime, except his kin to me.
 Yet these, and all the rest, I could endure ;
 But love's a malady without a cure ; 720
 Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart,
 He fires within, and hisses at my heart.
 Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate pursue ;
 I suffer for the rest, I die for you.
 Of such a goddess no time leaves record, 725
 Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd :
 And let it burn, I never will complain,
 Pleas'd with my sufferings, if you knew my
 pain.

At this a sickly qualm his heart assail'd,
 His ears ring inward, and his senses fail'd. 730
 No word miss'd Palamon of all he spoke,
 But soon to deadly pale he chang'd his look :
 He trembled every limb, and felt a smart,
 As if cold steel had glided through his heart ;

Ver. 722. ——— *hisses at my heart.*] Inexcusably vulgar.
 Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 725. *Of such a goddess no time leaves record,
 Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd :]*

This conceit is not in the original of Chaucer, but may be found in Dryden's Miscellanies, being the concluding couplet of a copy of verses, called, A Cruel Mistress, by T. Carew, Esq. What could induce our poet to insert them here, we cannot readily conceive.

JOHN WARTON.

Nor longer staid, but starting from his place,⁷³⁵
 Discover'd stood, and shew'd his hostile face :
 False traitor Arcite, traitor to thy blood,
 Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,
 Now art thou found forsworn, for Emily ;
 And dar'st attempt her love, for whom I die. ⁷⁴⁰
 So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wile,
 Against thy vow, returning to beguile
 Under a borrow'd name : as false to me,
 So false thou art to him who set thee free :
 But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die, ⁷⁴⁵
 Or else renounce thy claim in Emily ;
 For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by chance)
 Am here without my sword, or pointed lance :
 Hope not, base man, unquestiō'd hence to go,
 For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe. ⁷⁵⁰

Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
 His sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus began :
 Now, by the gods, who govern heaven above,
 Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
 That word had been thy last, or in this grove ⁷⁵⁵
 This hand should force thee to renounce thy love.
 The surety which I gave thee, I defy :
 Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
 And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury. }

Ver. 750. *For I am Palamon,*] That profound philosopher,
 who of all others penetrated most deeply into the human heart,
 has observed, that a *discovery* is, of *all* events, most likely to in-
 terest a reader.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Know I will serve the fair in thy despight; 760
 But since thou art my kinsman, and a knight,
 Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
 Our arms shall plead the titles of our love:
 And Heaven so help my right, as I alone
 Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel both
 unknown, 765

With arms of proof both for myself and thee;
 Chuse thou the best, and leave the worst to me.
 And, that at better ease thou may'st abide,
 Bedding and cloaths I will this night provide,
 And needful sustenance, that thou may'st be 770
 A conquest better won, and worthy me.

His promise Palamon accepts; but pray'd,
 To keep it better than the first he made.
 Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn,
 For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn. 775

Oh Love! thou sternly dost thy power main-
 tain,

And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
 Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.

This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon
 Both in despair, yet each would love alone. 780

Ver. 777. *Aud wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
 Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.]*

Nec regna focium ferre nec tædæ sciunt.

Sen. Agam. 259.

So also Spenser :

For love and lordship bide no paragone.

Mother Hubb. Tale.

JOHN WARTON.

Arcite return'd, and, as in honour ty'd,
 His foe with bedding, and with food supply'd
 Then, ere the day, two suits of armour fought,
 Which borne before him on his steed he brought:
 Both were of shining steel, and wrought so
 pure, 785

As might the strokes of two such arms endure.
 Now, at the time, and in the appointed place,
 The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,
 Approach; each other from afar they knew, 789
 And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
 So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear,
 Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,
 And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
 His course at distance by the bending trees;
 And thinks, Here comes my mortal enemy, 795
 And either he must fall in fight, or I:
 This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
 A generous chivalry seizes every part:
 The veins pour back the blood, and fortify
 the heart.

Ver. 791. *So stands the Thracian*] Our language scarce can
 produce nine more beautifully finished lines. Dr. J. WARTON.

I think the original fully equal to the imitation:—

“ Right as the hunter in the regne of Trace
 That stondeth at a gappe with a spere,
 Whan hunted is the lion or the bere,
 And hereth him come rushing in the greves,
 And breking bothe the boughes and the leves,
 And thinketh, here cometh my mortal enemy,
 Withouten faille, he must be ded or I;
 For eyther I mote slen him at the gappe;
 Or he mote slen me, if that me mishappe.”

JOHN WARTON.

Thus pale they meet ; their eyes with fury
burn ; 800

None greets ; for none the greeting will re-
turn :

But in dumb furlinefs, each arm'd with care
His foe profest, as brother of the war :

Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with sword and
lance : 805

They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to
bore

Their corslets, and the thinnest parts explore.

Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
And, wounded, wound ; till both were bath'd
in blood ;

And not a foot of ground had either got, 810

As if the world depended on the spot.

Fell Arcite like an angry tyger far'd,

And like a lion Palamon appear'd :

Or, as two boars, whom love to battle draws,

With rising bristles, and with frothy jaws, 815

Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they
wound ;

With grunts and groans the forest rings around.

So fought the knights, and fighting must abide,

Till fate an umpire sends their difference to de-
cide.

The power that ministers to God's decrees, 820

And executes on earth what heaven foresees,

Call'd Providence, or Chance, or Fatal Sway,
Comes with resistless force, and finds or makes
her way,

Nor kings, nor nations, nor united power,
One moment can retard the appointed hour,
And some one day, some wondrous chance ap-
pears, 826

Which happen'd not in centuries of years :
For sure, whate'er we mortals hate, or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on powers above ;
They move our appetites to good or ill, 830
And by foresight necessitate the will.

In Theseus this appears ; whose youthful joy
Was beasts of chace in forests to destroy,
This gentle knight, inspir'd by jolly May,
Forsook his easy couch at early day, 835 }
And to the wood and wilds pursued his way. }
Beside him rode Hippolita the queen,
And Emily attir'd in lively green,
With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful
cry,

To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh :

Ver. 826. *And some one day, some wondrous chance appears,
Which happen'd not in centuries of years :]*

The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of his speed ;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate.

Shakespeare's *Love's Lab. Lost*, Act V.
JOHN WARTON.

And as he follow'd Mars before, so now 841
He serves the goddess of the silver bow.

The way that Theseus took was to the wood
Where the two knights in cruel battle stood :
The lawn on which they fought, the appointed
place 845

In which the uncoupled hounds began the
chace.

Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the prey,
That shaded by the fern in harbour lay ;
And thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the
wood,

For open fields, and cross the chrystal flood. 850

Approach'd, and looking underneath the sun,

He saw proud Arcite, and fierce Palamon,

In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,

Like lightning flam'd their fauchions to and fro,

And shot a dreadful gleam ; so strong they
strook, 855

There seem'd less force requir'd to fell an oak :

He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,

Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight :

Resolv'd to learn, he spurr'd his fiery steed

With goring rowels to provoke his speed. 860

The minute ended that began the race,

So soon he was betwixt 'em on the place ;

And with his sword unsheath'd, on pain of life

Commands both combatants to cease their
strife :

Then with imperious tone pursues his threat ;
 What are you? why in arms together met? 866
 How dares your pride presume against my laws,
 As in a list'd field to fight your cause?
 Unask'd the royal grant ; no marshal by,
 As knightly rites require ; nor judge to try? 870
 Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd breath,
 Thus hasty spoke : We both deserve the death,
 And both would die ; for look the world around,
 A pair so wretched is not to be found,
 Our life's a load ; encumber'd with the charge,
 We long to set the imprison'd soul at large. 876
 Now, as thou art a sovereign judge, decree,
 The rightful doom of death to him and me,
 Let neither find thy grace ; for grace is cruelty. }
 Me first, O kill me first ; and cure my woe : 880
 Then sheath the sword of justice on my foe :
 Or kill him first ; for when his name is heard,
 He foremost will receive his due reward.
 Arcite of Thebes is he ; thy mortal foe :
 On whom thy grace did liberty bestow, 885
 But first contracted, that if ever found
 By day or night upon the Athenian ground,
 His head should pay the forfeit ; see return'd
 The perjur'd knight, his oath and honour
 scorn'd.

Ver. 880. *Me first, O kill me first ;*] For the passionate repetition of *Me* he is indebted to his old master Virgil.

JOHN WARTON.

For this is he, who, with a borrow'd name 890
 And proffer'd service, to thy palace came,
 Now call'd Philostratus: retain'd by thee,
 A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
 Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily. }

My part remains; from Thebes my birth I
 own,

And call myself the unhappy Palamon. 896
 Think me not like that man; since no disgrace
 Can force me to renounce the honour of my
 race.

Know me for what I am: I broke my chain,
 Nor promis'd I thy prisoner to remain: 900

The love of liberty with life is given,
 And life itself the inferior gift of Heaven.

Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
 I, with this Arcite, am thy mortal foe:

Then give me death, since I thy life pursue; 905
 For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.

More would'st thou know? I love bright Emily,
 And, for her sake, and in her fight, will die:

But kill my rival too; for he no less
 Deserves; and I thy righteous doom will
 bless, 910

Affur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess. }

Ver. 897. *Think me not like that man;*] It does not often happen that the additions made by our poet are really improvements. I rather think that these words are not in character with the noble-minded ingenuous Palamon. JOHN WARTON.

To this reply'd the stern Athenian prince,
 And sourly smil'd, In owning your offence
 You judge yourself; and I but keep record
 In place of law, while you pronounce the
 word. 915

Take your desert, the death you have decreed;
 I seal your doom, and ratify the deed:
 By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die.
 He said; dumb sorrow seiz'd the standers-by.
 The queen above the rest, by nature good, 920
 (The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood)
 For tender pity wept: when she began,
 Through the bright quire the infectious virtue
 ran.

All dropt their tears, ev'n the contended maid:
 And thus among themselves they softly said: 925
 What eyes can suffer this unworthy fight!
 Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
 The mastership of heaven in face and mind,
 And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind:
 See their wide-streaming wounds: they neither
 came 930

For pride of empire, nor desire of fame:
 Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applause:
 But love for love alone; that crowns the lover's
 cause.

Ver. 913. *And sourly smil'd,*] The *aspramente sorrise* and
sorrise amaramente of Ariosto and Tasso, Todd.

This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous
kind,

Such pity wrought in every lady's mind, 935

They left their steeds, and prostrate on the
place,

From the fierce king implor'd the offenders'
grace.

He paus'd a while, stood silent in his mood,
(For yet his rage was boiling in his blood ;)

But soon his tender mind the impresson felt, 940

(As softest metals are not slow to melt,

And pity soonest runs in softest minds :)

Then reasons with himself ; and first he finds

His passion cast a mist before his sense,

And either made, or magnify'd the offence. 945

Offence ! of what ? to whom ? who judg'd the
cause ?

The prisoner freed himself by nature's laws :

Born free, he fought his right : the man he
freed

Was perjur'd, but his love excus'd the deed :

Thus pondering, he look'd under with his
eyes, 950

And saw the women's tears, and heard their
cries ;

Which mov'd compassion more, he shook his
head,

And softly sighing to himself he said :

Curse on the unpardoning prince, whom
 tears can draw
 To no remorse ; who rules by lions' law ; 955
 And deaf to prayers, by no submission bow'd,
 Rends all alike ; the penitent, and proud !
 At this, with look serene, he rais'd his head ;
 Reason resum'd her place, and passion fled :
 Then thus aloud he spoke : The power of
 love, 960
 In earth, and seas, and air, and heaven above,
 Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod ;
 By daily miracles declar'd a god :
 He blinds the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind ;
 And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.
 Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon, 966
 Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone,
 What hinder'd either in their native soil
 At ease to reap the harvest of their toil ?
 But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain, 970
 And brought 'em in their own despite again,
 To suffer death deserv'd ; for well they know,
 'Tis in my power, and I their deadly foe.
 The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
 Is hardly granted to the gods above. 975

Ver. 974. *The proverb holds, &c.]*

Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur.

Publ. Sy.

To be wise and eke to love,

Is granted scarce to gods above.

Spenser.

JOHN WARTON.

And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
Assist my person, and assert my right. 1000

This freely sworn, the knights their grace obtain'd.

Then thus the king his secret thoughts explain'd :

If wealth, or honour, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,

Then either of you knights may well deserve 1005

A princess born ; and such is she you serve :

For Emily is sister to the crown,

And but too well to both her beauty known :

But should you combat till you both were dead,

Two lovers cannot share a single bed : 1010

As therefore both are equal in degree,

The lot of both be left to destiny.

Now hear the award, and happy may it prove

To her, and him who best deserves her love.

Depart from hence in peace, and, free as air,

Search the wide world, and where you please

repair ;

1016

But on the day when this returning sun

To the same point through every sign has run,

Then each of you his hundred knights shall
bring,

In royal lists, to fight before the king ; 1020

And then the knight, whom fate or happy
chance

Shall with his friends to victory advance,

And grace his arms so far in equal fight,
 From out the bars to force his opposite,
 Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain, 1025
 The prize of valour and of love shall gain;
 The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,
 And the long jars conclude in lasting peace.
 The charge be mine to adorn the chosen ground,
 The theatre of war, for champions so re-
 nown'd; 1030

And take the patron's place of either knight,
 With eyes impartial to behold the fight;
 And Heaven of me so judge as I shall judge
 aright. }

If both are satisfied with this accord,
 Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword.

Who now but Palamon exults with joy? 1036
 And ravish'd Arcite seems to touch the sky:
 The whole assembled troop was pleas'd as well,
 Extol the award, and on their knees they fell
 To bless the gracious king. The knights with
 leave 1040

Departing from the place, his last commands
 receive;

On Emily with equal ardour look,
 And from her eyes their inspiration took.
 From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their way,
 Each to provide his champions for the day. 1045

It might be deem'd, on our historian's part,
 Or too much negligence, or want of art,

If he forgot the vast magnificence
 Of royal Theseus, and his large expence.
 He first inclos'd for lists a level ground, 1050
 The whole circumference a mile around ;
 The form was circular ; and all without
 A trench was sunk, to moat the place about.
 Within an amphitheatre appear'd,
 Rais'd in degrees ; to sixty paces rear'd : 1055
 That when a man was plac'd in one degree,
 Height was allow'd for him above to see.

Eastward was built a gate of marble white ;
 The like adorn'd the western opposite.
 A nobler object than this fabric was, 1060
 Rome never saw ; nor of so vast a space.
 For rich with spoils of many a conquer'd land,
 All arts and artists Theseus could command ;
 Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame ;
 The master-painters, and the carvers, came. 1065
 So rose within the compass of the year
 An age's work, a glorious theatre.
 Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd above
 A temple, sacred to the Queen of Love ;
 An altar stood below : on either hand 1070
 A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle
 wand.

Ver. 1070. *An altar stood below : on either hand
 A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle wand.]*

Our author has adorned this passage with appropriate imagery.

JOHN WARTON.

The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
 And on the north a turret was inclos'd,
 Within the wall of alabaster white,
 And crimfon coral for the queen of night, 1075
 Who takes in fylvan fports her chafte de-
 delight.

Within thefe oratories might you fee
 Rich carvings, pourtraitures, and imagery :
 Where every figure to the life exprefs'd
 The godhead's power to whom it was addrefs'd.
 In Venus' temple on the fides were feen 1081
 The broken flumbers of enamour'd men,
 Prayers that ev'n fpoke, and pity feem'd to call,
 And iffuing fighs that fmok'd along the wall.
 Complaints, and hot defires, the lover's hell,
 And fcalding tears that wore a channel where
 they fell : 1086

And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties,
 Of love's affurance, and a train of lies,
 That, made in luft, conclude in perjuries. }
 Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
 And fprightly Hope, and fhort-enduring Joy ; 1091
 And Sorceries to raife the infernal powers,
 And Sigils fram'd in planetary hours :
 Expence, and after-thought, and idle Care,
 And Doubts of motley hue, and dark Defpair ;
 Suspitions, and fantaftical Surmife, 1096
 And Jealoufy fuffus'd, with jaundice in her
 eyes,

Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny drefs'd ;
 Down-look'd, and with a cuckow on her fist.
 Oppos'd to her, on t' other side advance 1100
 The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,
 Minstrels, and music, poetry, and play,
 And balls by night, and tournaments by day.
 All these were painted on the wall, and more ;
 With acts and monuments of times before : 1105
 And others added by prophetic doom,
 And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come :
 For there the Idalian mount, and Citheron,
 The court of Venus, was in colours drawn :
 Before the palace-gate, in careless drefs, 1110
 And loose array, sat portrets Idleness :
 There, by the fount, Narcissus pin'd alone ;
 There Sampson was ; with wiser Solomon,
 And all the mighty names by love undone. }
 Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts, 1115
 With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youths to
 beasts :
 Here might be seen, that beauty, wealth, and
 wit,
 And prowess, to the power of love submit :

Ver. 1114. *And all the mighty names &c.*] Our poet omits
 in his haste several of the most apposite examples. As for in-
 stance, Chaucer says,

Ne yet the grete strength of Hercules,
 Ne of Turnus the hardy fiers corage,
 The riche Cresus, caitif in servage.

For Hercules he has substituted Sampson.

JOHN WARTON.

The spreading snare for all mankind is laid ;
 And lovers all betray, and are betray'd. 1120
 The goddess' self some noble hand had wrought;
 Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing thought:
 From ocean as she first began to rise,
 And smooth'd the ruffled seas, and clear'd the
 skies ;

She trod the brine all bare below the breast, 1125
 And the green waves but ill conceal'd the rest.

Ver. 1121. *The goddess self*] My reader perhaps may not be displeased with the following lines, which contain some of the leading features of this animated description :

Ἀντιπαῖρος Σιδωνίης.
 Τὰν ἀναδυομένην ἀπὸ ματέρος ἄρτι θαλάσσης
 Κύπριν, Ἀπelleίῃς μόχθον ὄρα γραφίδος,
 Ὡς χερὶ συμμάρψασα διάβροχον ὕδατι χαίταν,
 Εκθλίβει νοτερῶν ἀφρὸν ἀπὸ πλοκάμων.
 Αὐταὶ νῦν ἐρεόουσιν Ἀθηναίῃ τε καὶ Ἡρῇ
 Οὐκ ἔτι σοι μορφᾶς εἰς ἔριν ἐρχομεθα.

Anthol. H. Steph. p. 326.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1126. *And the green waves*] Dryden, as in this most elegant passage, scarce ever uses above one epithet to its substantive. Many of our late writers, with a nauseous affectation, accumulate three or four epithets on the same subject. Lucretius, the most nervous of all poets, has some lines of great energy, without one single epithet in them :

Nubila, ros, imbres, nix, venti, fulmina, grando.

Vulneribus, clamore, fugâ, clangore, tumultû.

Prata, lacus, rivos, segetes, vinetaque læta.

Horace has a few :

Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re.

I remember no one line without epithet in Virgil. One of Milton has great force :

Rocks, caves, lakes, dens, bogs, fens, and shades of death.

Dr. J. WARTON.

A lute ſhe held ; and on her head was ſeen
 A wreath of roſes red, and myrtles green ;
 Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above ;
 And, by his mother, ſtood an infant Love, 1130
 With wings unfledg'd ; his eyes were banded
 o'er ;

His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
 Supply'd with arrows bright and keen, a
 deadly ſtore.

But in the dome of mighty Mars the red 1134
 With different figures all the ſides were ſpread ;
 This temple, leſs in form, with equal grace,
 Was imitative of the firſt in Thrace :
 For that cold region was the lov'd abode,
 And ſovereign manſion of the warrior god.
 The landſcape was a foreſt wide and bare ; 1140
 Where neither beaſt, nor human kind repair ;
 The fowl, that ſcent afar, the borders fly,
 And ſhun the bitter blaſt, and wheel about the
 ſky.

Ver. 1140. *The landſcape was a foreſt wide and bare ;*] Our author has here added circumſtances that highly improve the original, and has ſet before us a picture full of the wild imagery of *Salvator Roſa*. That my reader may judge, I have here cited the original paſſage :

“ Firſt on the wall was painted a foreſt,
 In which ther wonneth neyther man ne beſt,
 With knotty knarry barrein trees old,
 Of ſtubbes ſharpe and hidous to behold ;
 In which ther ran a romble and a ſwough,
 As though a ſtorme ſhuld breſten every bough.”

JOHN WARTON.

A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
 And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found ;
 Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and
 old ; 1146

Headless the most, and hideous to behold :
 A rattling tempest through the branches went,
 That stripp'd 'em bare, and one sole way they
 bent.

Heaven froze above, severe, the clouds congeal,
 And through the chrystal vault appear'd the
 standing hail. 1151

Such was the face without: a mountain stood
 Threatning from high, and overlook'd the wood:
 Beneath the lowring brow, and on a bent,
 The temple stood of Mars armipotent : 1155

The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare
 From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.
 A strait long entry to the temple led,
 Blind with high walls, and horror over head :
 Thence issued such a blast, and hollow roar, 1160
 As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door;
 In through that door, a northern light there
 shone ;

'Twas all it had, for windows there were none.
 The gate was adamant ; eternal frame !
 Which, hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian
 quarries came, 1165

Ver. 1161. *As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door ;*
 A happy instance of alliteration. JOHN WARTON.

The labour of a god ; and all along
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it
strong.

A tun about was every pillar there ;
A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.

There saw I how the secret felon wrought, 1170
And treason labouring in the traitor's thought,
And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder
brought.

There the red Anger dar'd the pallid Fear ;
Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer ;
Soft smiling, and demurely looking down, 1175
But hid the dagger underneath the gown :
The affaffinating wife, the household fiend ;
And far the blackest there, the traitor-friend.
On t'other side there stood Destruction bare ;
Unpunish'd Rapine, and a waste of war. 1180
Contest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters
drawn,

And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul disgrace,
And bawling infamy, in language base ;
Till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled the
place. 1185

The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair :
With eyes half clos'd, and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his fullen soul
away.

In midst of all the dome, Misfortune sat, 1190
 And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate,
 And Madness laughing in his ireful mood;
 And arm'd complaint on theft; and cries of
 blood.

There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,
 And violent death in thousand shapes display'd:
 The city to the foldier's rage resign'd: 1196
 Successless wars, and poverty behind:
 Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,
 And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:
 The new-born babe by nurses overlaid; 1200
 And the cook caught within the raging fire he
 made.

All ills of Mars his nature, flame, and steel;
 The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel
 Of his own car; the ruin'd house that falls
 And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls: 1205
 The whole division that to Mars pertains,
 All trades of death that deal in steel for gains,
 Were there: the butcher, armourer, and smith,
 Who forges sharpen'd fauchions, or the scythe.
 The scarlet conquest on a tower was plac'd, 1210
 With shouts, and foldiers' acclamations grac'd;
 A pointed sword hung threatning o'er his head,
 Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.

Ver. 1212. *A pointed sword hung threatning o'er his head,]*

Districtus ensis cui super impiâ

Cervice pendet.

Hor. lib. iii. Od. 1.

JOHN WARTON.

There saw I Mars his ides, the Capitol,
 The feer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall; 1215
 The last triumvirs, and the wars they move,
 And Antony, who lost the world for love.
 These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;
 Their fates were painted ere the men were born,
 All copied from the heavens, and ruling force
 Of the red star, in his revolving course. 1221
 The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,
 All sheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the god:
 Two geomantic figures were display'd
 Above his head, a warrior and a maid *, 1225
 One when direct, and one when retrograde.

Tir'd with deformities of death, I haste
 To the third temple of Diana chaste.
 A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn,
 Shades on the sides, and in the midst a lawn: 1230
 The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
 Pursu'd the flying deer, the woods with horns
 resound:

Ver. 1223. ——— *gruffly look'd the god:]*

The statue of Mars upon a carte stood,
 Armed and looked grim, as he were wood.

Original.

JOHN WARTON.

* Rubens and Puella. Orig. edition.

Ver. 1226. *One when direct, and one when retrograde.]* Our author has here omitted one of the most lively images.

A wolfe ther stode before him at his feet,
 With eyen red, and of a man he etc.

JOHN WARTON.

Calisto there stood manifest of shame,
 And, turn'd a bear, the northern star became :
 Her son was next, and, by peculiar grace, 1235
 In the cold circle held the second place :
 The stag Acteon in the stream had spy'd
 The naked huntress, and, for seeing, dy'd :
 His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue
 The chace, and their mistaken master flew. 1240
 Peneian Daphne too was there to see,
 Apollo's love before, and now his tree :
 The adjoining fane the assembled Greeks ex-
 press'd,
 And hunting of the Caledonian beast.
 Oenides' valour, and his envy'd prize : 1245
 The fatal power of Atalanta's eyes ;
 Diana's vengeance on the victor shown,
 The murders mother ; and consuming son ;
 The Volscian queen extended on the plain ;
 The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain. 1250
 The rest were various huntings, well design'd,
 And savage beasts destroy'd, of every kind.
 The graceful goddess was array'd in green ;
 About her feet were little beagles seen,
 That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of
 their queen. 1255

Ver. 1253. *The graceful goddess was array'd in green ;]* He has here also omitted a picturesque circumstance.

The goddess on an hart ful heye sete,

Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before
 In act to shoot; a silver bow she bore,
 And at her back a painted quiver wore.
 She trod a waxing moon, that soon would
 wane, 1259

And, drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again:
 With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
 The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
 Before her stood a woman in her throes,
 And call'd Lucina's aid her burden to dis-
 close.

All these the painter drew with such com-
 mand, 1265

That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his
 hand,

Asham'd and angry that his art could feign
 And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
 Theseus beheld the fanes of every god,
 And thought his mighty cost was well be-
 stow'd. 1270

But our author chose to represent the goddess in a standing
 attitude, as about to shoot.

Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before
 In act to shoot.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1265. *All these the painter drew with such command,
 That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand,]*

This addition is not perfectly in unison with the simplicity of
 the original.

JOHN WARTON.

So princes now their poets should regard ;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.

The theatre thus rais'd, the lifts enclos'd,
And all with vast magnificence dispos'd,
We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haste to
bring 1275
The knights to combat, and their arms to sing.

Ver. 1271. *So princes*] Poets of every age and nation are fond of making this complaint; not always well founded.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ibid. *So princes now*] This reflection is his own; no trace of it in the original.

JOHN WARTON.

PALAMON AND ARCITE;

OR, THE

KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK III.

THE day approach'd when Fortune should
decide

The important enterprize, and give the bride ;
For now, the rivals round the world had fought,
And each his number, well appointed, brought.
The nations, far and near, contend in choice, 1281
And send the flower of war by public voice ;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army seem'd alone :
Beside the champions, all of high degree, 1285
Who knighthood lov'd, and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the lists, and envy'd to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
Nor seems it strange ; for every noble knight
Who loves the fair, and is endu'd with might,
In such a quarrel would be proud to fight. 1291 }

There breathes not scarce a man on British
ground

(An isle for love, and arms, of old renown'd)
But would have sold his life to purchase fame,
To Palamon or Arcite sent his name : 1295
And had the land selected of the best,
Half had come hence, and let the world provide
the rest.

A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name ;
Their arms were several, as their nations were,
But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear. 1301
Some wore coat-armour, imitating scale ;
And next their skins were stubborn shirts of
mail.

Some wore a breast-plate and a light jupon,
Their horses cloth'd with rich caparison : 1305
Some for defence would leathern bucklers use,
Of folded hides ; and others shields of Pruce.
One hung a pole-axe at his saddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace to shun the foe ;
One for his legs and knees provided well, 1310
With jambeux arm'd, and double plates of
steel :

Ver. 1296. *And had the land selected of the best,
Half had come hence, and let the world provide the
rest.]*

This couplet is written with the genuine spirit of a true-born
Englishman. JOHN WARTON.

This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love.

With Palamon above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the furly king of Thrace; 1315 }
Black was his beard, and manly was his face; }
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red :
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair :
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with finews
strong, 1321
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and
long.

Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian use of
old)

Were yok'd to draw his car of burnish'd gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield, 1325
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the
field.

His furcoat was a bear-skin on his back ;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven
black.

His ample forehead bore a coronet
With sparkling diamonds, and with rubies
set : 1330

Ver. 1320. *And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair :*] A
strange misconstruction of the original.

“ With kemped heres on his browes stout.”

JOHN WARTON.

Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy
 fair,
 And tall as stags, ran loose, and cours'd around
 his chair,
 A match for pards in flight, in grappling for
 the bear :

With golden muzzles all their mouths were
 bound,

And collars of the same their necks furround.
 Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his
 way ;

1336

His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud
 array.

To match this monarch, with strong Arcite
 came

Emetrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,
 On a bay courser, goodly to behold,
 The trappings of his horse adorn'd with bar-
 barous gold.

1340

Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace ;
 His furcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
 Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and
 great ;

His saddle was of gold, with emeralds set, 1345
 His shoulders large a mantle did attire,
 With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire :

Ver. 1343. *His furcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,*]

“ His cote-armour was of a cloth of Tars.”

JOHN WARTON.

His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run,
 With graceful negligence, and shone against the
 sun.

His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue, 1350
 Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue :
 Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
 Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin :
 His awful presence did the croud surprize,
 Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes : 1355
 Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
 So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.

His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
 And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
 Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
 Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound : 1361
 A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh, and green ;
 And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were
 mix'd between.

Upon his fist he bore, for his delight,
 An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white. 1365

His hundred knights attend him to the war,
 All arm'd for battle ; save their heads were bare.
 Words and devices blaz'd on every shield,
 And pleasing was the terror of the field,

Ver. 1355. ——— *rash spectator meet his eyes,*
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,]

——— *ardentia lumina frustra,*
 Lumina ———— Virgil.

JOHN WARTON.

For kings, and dukes, and barons, you might
 fee, 1370
 Like sparkling stars, though different in de-
 gree,
 All for the increafe of arms, and love of chi-
 valry. }

Before the king tame leopards led the way,
 And troops of lions innocently play.
 So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
 And beasts in gambols frisk'd before their ho-
 nest god. 1376

In this array the war of either side
 Through Athens pass'd with military pride.
 At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn;
 Rich tapestry spread the streets, and flowers
 the posts adorn. 1380

The town was all a jubilee of feasts;
 So Theseus will'd, in honour of his guests;
 Himself with open arms the kings embrac'd,
 Then all the rest in their degrees were grac'd.
 No harbinger was needful for the night, 1385
 For every house was proud to lodge a knight,

[Ver. 1375. *So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
 And beasts in gambols frisk'd before their honest god.*]

A simile not to be found in the original. By the epithet *honest*, Dryden means to express the youthful grace of the god agreeably to the expression of Virgil:

Et quocunque Deus circum caput egit honestum.

Georg. lib. ii.

JOHN WARTON.

I pass the royal treat, nor must relate
 The gifts bestow'd, nor how the champions fate:
 Who first, who last, or how the knights address'd
 Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast; 1390
 Whose voice, whose graceful dance did most
 surprise;

Soft amorous sighs, and silent love of eyes.
 The rivals call my Muse another way,
 To sing their vigils for the ensuing day.

'Twas ebbing darkness, past the noon of
 night: 1395

And Phosphor, on the confines of the light,
 Promis'd the sun; ere day began to spring,
 The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing,
 And flickering on her nest, made short essays
 to sing.

When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
 Took, to the royal lists, his early way, 1401
 To Venus at her fane, in her own house, to
 pray.

There, falling on his knees before her shrine,
 He thus implor'd with prayers her power divine.

Ver. 1391. *Whose voice, whose graceful dance did most surprise;]*

What hawkes sitten on the perche above,
 What houndes ligger on the flore adown,
 Of all this now I make no mention. Orig.

These images our poet has omitted as trifling, but I must be excused for saying that they have their propriety, and are founded in nature, and are strongly expressive of the manners and customs of the age.

JOHN WARTON.

Creator Venus, genial power of love, 1405
 The blifs of men below, and gods above!
 Beneath the fliding fun thou runn'ft thy race,
 Dost faireft fhine, and beft become thy place.
 For thee the winds their eastern blafts for-
 bear,

Thy mouth reveals the fpring, and opens all the
 year. 1410

Thee, goddeffs, thee the ftorms of winter fly,
 Earth fmiles with flowers renewing, laughs
 the fky,
 And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes
 apply.

Ver. 1409. *For thee the winds their eastern blafts forbear,*]

Te, dea, te fugunt venti, te nubila cœli,
 Adventumque tuum; tibi fuaves dædala tellus
 Summittit flores, tibi rident æquora ponti,
 Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum.

Lucr. lib. i. ver. 8.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1411. *Thee, goddeffs, thee the ftorms of winter fly, &c.]*
 It has been well obferved by Mr. Upton, that Dryden, in this
 addrefs of Palamon to Venus, had certainly his eye on Spenser
 as well as Lucretius. I am inclined to think, that to our elder
 poet the palm of fuperior elegance muft be awarded, at leaft in
 the opening of this poetical orifon. See *Faer. Qu.* iv. x. 44.

“ Great Venus! queene of Beautie and of Grace,
 “ The joy of gods and men, that under fkie
 “ Dost fayreft fhine, and moft adorne thy place;
 “ That with thy fmyling looke dost pacifie
 “ The raging feas, and mak’ft the ftormes to flie;
 “ Thee, goddeffe, thee the winds, the clouds do feare;
 “ And, when thou fpredft thy mantle forth on hie,
 “ The waters play, and pleafant lands appeare,
 “ And heavens laugh, and all the world fhews joyous
 cheare.”

For thee the lion loaths the taste of blood,
And roaring hunts his female through the
wood: 1415

For thee the bulls rebellow through the groves,
And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent
loves.

'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair:
All nature is thy province, life thy care:
Thou madest the world, and dost the world re-
pair. 1420

Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
Increase of Jove, companion of the sun;
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
Have pity, goddess, for thou know'st the smart.
Alas! I have not words to tell my grief; 1425
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
O goddess, tell thyself what I would say,
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.

The conclusion of Spenser's address is also more pleasing than Dryden's:

—— gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
Increase of Jove, companion of the sun!

Thus smoothly and naturally the elder bard:

“ Mother of laughter, and well-spring of blisse,
“ O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse.”

TODD.

Ver. 1427. *Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.]*

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

JOHN WARTON.

So grant my suit, as I enforce my might, 1431
 In love to be thy champion, and thy knight ;
 A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,
 A foe profess'd to barren chastity.
 Nor ask I fame or honour of the field, 1435
 Nor choose I more to vanquish than to yield :
 In my divine Emilia make me blest,
 Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest :
 Find thou the manner, and the means prepare ;
 Possession, more than conquest, is my care. 1440
 Mars is the warrior's god ; in him it lies,
 On whom he favours to confer the prize ;
 With smiling aspect you serenely move
 In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
 The Fates but only spin the coarser clue, 1445
 The finest of the wool is left for you,
 Spare me but one small portion of the twine,
 And let the sisters cut below your line :
 The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,
 Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.
 But, if you this ambitious prayer deny, 1451
 (A wish, I grant, beyond mortality,)
 Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
 And I once dead, let him possess her charms.
 Thus ended he ; then with observance due 1455
 The sacred incense on her altar threw :

Ver. 1445. *The Fates but only spin the coarser clue,*] These
 six lines must strike the reader with disgust, and even astonish-
 ment.

JOHN WARTON.

The curling smoke mounts heavy from the
fires ;

At length it catches flame, and in a blaze ex-
pires ;

At once the gracious goddess gave the sign,
Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine :
Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took : 1461

For, since the flames pursu'd the trailing
smoke,

He knew his boon was granted ; but the
day

To distance driven, and joy adjourn'd with long
delay.

Now morn with rosy light had streak'd the
sky, 1465

Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily ;
Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane,
In state attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the vests that holy rites require,
Incense, and odorous gums, and cover'd fire.

The plenteous horns with pleasant mead they
crown, 1471

Nor wanted ought besides in honour of the
moon.

Now while the temple smok'd with hallow'd
steam,

They wash the virgin in a living stream ;
The secret ceremonies I conceal, 1475

Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal :

But such they were as pagan use requir'd,
 Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,
 Whose eyes profane their chaste mysterious
 rites

Might turn to scandal, or obscene delights. 1480
 Well-meaners think no harm; but for the
 rest,

Things sacred they pervert, and silence is the
 best.

Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,
 A crown of mastless oak adorn'd her head :

When to the shrine approach'd, the spotless
 maid 1485

Had kindling fires on either altar laid :

(The rites were such as were observ'd of old,
 By Statius in his Theban story told.)

Then kneeling with her hands across her breast,
 Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste request. 1490

O goddess, haunter of the woodland green,
 To whom both heaven and earth and seas are
 seen ;

Ver. 1478. *Perform'd by women*] Those of Bona Dea, at
 Rome, to which Clodius intruded. DR. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1483. *Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,*
 The original describes her only with dishevelled hair :

Her bright here kemberd was, untressed all.

In this respect he has altered the figure of Emily, though he
 has placed her in so graceful an attitude as a suppliant, that an
 artist of elegance (Angelica Kauffman) has thought proper to
 adopt it. JOHN WARTON.

Queen of the nether skies, where half the year
Thy silver beams descend, and light the gloomy
sphere ;

Goddeſs of maids, and conſcious of our hearts,
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts, 1496
(Which Niobe's devoted iſſue felt,
When hisſing through the ſkies the feather'd
deaths were dealt ;)

As I deſire to live a virgin life,
Nor know the name of mother or of wife. 1500
Thy votreſs from my tender years I am,
And love, like thee, the woods and ſylvan game.
Like death, thou know'ſt, I loath the nuptial
ſtate,

And man, the tyrant of our ſex, I hate,
A lowly ſervant, but a lofty mate ; 1505
Where love is duty on the female ſide ;
On their's mere ſenſual guſt, and fought with
furly pride.

Ver. 1497. *Which Niobe's devoted iſſue felt,*] He has ſubſtituted Niobe's iſſue for Actæon, without any viſible reaſon.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1499. *As I deſire to live a virgin life,*] So Spenſer, ſpeaking of a nymph purſued by Faunus, ſays,

“ She ſet her down to weep for ſore constraint,
And, to Diana calling loud for aid,
Her dear beſought to let her die a maid.”

“ Da mihi, perpetuâ, genitor chariſſime, dixit,
Virginitate frui.” Ovid Met. lib. i.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1504. *And man, the tyrant of our ſex, I hate,
A lowly ſervant, but a lofty mate ;
Where love is duty on the female ſide ;
On their's mere ſenſual guſt, and fought with furly
pride.]*

Now by thy triple shape, as thou art seen
 In heaven, earth, hell, and every where a queen,
 Grant this my first desire; let discord cease, 1510
 And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace:
 Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
 The flame, and turn it on some other love;
 Or, if my frowning stars have so decreed,
 That one must be rejected, one succeed, 1515
 Make him my lord, within whose faithful breast
 Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best.
 But, oh! ev'n that avert; I chuse it not,
 But take it as the least unhappy lot.
 A maid I am, and of thy virgin train; 1520
 Oh, let me still that spotless name retain!
 Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
 And only make the beasts of chace my prey!
 The flames ascend on either altar clear,
 While thus the blameless maid address'd her
 prayer. 1525
 When lo! the burning fire that shone so bright,
 Flew off all sudden, with extinguish'd light,

These four lines are not in the original, nor indeed are they in character with the speaker. He forgets the Horatian precept:

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1523. *And only make the beasts of chace my prey!]* An ill-timed conceit. The reader must be chagrined at meeting with such a line on such an occasion. Our poet surely forgot the Horatian precept:

Effutire leves indigna tragoedia versus.

JOHN WARTON.

And left one altar dark, a little space ;
Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the
blaze ;

That other victor-flame a moment stood, 1530
Then fell, and lifeless left the extinguish'd
wood ;

For ever lost, the irrevocable light
Forsook the blackning coals, and sunk to night :

At either end it whistled as it flew,
And as the brands were green, so dropp'd the
dew ; 1535

Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.

The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
And with loud shrieks and clamours rent the
skies,

Nor knew what signify'd the boding sign,
But found the powers displeas'd, and fear'd the
wrath divine. 1540

Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden
light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the
temple bright.

The power, behold ! the power in glory shone,
By her bent bow, and her keen arrows known ;
The rest, a huntress issuing from the wood, 1545
Reclining on her cornel spear she stood.

Ver. 1543. *The power, behold ! the power in glory shone,*
“ Deus, ecce, Deus ”——

JOHN WARTON.

Then gracious thus began: Dismiss thy fear,
 And Heaven's unchang'd decrees attentive hear:
 More powerful gods have torn thee from my
 fide,

Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride: 1550
 The two contending knights are weigh'd above;
 One Mars protects, and one the Queen of Love:
 But which the man, is in the Thunderer's
 breast;

This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best.
 The fire that, once extinct, reviv'd again, 1555
 Foreshews the love allotted to remain:
 Farewel! she said, and vanish'd from the place;
 The sheaf of arrows shook, and rattled in the
 case.

Aghast at this, the royal virgin stood,
 Disclaim'd, and now no more a sister of the
 wood: 1560

But to the parting goddess thus she pray'd; }
 Propitious still be present to my aid, }
 Nor quite abandon your once favour'd maid. }
 Then fighting she return'd; but smil'd betwixt,
 With hopes, and fears, and joys with sorrows
 mixt. 1565

Ver. 1564. ——— but smil'd betwixt,

With hopes and fears and joys with sorrows mixt.]

Τὴν δ' ἄμα χάρμα καὶ ἄλγος ἔλε φρένα· τὼ δέ οἱ ὅσσε
 Δακρυόφιν πλῆσθεν· θαλερὴν δέ οἱ ἔσχετο φωνή.

This is the Δακρυόεν γελάσασα of Homer somewhat dilated.
 Our author, however, seems rather to have had in his eye an

The next returning planetary hour
 Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of power,
 His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
 To adore with pagan rites the power armipo-
 tent :

Then prostrate, low before his altar lay, 1570
 And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to
 pray :

Strong god of arms, whose iron scepter sways
 The freezing North, and Hyperborean seas,
 And Scythian colds, and Thracia's wintry coast,
 Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honour'd
 most ; 1575

There most ; but every where thy power is
 known,

The fortune of the fight is all thy own :
 Terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung
 From out thy chariot, withers ev'n the strong :
 And disarray and shameful rout ensue, 1580
 And force is added to the fainting crew.

Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my prayer,
 If ought I have achiev'd deserve thy care :

If to my utmost power with sword and shield
 I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield, 1585 }
 And falling in my rank, still kept the field :

elegant passage of Carew's, a poet from whom, as before ob-
 served, he has condescended to borrow a couplet.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1585. *I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,]*

—— cedere nescii.

Horace.

JOHN WARTON.

Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That Emily by conquest may be gain'd.
Have pity on my pains; nor those unknown
To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.
Venus, the public care of all above, 1591
Thy stubborn heart has soften'd into love :
Now, by her blandishments and powerful
 charms,
When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
Ev'n by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net inthrall'd; 1596
(O envy'd ignominy, sweet disgrace,
When every god that saw thee wish'd thy
 place !)
By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight,
And make me conquer in my patron's right :
For I am young, a novice in the trade, 1601
The fool of love, unpractis'd to persuade :
And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,
But, caught myself, lie struggling in the
 snare :
And she I love, or laughs at all my pain, 1605
Or knows her worth too well; and pays me
 with disdain.
For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
To stand excluded from Emilia's charms;
Nor can my strength avail, unless, by thee
Endu'd with force, I gain the victory : 1610

Then for the fire which warm'd thy generous
heart,

Pity thy subject's pains, and equal smart.

So be the morrow's sweat and labour mine,

The palm and honour of the conquest thine :

Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife

Immortal, be the business of my life ; 1616

And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among,

High on the burnish'd roof, my banner shall
be hung :

Rank'd with my champions' bucklers, and be-
low,

With arms revers'd, the atchievements of my
foe : 1620

And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,

While day to night, and night to day succeeds,

Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food

Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood ;

Burnt-offerings morn and evening shall be
thine ; 1625

And fires eternal in thy temple shine,

This bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,

Which from my birth inviolate I bear,

Guiltless of steel, and from the razor free,

Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for thee.

Ver. 1621. *And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,*]

—— dum spiritus hos regit artus.

Virgil.

JOHN WARTON.

So may my arms with victory be blest, 1631
I ask no more ; let fate dispose the rest.

The champion ceas'd ; there follow'd in the
close

A hollow groan : a murmuring wind arose ;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung,
Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung : 1636
The bolted gates flew open at the blast,
The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast :
The flames were blown aside, yet shone they
bright,

Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.

Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
Sweet smelling as accepted sacrifice :

This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire
With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire :
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms :
At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms, 1646
And with a sullen sound and feeble cry,
Half sunk, and half pronounc'd the word of
victory.

Ver. 1647. *And with a sullen sound and feeble cry,
Half sunk, and half pronounc'd the word of vic-
tory.]*

The original is fine.

And with that sound he heard a murmuring
Full low and dim, that said thus, Victorie.

In my humble opinion Dryden has weakened the passage by
the insertion " the word of." The passage is more animated thus,
Half sunk and half pronounced, Victory.

JOHN WARTON.

For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the god,
And, of success secure, return'd to his abode.

These vows thus granted, rais'd a strife
above, 1651

Betwixt the god of War, and Queen of Love.
She, granting first, had right of time to plead ;
But he had granted too, nor would recede.

Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife, 1655

And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife ;

Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,

And found a way the difference to compose :

Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,

He seldom does a good with good intent. 1660

Wayward, but wise ; by long experience taught,

To please both parties, for ill ends, he fought :

For this advantage age from youth has won,

As not to be outridden though outrun.

Ver. 1650. *And, of success secure, return'd to his abode.*]
Dryden has here omitted a simile, which, though short, is natural, and highly expressive of Arcite's condition.

“As fain as foul is of the brighte sonne;” i. e. as much rejoic'd at his reverse of fortune, as a bird is at the return of sunshine after a storm. So Nicholaus Aretius.

—— uti solet volucris

Ramo, vere novo, ad novos tepores

Post solem accipere ætheris liquores

Gestire et pluviae ore blandiendo.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1664. *For this advantage age from youth has won,*

As not to be outridden though outrun.]

The original word is “outrede,” i. e. “outwit, surpass in counsel. The sense of this word has been most ridiculously mistaken by Dryden.” Tyrwhitt,

JOHN WARTON.

By fortune he has now to Venus trin'd, 1665
 And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd :
 Of him disposing in his own abode,
 He sooth'd the goddess, while he gull'd the
 god :

Cease, daughter, to complain, and stint the
 strife :

Thy Palamon shall have his promis'd wife : 1670
 And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the fight
 With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.

Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place,
 Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
 Man feels me, when I press the etherial plains,
 My hand is heavy, and the wound remains. 1676

Mine is the shipwreck, in a watry sign ;
 And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.

Cold shivering agues, melancholy care,
 And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air,
 Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from
 despair. 1681

The throtling quinsy 'tis my star appoints,
 And rheumatisms ascend to rack the joints :
 When churls rebel against their native prince,
 I arm their hands, and furnish the pretence ;
 And housing in the lion's hateful sign, 1686
 Bought senates, and deserting troops are mine.
 Mine is the privy poisoning ; I command
 Unkindly seasons, and ungrateful land.

By me king's palaces are push'd to ground, 1690
 And miners crush'd beneath their mines are
 found.

'Twas I flew Sampson, when the pillar'd hall
 Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.
 My looking is the fire of pestilence, 1694
 That sweeps at once the people and the prince.
 Now weep no more, but trust thy grandfire's
 art,
 Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy
 part.

'Tis ill, though different your complexions are,
 The family of heaven for men shou'd war.
 The expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his
 right ; 1700

Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
 The management they left to Chronos' care ;
 Now turn we to the effect, and sing the war.

In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,
 All proper to the spring, and spritely May : 1705
 Which every soul inspir'd with such delight,
 'Twas jesting all the day, and love at night.
 Heaven smil'd, and gladdened was the heart of
 man ;

And Venus had the world as when it first be-
 gan. 1709

Ver. 1701. *Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.*] An
 epigrammatic turn not to be found in Chaucer.

JOHN WARTON.

At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.

Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
As at a signal given, the streets with clamours
ring :

At once the crowd arose ; confus'd and high,
Even from the heaven, was heard a shouting
cry ;

1715

For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.
The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharpening their fights, and leaning from their
stars.

The neighing of the generous horse was heard,
For battle by the busy groom prepar'd : 1720
Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clattering of armour, furbish'd for the field.
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
Battering the pavement with their courfers'
feet :

The greedy fight might there devour the gold
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold : 1726
And polish'd steel, that cast the view aside,
And crested morions, with their plummy pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires. 1730

Ver. 1716. *For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.*] Mars is here improperly introduced, as are the figures of the gods descending to behold the tournament.

JOHN WARTON.

One lac'd the helm, another held the lance :
 A third the shining buckler did advance.
 The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
 And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden
 bit.

1734

The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
 Files in their hands, and hammers at their
 side,
 And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for
 shields provide.

The yeomen guard the streets, in seemly bands ;
 And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels
 in their hands.

1739

The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
 Attend the sign to sound the martial blast ;
 The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
 And the last comers bear the former to the
 sides.

The throng is in the midst : the common crew
 Shut out, the hall admits the better few ; 1745
 In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
 Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk :
 Factious, and favouring this or t'other side,
 As their strong fancy or weak reason guide : 1749

Ver. 1742. *The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,*] A
 Virgilian expression.

Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.

JOHN WARTON.

Their wagers back their wishes; numbers hold
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold:
So vigorous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.

But most their looks on the black monarch
bend,

His rising muscles, and his brawn commend;
His double-biting ax, and beamy spear, 1756
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.

All spoke as partial favour mov'd the mind;
And, safe themselves, at other's cost divin'd.

Wak'd by the cries, the Athenian chief arose,
The knightly forms of combat to dispose; 1761
And passing through the obsequious guards, he
fate

Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;
There, for the two contending knights he
sent:

Arm'd cap-a-pee, with reverence low they bent:
He smil'd on both, and with superior look 1766
Alike their offer'd adoration took.

The people press on every side to see
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.

Then signing to their heralds with his hand, 1770
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.

Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The king at arms bespeaks the knights and
listening crowd.

Our fovereign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to spare the blood of gentle kind ;
And of his grace, and inborn clemency, 1776
He modifies his first severe decree !
The keener edge of battle to rebate,
The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.
He wills, not death should terminate their
 strife; 1780
And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of life :
But issues, ere the fight, his dread command,
That flings afar, and poniards hand to hand,
Be banish'd from the field ; that none shall dare
With shortned sword to stab in clofer war; 1785
But in fair combat fight with manly strength,
Nor push with biting point, but strike at length,
The tourney is allow'd but one career,
Of the tough ash, with the sharp-grinded spear,
But knights unhors'd may rise from off the plain,
And fight on foot their honour to regain ; 1791
Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
Be slain, but prisoners to the pillar bound,
At either barrier plac'd ; nor (captives made,)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade. 1795
The chief of either side, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.
Thus dooms the lord : now valiant knights and
 young,
Fight each his fill with fwords and maces long.

The herald ends: the vaulted firmament 1800
With loud acclaims and vast applause is rent:
Heaven guard a prince so gracious and so good,
So just, and yet so provident of blood!
This was the general cry. The trumpets found,
And warlike symphony is heard around. 1805
The marching troops through Athens take their
way,

The great earl-marshal orders their array.
The fair from high the passing pomp behold;
A rain of flowers is from the windows roll'd.
The casements are with golden tiffue spread, 1810
And horses' hoofs, for earth, on filken tapestry
tread.

The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and close his either side.
Next after these, there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause, and the reward of
strife. 1815

The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marshall'd in degree.
Thus through the southern gate they take their
way,

And at the list arriv'd ere prime of day.
There, parting from the king, the chiefs di-
vide, 1820
And wheeling east and west, before their
many ride.

The Athenian monarch mounts his throne on
high,

And after him the queen and Emily :

Next these, the kindred of the crown are
grac'd

1824

With nearer feats, and lords by ladies plac'd.

Scarce were they seated, when with clamours
loud

In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous crowd :

The guards, and then each other overbear,

And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.

Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers low,

As winds forsaking seas more softly blow ;

1831

When at the western gate, on which the car

Is plac'd aloft, that bears the god of war,

Proud Arcite, entring arm'd before his train,

Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.

1835

Red was his banner, and display'd abroad

The bloody colours of his patron god.

At that self moment enters Palamon,

The gate of Venus, and the rising Sun ;

1839

Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,

All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.

From east to west, look all the world around,

Two troops so match'd were never to be found ;

Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,

In stature siz'd ; so proud an equipage :

1845

The nicest eye could no distinction make,

Where lay the advantage, or what side to take.

Thus rang'd, the herald for the last pro-
claims

A silence, while they answer'd to their names:
For so the king decreed, to shun with care, 1850
The fraud of musters false, the common bane
of war.

The tale was just, and then the gates were
clos'd ;

And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,
The fortune of the field be fairly try'd. 1855

At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds ; the challeng'd makes
reply :
With clangor rings the field, resounds the
vaulted sky.

Their vizors clos'd, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest, 1860
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.

A cloud of smoke envelops either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost : 1864

Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Courfers with courfers justling, men with men :
As labouring in eclipse, a while they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.

They look anew : the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grizly fight. 1870

Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd :
Not half the number in their seats are found ;
But men and steeds lie groveling on the ground.
The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field.
The knights, unhors'd, on foot renew the fight ;
The glittering fauchions cast a gleaming light :
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a
wound,
Out spins the streaming blood and dies the
ground. 1880
The mighty maces with such haste descend,
They break the bones, and make the solid ar-
mour bend.
This thrusts amid the throng with furious force ;
Down goes, at once, the horseman and the
horse :
That courser stumbles on the fallen steed, 1885
And floundring throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foes ;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound, 1890
Where by the king's award he must abide :
There goes a captive led on t'other side.
By fits they cease ; and leaning on the lance,
Take breath a while, and to new fight advance.

Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd 1895
 His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
 The head of this was to the saddle bent,
 That other backward to the crupper sent:
 Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows
 Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
 So deep their fauchions bite, that every stroke
 Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they
 gave and took. 1902

Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
 Like adamant and steel they meet agen.

So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood, }
 A famish'd lion issuing from the wood 1906 }
 Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food. }
 Each claims possession, neither will obey,
 But both their paws are fasten'd on the prey;
 They bite, they tear; and while in vain they
 strive, 1910

The swains come arm'd between, and both to
 distance drive.

Ver. 1905. *So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,*] This simile falls short of the original as to spirit and propriety.

Ther n'as no tigre in the vale of Galaphey,
 Whan that hire whelpe is stole, whan it is lite,
 So cruel on the hunt, as is Arcite
 For jalous herte upon this Palamon:
 Ne in Belmarie ther n'is so fell lion
 That hunted is, or for his hunger wood,
 Ne of his prey desireth so the blood,
 As Palamon to fleen his foo Arcite.

JOHN WARTON.

At length, as fate foredoom'd, and all things
tend
By course of time to their appointed end ;
So when the sun to west was far declin'd,
And both afresh in mortal battle join'd, 1915
The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid :
For turning short, he struck with all his might
Full on the helmet of the unwary knight.
Deep was the wound ; he stagger'd with the
blow, 1920
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe ;
Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd him
down,
And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once furround the single knight :
O'erpower'd, at length, they force him to the
ground, 1926
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound ;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.
Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field ! 1931
And, worse than death, to view with hateful
eyes
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize !
The royal judge on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last, 1935

Bade cease the war; pronouncing from on high,
 Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.
 The found of trumpets to the voice reply'd, }
 And round the royal lifts the heralds cry'd, }
 Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride. }

The people rend the skies with vast applause;
 All own the chief, when fortune owns the
 cause. 1942

Arcite is own'd ev'n by the gods above,
 And conquering Mars insults the Queen of
 Love.

So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
 And Jove's usurping arms in heaven prevail'd.
 Laugh'd all the powers who favour tyranny;
 And all the standing army of the sky.
 But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
 And weeping on the lifts distill'd her tears; 1950
 Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman most,
 And, in her champion foil'd, the cause of Love
 is lost.

Till Saturn said, Fair daughter, now be still,
 The blustering fool has satisfy'd his will;
 His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the
 day, 1955

But lost the prize, the arrears are yet to pay.

Ver. 1941. *The people rend the skies with vast applause;*] An
 imitation of himself: Ode on Alexander's feast, ft. 5.

“*The many rend the skies with loud applause.*”

TODD.

Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be
To please thy knight, and set thy promise free.

Now while the heralds run the lists around,
And Arcite, Arcite, heaven and earth resound ;
A miracle (nor less it could be call'd) 1961
Their joy with unexpected sorrow pall'd.

The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
Part for his ease, the greater part for pride :
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd, 1965
And paid the salutations of the crowd.

Then spurring at full speed, ran endlong on
Where Theseus fate on his imperial throne ;
Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye, 1969
Where next the queen was plac'd his Emily ;
Then passing, to the saddle bow he bent :
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent ;
(For women, to the brave an easy prey,
Still follow Fortune where she leads the way :)
Just then, from earth sprung out a flashing
fire, 1975

By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire :
The startling steed was seiz'd with sudden fright,
And, bounding, o'er the pommel cast the
knight:

Forward he flew, and pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead. 1980
Black was his countenance in a little space,
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.

Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the
ground,

And from his cumbrous arms his limbs un-
bound;

Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning
breath; 1985

It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his
death.

The saddle-bow the noble parts had prest,
All bruis'd and mortify'd his manly breast.

Him still entranc'd, and in a litter laid,
They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd.

At length he wak'd, and with a feeble cry, 1991
The word he first pronounc'd was Emily.

Mean time the king, though inwardly he
mourn'd,

In pomp triumphant to the town return'd,
Attended by the chiefs, who fought the field;

(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop com-
pell'd.) 1996

Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.

But that which gladdened all the warrior train,
Though most were forely wounded, none were

slain. 2000

The surgeons soon despoil'd 'em of their arms,
And some with salves they cure, and some with
charms;

Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage,
And heal their inward hurts with sovereign
draughts of sage.

The king in person visits all around, 2005
Comforts the sick, congratulates the found;
Honours the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feast.

None was disgrac'd; for falling is no shame;
And cowardice alone is loss of fame. 2010

The vent'rous knight is from the saddle thrown;
But 'tis the fault of fortune, not his own,
If crowds and palms the conquering side adorn,
The victor under better stars was born:

The brave man seeks not popular applause, 2015
Nor overpower'd with arms deserts his cause;
Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he
can;

Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.

Thus Theseus smil'd on all with equal grace;
And each was set according to his place, 2020
With ease were reconcil'd the differing parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.

At length they took their leave, the time ex-
pir'd;

Well pleas'd, and to their several homes re-
tir'd.

Meanwhile the health of Arcite still impairs;
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the
leeches' cares; 2026

Swoln is his breast; his inward pains increafe,
 All means are us'd, and all without success.
 The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
 Corrupts, and there remains in spite of art : 2030
 Nor breathing veins, nor cupping will prevail;
 All outward remedies and inward fail:
 The mold of nature's fabric is destroy'd,
 Her vessels discompos'd, her virtue void :
 The bellows of his lungs begin to swell : 2035
 All out of frame is every secret cell,
 Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel. }
 Those breathing organs thus within oppress'd,
 With venom soon distend the sinews of his
 breast.

Nought profits him to save abandon'd life, 2040
 Nor vomit's upward aid, nor downward lax-
 ative.

The midmost region batter'd and destroy'd,
 When nature cannot work, the effect of art is
 void.

For physic can but mend our crazy state,
 Patch an old building, not a new create. 2045

Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
 Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous
 bride, }

Gain'd hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd. }
 When 'twas declar'd all hope of life was past, }
 Conscience (that of all physic works the last) }
 Caus'd him to send for Emily in haste. 2051 }

With her, at his desire, came Palamon ;
Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun.
No language can exprefs the fmalleſt part
Of what I feel, and ſuffer in my heart, 2055
For you, whom beſt I love and value moſt ;
But to your ſervice I bequeath my gholt ;
Which from this mortal body when unty'd,
Unſeen, unheard, ſhall hover at your ſide ;
Nor fright you waking, nor your ſleep offend,
But wait officious, and your ſteps attend : 2061
How I have lov'd, excuſe my faltering tongue,
My ſpirits feeble, and my pains are ſtrong :
This I may ſay, I only grieve to die,
Be cauſe I loſe my charming Emily : 2065
To die, when Heaven had put you in my power,
Fate could not chuſe a more malicious hour !
What greater curſe could envious fortune give,
Than juſt to die, when I began to live !
Vain men, how vaniſhing a bliſs we crave, 2070
Now warm in love, now withering in the grave !
Never, O never more to ſee the ſun !
Still dark, in a damp vault, and ſtill alone !
This fate is common ; but I loſe my breath
Near bliſs, and yet not bleſs'd before my
death. 2075
Farewell ; but take me dying in your arms,
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms :
This hand I cannot but in death reſign ;
Ah ! could I live ! but while I live 'tis mine.

I feel my end approach, and thus embrac'd, 2080
 Am pleas'd to die ; but hear me speak my last :
 Ah! my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
 I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
 But love the sense of right and wrong confounds,
 Strong love and proud ambition have no
 bounds. 2085

And much I doubt, should Heaven my life pro-
 long,

I should return to justify my wrong :
 For while my former flames remain within,
 Repentance is but want of power to sin.
 With mortal hatred I pursu'd his life, 2090
 Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife ;
 Nor I, but as I lov'd ; yet all combin'd,
 Your beauty, and my impotence of mind ;
 And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire ;
 For still our kindred souls had one desire. 2105
 He had a moment's right in point of time ;
 Had I seen first, then his had been the crime.
 Fate made it mine, and justify'd his right ;
 Nor holds this earth a more deserving knight,

Ver. 2084. *But love the sense of right and wrong confounds,*] This speech is without doubt tedious and unsuited to such an occasion : yet the next fourteen lines are not in the original, and therefore for them our author is answerable ; and I fear we cannot make any sufficient apology for so glaring an impropriety, but must attribute its undue length to our author's perpetual indulgence of his talent for ratiocination.

JOHN WARTON.

For virtue, valour, and for noble blood, 2100
 Truth, honour, all that is compriz'd in good ;
 So help me heaven, in all the world is none
 So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
 He loves you too, with such an holy fire,
 As will not, cannot, but with life expire : 2105
 Our vow'd affections both have often try'd,
 Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
 Then, by my love's inviolable band,
 By my long suffering, and my short command,
 If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
 Have pity on the faithful Palamon. 2111

This was his last ; for Death came on amain,
 And exercis'd below his iron reign ;
 Then upward to the seat of life he goes :
 Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he
 froze : 2115
 Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
 Though less and less of Emily he saw ;

Ver. 2112. *This was his last ;*] What Homer emphatically says in two words only, *κείται Πατρόκλος*, is far beyond the 300 verses of Quintus Calaber in describing the death of Achilles in his 4th book. In truth, this speech of the dying Arcite, consisting of sixty lines, is too long, and the minute account of his departure rather tedious. But the lines from 2108 to 2120, are exquisitely pathetic. Though the death of Patroclus above-mentioned was not intended as a description, but merely to announce the event with brevity, yet, still is this description of the death of Arcite too prolix. The lines following 2120, relating to a future state, are strangely introduced and improper.

Dr. J. WARTON.

So, speechless, for a little space he lay ;
 Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his
 soul away.

But whither went his soul, let such relate 2120
 Who search the secrets of the future state:
 Divines can say but what themselves believe ;
 Strong proofs they have, but not demonstra-
 tive:

For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
 And faith itself be lost in certainty. 2125
 To live uprightly then is sure the best,
 To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
 The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
 Who better live than we, though less they
 know.

In Palamon a manly grief appears ; 2130
 Silent, he wept, ashamed to shew his tears :
 Emilia shriek'd but once, and then, oppress'd
 With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast :
 Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care,
 Far from so sad a sight, the swooning fair. 2135
 'Twere loss of time her sorrow to relate ;
 Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
 When just approaching to the nuptial state. }
 But like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,
 That all at once it falls, and cannot last. 2140
 The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,
 That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of
 woe :

Matrons and maids, both sexes, every state,
 With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.
 Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen 2145
 For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.
 Old men with dust deform'd their hoary hair,
 The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they
 tare.

Why would'st thou go, with one consent they
 cry,

When thou hadst gold enough, and Emily. 2150
 Theseus himself, who should have cheer'd the
 grief

Of others, wanted now the same relief;
 Old Egeus only could revive his son,
 Who various changes of the world had known,
 And strange vicissitudes of human fate, 2155
 Still altering, never in a steady state;
 Good after ill, and, after pain, delight;
 Alternate like the scenes of day and night:
 Since every man, who lives, is born to die,
 And none can boast sincere felicity, 2160
 With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,
 Nor joy, nor grieve, too much for things be-
 yond our care.

Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend;
 The world's an inn, and death the journey's
 end.

Ver. 2163. *Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend;* Ex
 ipsâ vitâ discedimus, tanquam ex hospitio, non tanquam ex

Ev'n kings but play ; and when their part is
done, 2165

Some other, worfe or better, mount the throne.
With words like thefe the crowd was fatisfy'd,
And fo they would have been, had Thefeus
dy'd.

But he, their king, was labouring in his mind, }
A fitting place for funeral pomps to find, 2170 }
Which were in honour of the dead defign'd. }
And after long debate, at laft he found
(As love itfelf had mark'd the fpot of ground)
That grove for ever green, that confcious
lawnd, 2174

Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand :
That where he fed his amorous defires
With foft complaints, and felt his hotteft fires,
There other flames might wafte his earthly
part,
And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd
his heart.

This once resolv'd, the peafants were en-
join'd 2180
Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.
With founding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, fplit, and lay the fuel on a row,
Vulcanian food : a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifelefs body fhould be rear'd, 2185

domo ; commorandi enim nobis natura diverforium non habi-
tandi dedit. Cicero. JOHN WARTON.

Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was
laid

The corpse of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his
head

A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle, spread.
A sword keen-edg'd within his right he held, 2190
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
Bare was his manly visage on the bier:
Menac'd his countenance; ev'n in death fe-
vere.

Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in solemn state, a public sight. 2195
Groans, cries, and howlings fill the crowded
place,

And unaffected sorrow sat on every face.
Sad Palamon above the rest appears,
In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears:
His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd, 2200
Which to the funeral of his friend he vow'd:
But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
And that the princely obsequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree, 2205

Ver. 2193.] So Sallust, though of a quite different charac-
ter.

—— ferociamque animi quam habuerat vivus, in vultu re-
tinens.

JOHN WARTON.

The steed, that bore him living to the fight,
 Was trapp'd with polish'd steel, all shining
 bright,
 And cover'd with the atchievements of the
 knight.

The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,
 His lance of cornel-wood another held ; 2210
 The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
 The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.
 The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
 And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the
 bier ;

With sober pace they march'd, and often staid,
 And through the master-street the corpse con-
 vey'd. 2216

The houses to their tops with black were
 spread,
 And ev'n the pavements were with mourning
 hid.

Ver. 2206.] I hope my reader will not think the assertion trifling, that Dryden here with his usual haste has rendered Chaucer unfaithfully.

The steed that bore him living to the fight.

The original says,

Duke Theseus let forth three stedes being
 That trapped were in stele all glittering,
 And cover'd with the arms of Dan Arcite,
 And eke upon these stedes, *gret and white*,
 Ther fatten folk, &c.

Chaucer abounds in minute and circumstantial painting. The observation of Quintilian is undoubtedly just, when after giving an accurate and particular account of a besieged city, he says, "*Minus est tamen totum dicere quam omnia.*"

JOHN WARTON.

The right side of the pall old Egeus kept,
 And on the left the royal Theseus wept; 2220
 Each bore a golden bowl, of work divine,
 With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with
 ruddy wine.

Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain,
 And after him appear'd the illustrious train.
 To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright,
 With cover'd fire, the funeral pile to light. 2226
 With high devotion was the service made,
 And all the rites of pagan honour paid:
 So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
 With vigour drawn, must send the shaft below.
 The bottom was full twenty fathom broad, 2231
 With crackling straw beneath in due propor-
 tion strow'd.

The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
 With sulphur and bitumen cast between,
 To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous
 fir, 2235
 And mountain-ash, the mother of the spear;
 The mourner yew, and builder oak were
 there:

Ver. 2229. *So lofty was the pile,*]

—— uti aera vincere summum

Arboris haud ullæ jactu potuere sagittæ.

Virg. Georgic.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 2235.] I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing here
 a passage from Cowper descriptive of trees whose peculiar beau-
 ties and properties have scarcely been noticed by other poets:

The beech, the swimming alder, and the
 plane,
 Hard box, and linden of a softer grain,
 And laurels, which the gods for conquering
 chiefs ordain. 2240

How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me,
 With nameless Nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry tree;
 Nor how the Dryads, or the woodland train,
 Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain:
 Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd, 2245
 Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest
 bar'd:

Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly
 fright

Beheld the sudden fun, a stranger to the light.

The straw, as first I said, was laid below:
 Of chips and fere-wood was the second row; 2250

No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
 Though each its hue peculiar; paler some
 And of a wannish grey; the willow such,
 And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
 And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
 Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still
 Lord of the woods, the long surviving oak,
 Some glossy-leav'd, and shining in the sun,
 The maple, and the beech, of oily nuts
 Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
 Diffusing odours; nor unnoted pass
 The sycamore, capricious in attire,
 Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
 Have chang'd the woods, in scarlet honours bright.

Cowper's Task.

JOHN WARTON.

The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd ;
 The fourth high stage the fragrant odours held,
 And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array,
 In midst of which, embalm'd, the body lay. 2254
 The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes
 The stubble fir'd ; the smouldring flames arise ;
 This office done, she sunk upon the ground ;
 But what she spoke, recover'd from her swoon,
 I want the wit in moving words to dress ;
 But by themselves the tender sex may guess.
 While the devouring fire was burning fast, 2261
 Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast ;
 And some their shields, and some their lances
 threw,
 And gave their warrior's ghost a warrior's due.
 Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood
 Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
 And hissing flames receive, and hungry lick
 the food. 2267

Ver. 2263. *And some their shields, and some their lances threw,]*

Hinc alii spolia occisis direpta Latinis

Conjiciunt igni, galeas, ensesque decoros,

Frenaque, ferventesque rotas, pars munera nota,

Ipforum clypeos, et non felicia tela. Virg. Æn. xi.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 2267. ——— *and hungry lick the food.]* An expression borrowed from the scripture.

“ Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench.” 1 Kings, chap. xviii, v. 38.

JOHN WARTON.

Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice re-
found:

Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd
again: 2271

Still as they turn'd, they beat their clattering
shields;

The women mix their cries; and clamour fills
the fields.

The warlike wakes continu'd all the night,
And funeral games were play'd at new return-
ing light; 2275

Who naked wrestled best, besmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
But briefly haste to my long story's end. 2279

I pass the rest; the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd:
When by the Grecians' general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament:
Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should
be freed; 2285

Ver. 2268. *Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around]*

Ter circum accensos, cincti fulgentibus armis,
Decurrere rogos; ter mœstum funeris ignem
Lustravere in equis, ululatusque ore dedere.

Virg. *Æn.* xi.

JOHN WARTON.

Reserving homage to the Athenian throne,
 To which the sovereign summon'd Palamon.
 Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
 Mournful in mind, and still in black array.

The monarch mounts the throne, and, plac'd
 on high, 2290

Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:
 So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and paid
 Becoming reverence to the royal maid.

And first, soft whispers through the assembly
 went:

With silent wonder then they watch'd the
 event: 2295

All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace,
 Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in
 his face.

At length he sigh'd; and having first prepar'd
 The attentive audience, thus his will declar'd.

The Cause and Spring of motion, from above,
 Hung down on earth the golden chain of Love:
 Great was the effect, and high was his intent,
 When peace among the jarring feeds he sent.

Ver. 2301. *Hung down on earth the golden chain of Love:]*
 "Our author's philosophy is borrowed, as it is usually, from
 Boethius. L. 2. Met. 8.

Hanc rerum feriem ligat,
 Terras ac pelagus regens,
 Et cælo imperitans, amor." Tyrwhitt.

JOHN WARTON.

Fire, flood, and earth, and air by this were
bound,

And Love, the common link, the new creation
crown'd. 2305

The chain still holds ; for though the forms de-
cay,

Eternal matter never wears away :

The same first mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long those perishable forms shall last :

Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd 2310

By that all-seeing, and all-making mind :

Shorten their hours they may ; for will is free ;
But never pass the appointed destiny.

So men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off the burden, and suborn their death.

Then since those forms begin, and have their
end, 2316

On some unalter'd cause they sure depend :

Parts of the whole are we ; but God the whole :

Who gives us life, and animating soul.

For nature cannot from a part derive 2320

That being, which the whole can only give :

He perfect, stable ; but imperfect we,

Subject to change, and different in degree ;

Ver. 2310. *Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd]*

—— Did he not all create

To die again ? all ends that was begun,

Their times in his eternal book of fate

Are written sure, and have their certain date.

Spens. 1. 9, 47.

JOHN WARTON.

Plants, beasts, and man ; and, as our organs
are,

We more or less of his perfection share. 2325

But by a long descent, the etherial fire

Corrupts ; and forms, the mortal part, expire :

As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass,

And the same matter makes another mass :

This law the Omniscient Power was pleas'd to

give, 2330

That every kind should by succession live :

That individuals die, his will ordains ;

The propagated species still remains.

The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,

Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees ;

Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,

Supreme in state, and in three more decays ;

So wears the paving pebble in the street,

And towns and towers their fatal periods meet :

Ver. 2338. *So wears the paving pebble in the street,*] From Lucretius, but possibly my reader will not be displeased with the whole context.

Quin etiam, multis solis redeuntibus annis,
Annulus in digito subtertenuatur habendo :
Stillicidi casus lapidem cavat : uncus aratri
Ferreus occulte decrescit vomer in arvis :
Strataque jam vulgi pedibus detrita viarum
Saxea conspiciamus : tum, portas propter, athena
Signa manus dextras ostendunt attenuari
Sæpe salutantum tactu, præterque meantum.

Lib. i. l. 312.

JOHN WARTON.

So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie, 2340
Forfaken of their springs ; and leave their chan-
nels dry.

So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat,
Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat ;
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the cell ;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the
shell, 2345

And struggles into breath, and cries for aid ;
Then, helpless, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and issuing into man,
Grudges their life, from whence his own be-
gan :

Retchless of laws, affects to rule alone, 2350
Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne :
First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last ;
Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.
Some thus ; but thousands more in flower of
age :

For few arrive to run the latter stage. 2355
Sunk in the first, in battle some are slain,
And others whelm'd beneath the stormy main.
What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whose command we perish, and we spring ?
Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of necessity. 2361

Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain ;
The bad grows better, which we well sustain ;

And could we chuse the time, and chuse aright,
 'Tis best to die, our honour at the height. 2365
 When we have done our ancestors no shame,
 But serv'd our friends, and well secur'd our
 fame ;

Then should we wish our happy life to close,
 And leave no more for fortune to dispose :
 So should we make our death a glad relief 2370
 From future shame, from sickness, and from
 grief:

Enjoying while we live the present hour,
 And dying in our excellence and flower.
 Then round our death-bed every friend should
 run,

And joyous of our conquest early won : 2375
 While the malicious world with envious tears
 Should grudge our happy end, and wish it
 theirs.

Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
 Why should we mourn, that he so soon is
 freed, 2379

Or call untimely, what the gods decreed ?
 With grief as just, a friend may be deplor'd,
 From a foul prison to free air restor'd.

Ought he to thank his kinsman or his wife,
 Could tears recall him into wretched life ? 2384
 Their sorrow hurts themselves ; on him is lost ;
 And worse than both, offends his happy ghost.

What then remains, but, after past annoy,
To take the good vicissitude of joy?
To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
Possess our souls, and while we live, to live?
Ordain we then two sorrows to combine, 2491
And in one point the extremes of grief to join;
That thence resulting joy may be renew'd,
As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
Then I propose that Palamon shall be 2495
In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily;
For which already I have gain'd the assent
Of my free people in full parliament.
Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
And well deserv'd, had fortune done him right:
'Tis time to mend her fault; since Emily 2401
By Arcite's death from former vows is free:
If you, fair sister, ratify the accord,
And take him for your husband, and your lord,
'Tis no dishonour to confer your grace 2405
On one descended from a royal race:
And were he less, yet years of service past
From grateful souls exact reward at last:
Pity is Heaven's and your's; nor can she find
A throne so soft as in a woman's mind. 2410
He said; she blush'd; and as o'eraw'd by might,
Seem'd to give Theseus what she gave the
knight.
Then turning to the Theban thus he said;
Small arguments are needful to persuade

Your temper to comply with my command ;
 And speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand. 2426
 Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
 Obtain the conquest, though he lost the
 fight ;
 And blest'd with nuptial blifs the sweet labo-
 rious night.

Eros, and Anteros, on either fide, 2420
 One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the
 bride ;

And long-attending Hymen from above,
 Showered on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
 All of a tenor was their after-life,
 No day discolour'd with domestic strife ; 2425
 No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd,
 Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd.
 Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his
 thought,
 Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.

So may the Queen of love long duty blefs,
 And all true lovers find the same success. 2431

[Ver. 2430. *So may the Queen*]

Such was old Chaucer, such the placid mien
 Of him who first with harmony inform'd
 The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
 For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
 Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
 He sang ; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
 Of homely life : through each estate and age
 The fashions and the follies of the world
 With cunning hand pourtraying. Though perchance

From Blenheim's towers, O stranger thou art come
 Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
 Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
 To him, this other heroe; who, in times
 Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
 To tame the rudeness of his native land.

Dr. Akenfide wrote these lines to be placed under a statue of
 Chaucer, at Woodstock, and they are in the true simple taste of
 ancient inscriptions.

Dr. J. WARTON.

PALAMON AND ARCHIE.

From thenceforth to see, O stranger, thou art come
Following with Archibald's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them: if thy heart be cold,
To him, this other prize; who, in time
Dost thou applaud them: if thy heart be cold,
To him, this other prize; who, in time
Dost thou applaud them: if thy heart be cold,
To him, this other prize; who, in time

Dr. A. Smith wrote the lines to be placed under a statue of
Charles the First, and these are the words which he of
Dr. J. Watson.

on the statue of Charles the First.

on the statue of Charles the First.

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THE
COCK AND THE FOX;

OR, THE
TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST.

THERE liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow somewhat old, and very poor:
Deep in a cell her cottage lonely stood,
Well thatch'd, and under covert of a wood.
This dowager, on whom my tale I found, 5
Since last she laid her husband in the ground,
A simple sober life, in patience, led,
And had but just enough to buy her bread:
But huswifing the little Heaven had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter rent; 10
And pinch'd her belly, with her daughters two,
To bring the year about with much ado.

The cattle in her homestead were three fows,
An ewe call'd Mally, and three brindled cows.
Her parlour-window stuck with herbs around, 15
Of favoury smell; and rushes strew'd the ground.

Ver. 15, and three following verses, a deviation from the original.

A maple-dresser in her hall she had,
 On which full many a slender meal she made ;
 For no delicious morsel pass'd her throat ;
 According to her cloth she cut her coat : 20
 No poignant fauce she knew, nor costly treat,
 Her hunger gave a relish to her meat :
 A sparing diet did her health assure ;
 Or sick, a pepper posset was her cure.
 Before the day was done, her work she sped, 25
 And never went by candle light to bed :
 With exercise she sweat ill humours out,
 Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
 Her poverty was glad ; her heart content,
 Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.
 Of wine she never tasted through the year, 31
 But white and black was all her homely chear :

Ful footy was hire boure, and eke hire halle.

This image Dryden has omitted, which is taken from Virgil.

— affiduâ postes fuligine nigri. Ecl. vii. v. 50.

But which contains a lively picture of the homely furniture of the widow's cottage.

Goldsmith has added many natural strokes :

Imagination fondly stoops to trace—

And an author who deserves to be better known, Cunningham, has adopted one of these images in a little pleasing song, called Content :

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
 Green rushes were strew'd on the floor,
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept modestly round,
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

JOHN WARTON.

Brown bread, and milk, (but first she skim'd
her bowls)

And rashers of sing'd bacon on the coals.

On holy days an egg, or two at most ; 35

But her ambition never reach'd to roast.

A yard she had with pales enclos'd about,
Some high, some low, and a dry ditch without.
Within this homestead liv'd, without a peer,
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer ; 40
So hight her cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry notes of organs at the mass.

More certain was the crowing of the cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock ;
And sooner than the matten-bell was rung, 45

He clap'd his wings upon his roost, and sung :

For when degrees fifteen ascended right,

By sure instinct he knew 'twas one at night.

High was his comb, and coral-red withal,

In dents embattell'd like a castle wall ; 50

His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet ;

Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet :

White were his nails, like silver to behold,

His body glittering like the burnish'd gold.

This gentle cock, for solace of his life, 55

Six misses had, besides his lawful wife ;

Scandal, that spares no king, though ne'er so
good,

Says, they were all of his own flesh and blood,

His sisters both by fire and mother's side ;
 And sure their likenefs shew'd them near al-
 ly'd. 60

But make the worst, the monarch did no more,
 Than all the Ptolemys had done before :
 When incest is for interest of a nation,
 'Tis made no sin by holy dispensation.
 Some lines have been maintain'd by this alone,
 Which by their common ugliness are known. 66

But passing this as from our tale apart,
 Dame Partlet was the sovereign of his heart :
 Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
 He feather'd her a hundred times a day : 70
 And she, that was not only passing fair,
 But was withal discreet, and debonair,
 Resolv'd the passive doctrine to fulfil,
 Though loth ; and let him work his wicked
 will :

At board and bed was affable and kind, 75 }
 According as their marriage-vow did bind, }
 And as the Church's precept had injoin'd. }
 Ev'n since she was a se'nnight old, they say, }
 Was chaste and humble to her dying day, }
 Nor chick nor hen was known to disobey. 80 }

By this her husband's heart she did obtain ;
 What cannot beauty, join'd with virtue, gain !
 She was his only joy, and he her pride,
 She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his side ;

If, spurning up the ground, he sprung a corn, 85
The tribute in his bill to her was born.

But oh ! what joy it was to hear him sing
In summer, when the day began to spring,
Stretching his neck, and warbling in his throat,
Solus cum sola, then was all his note. 90

For in the days of yore, the birds of parts
Were bred to speak, and sing, and learn the
liberal arts.

It happ'd that perching on the parlour-beam
Amidst his wives, he had a deadly dream,
Just at the dawn ; and sigh'd, and groan'd so
fast, 95

As every breath he drew would be his last.
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his side,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he cry'd
For help from gods and men : and fore aghast
She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at
last. 100

Dear heart, said she, for love of Heaven de-
clare

Your pain, and make me partner of your care.
You groan, Sir, ever since the morning-light,
As something had disturb'd your noble spright.

And, Madam, well I might, said Chantic-
leer, 105

Never was shrovetide-cock in such a fear.

Ev'n still I run all over in a sweat,

My princely senses not recover'd yet.

For such a dream I had of dire portent,
That much I fear my body will be shent : 110
It bodes I shall have wars and woful strife,
Or in a loathsome dungeon end my life.
Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled
breast,
That in our yard I saw a murderous beast,
That on my body would have made arrest. 115
With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow ;
His colour was betwixt a red and yellow :
Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears
Were black ; and much unlike his other hairs :
The rest, in shape a beagle's whelp throughout,
With broader forehead, and a sharper snout : 121
Deep in his front were sunk his glowing eyes,
That yet methinks I see him with surprize.
Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy
sweat,
And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat. 125
Now fye for shame, quoth she, by Heaven
above,
Thou hast for ever lost thy lady's love ;
No woman can endure a recreant knight,
He must be bold by day, and free by night :
Our sex desires a husband or a friend, 130
Who can our honour and his own defend ;
Wife, hardy, secret, liberal of his purse :
A fool is nauseous, but a coward worse :

No bragging coxcomb, yet no baffled knight.
 How dar'st thou talk of love, and dar'st not
 fight ? 135

How dar'st thou tell thy dame thou art appear'd ?
 Hast thou no manly heart, and hast a beard ?

If ought from fearful dreams may be divin'd,
 They signify a cock of dunghill kind.

All dreams, as in old Galen I have read, 140
 Are from repletion and complexion bred ;

From rising fumes of indigested food,
 And noxious humours that infect the blood :

And sure, my lord, if I can read aright,
 These foolish fancies you have had to-night, 145

Are certain symptoms (in the canting stile)
 Of boiling choler, and abounding bile ;

This yellow gall that in your stomach floats,
 Engenders all these visionary thoughts.

When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
 Of flames, and all the family of red ; 151

Red dragons, and red beasts, in sleep we view,
 For humours are distinguish'd by their hue.

From hence we dream of wars and warlike
 things,

And wasps and hornets with their double
 wings. 155

Ver. 140. — *as in old Galen*] Even Euripides has been
 blamed for making his Hecuba talk much too *philosophically*.
 What shall we say of the knowledge our Chanticleer displays in
 physics and metaphysics ? Dr. J. WARTON.

Choler adust congeals our blood with fear,
 Then black bulls tofs us, and black devils tear.
 In fanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
 With rheums opprefs'd, we sink in rivers
 drown'd.

More I could fay, but thus conclude my
 theme, 160

The dominating humour makes the dream.
 Cato was in his time accounted wife,
 And he condemns them all for empty lies.
 Take my advice, and when we fly to ground,
 With laxatives preserve your body found, 165
 And purge the peccant humours that abound. }
 I should be loth to lay you on a bier;
 And though there lives no 'pothecary near,
 I dare for once prescribe for your disease,
 And save long bills, and a damn'd doctor's
 fees. 170

Two fovereign herbs, which I by practice
 know,
 And both at hand, (for in our yard they grow;)
 On peril of my soul shall rid you wholly
 Of yellow choler, and of melancholy: 174
 You must both purge, and vomit; but obey,
 And for the love of heaven make no delay.
 Since hot and dry in your complexion join,
 Beware the sun when in a vernal sign;
 For when he mounts exalted in the Ram,
 If then he finds your body in a flame, 180

Replete with choler, I dare lay a groat,
 A tertian ague is at least your lot.
 Perhaps a fever (which the gods forefend)
 May bring your youth to some untimely end :
 And therefore, Sir, as you desire to live, 185
 A day or two before your laxative,
 Take just three worms, nor under nor above,
 Because the gods unequal numbers love,
 These digestives prepare you for your purge ;
 Of fumetery, centaury, and spurge, 190
 And of ground-ivy add a leaf, or two,
 All which within our yard or garden grow.
 Eat these, and be, my lord, of better cheer :
 Your father's son was never born to fear. 194

Madam, quoth he, grammercy for your care,
 But Cato, whom you quoted, you may spare :
 'Tis true, a wise and worthy man he seems,
 And (as you say) gave no belief to dreams :
 But other men of more authority,
 And, by the immortal powers, as wise as he, 200
 Maintain, with sounder sense, that dreams fore-
 bode ;
 For Homer plainly says they come from God.
 Nor Cato said it : but some modern fool
 Impos'd in Cato's name on boys at school.

Ver. 188. *Because the gods unequal*] One of his many undesigned and involuntary imitations of Virgil.

— numero Deus impare gaudet.

Virg. Ecl. viii.
JOHN WARTON.

Believe me, Madam, morning dreams fore-
show 205

The events of things, and future weal or woe :
Some truths are not by reason to be try'd,
But we have fure experience for our guide.
An ancient author, equal with the best,
Relates this tale of dreams among the rest. 210

Two friends or brothers, with devout intent,
On some far pilgrimage together went.
It happen'd so that, when the sun was down,
They just arriv'd by twilight at a town :
That day had been the baiting of a bull, 215
'Twas at a feast, and every inn so full,
That no void room in chamber, or on ground ;
And but one sorry bed was to be found :
And that so little it would hold but one,
Though till this hour they never lay alone. 220

So were they forc'd to part ; one stay'd be-
hind,

His fellow sought what lodging he could find :
At last he found a stall where oxen stood,
And that he rather chose than lie abroad.
'Twas in a farther yard without a door ; 225
But, for his ease, well litter'd was the floor.

His fellow, who the narrow bed had kept,
Was weary, and without a rocker slept :
Supine he snor'd ; but, in the dead of night,
He dreamt his friend appear'd before his sight,

Who, with a ghastly look and doleful cry, 231
 Said, Help me, brother, or this night I die :
 Arise, and help, before all help be vain,
 Or in an ox's stall I shall be slain.

Rous'd from his rest he waken'd in a start, 235
 Shivering with horror, and with aking heart ;
 At length to cure himself by reason tries ;
 'Tis but a dream, and what are dreams but
 lies ?

So thinking chang'd his side, and clos'd his
 eyes. 239

His dream returns ; his friend appears again :
 The murderers come, now help, or I am slain :
 'Twas but a vision still, and visions are but
 vain.

He dreamt the third ; but now his friend ap-
 pear'd

Pale, naked, pierc'd with wounds, with blood
 besmear'd :

Thrice warn'd, awake, said he ; relief is late, 245

The deed is done ; but thou revenge my fate :

Tardy of aid, unseal thy heavy eyes,

Awake, and with the dawning day arise :

Take to the western gate thy ready way,

For by that passage they my corpse convey : 250

My corpse is in a tumbril laid, among

The filth, and ordure, and inclos'd with dung,

That cart arrest, and raise a common cry ;

For sacred hunger of my gold I die :

Then shew'd his grievously wounds : and last he
drew 255

A piteous sigh ; and took a long adieu.

The frightened friend arose by break of day,
And found the stall where late his fellow lay.

Then of his impious host inquiring more,
Was answer'd that his guest was gone before : 260

Muttering he went, said he, by morning-
light,

And much complain'd of his ill rest by
night.

This rais'd suspicion in the pilgrim's mind ;
Because all hosts are of an evil kind,
And oft to share the spoil with robbers join'd. }

His dream confirm'd his thought ; with trou-
bled look 266

Straight to the western gate his way he took ;
There, as his dream foretold, a cart he found,
That carry'd compost forth to dung the ground.

This when the pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his
throat, 270

And cry'd out murder with a yelling note.

My murder'd fellow in this cart lies dead,

Vengeance and justice on the villain's head,

You, magistrates, who sacred laws dispense,

On you I call to punish this offence. 275

The word thus given, within a little space,
The mob came roaring out, and throng'd the
place.

All in a trice they cast the cart to ground,
And in the dung the murder'd body found ;
Though breathless, warm, and reeking from
the wound. 280

Good Heaven, whose darling attribute we find
Is boundless grace, and mercy to mankind,
Abhors the cruel ; and the deeds of night
By wondrous ways reveals in open light :
Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time, 285
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels,
The hue and cry of Heaven pursues him at the
heels,

Fresh from the fact ; as in the present case,
The criminals are seiz'd upon the place : 290
Carter and host confronted face to face.
Stiff in denial, as the law appoints,
On engines they distend their tortur'd joints :
So was confession forc'd, the offence was known,
And public justice on the offenders done. 295

Here may you see that visions are to dread ;
And in the page that follows this, I read
Of two young merchants, whom the hope of
gain

Induc'd in partnership to cross the main :
Waiting till willing winds their sails supply'd,
Within a trading-town they long abide, 301
Full fairly situate on a haven's side.

One evening it befel, that looking out,
 The wind they long had wish'd was come about :
 Well pleas'd they went to rest ; and if the gale
 Till morn continu'd, both resolv'd to fail. 306
 But as together in a bed they lay,
 The younger had a dream at break of day.
 A man he thought stood frowning at his side :
 Who warn'd him for his safety to provide, 310
 Nor put to sea, but safe on shore abide.
 I come, thy genius, to command thy stay ;
 Trust not the winds, for fatal is the day,
 And death unhop'd attends the watry way. }

The vision said : and vanish'd from his sight :
 The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright : 316
 Then pull'd his drowsy neighbour, and declar'd
 What in his slumber he had seen and heard.
 His friend smil'd scornful, and with proud con-
 tempt
 Rejects as idle what his fellow dreamt. 320
 Stay, who will stay : for me no fears restrain,
 Who follow Mercury the god of gain ;
 Let each man do as to his fancy seems,
 I wait, not I, till you have better dreams. 324
 Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes
 When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes :

Ver. 325—339. These lines are not in the original. It is probable that our author had been reading, perhaps translating Lucretius.

Et quoi quisque ferè studio devinctus adhæret,
 Aut quibus in rebus multum sumus antè morati ;

Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
 A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings :
 Light fumes are merry, groffer fumes are sad :
 Both are the reasonable foul run mad : 330

And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
 That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
 Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
 Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
 The nurse's legends are for truths receiv'd, 335
 And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd.

Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
 The night restores our actions done by day ;
 As hounds in sleep will open for their prey. }

Atque in quâ ratione fuit contenta magis mens ;
 In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.

* * * * *

Et quicumque dies multos ex ordine ludis
 Assiduas dederint operas : plerumque videmus,
 Quum jam destiterint ea sensibus usurpare,
 Reliquas tamen esse vias in mente patentes,
 Quâ possint eadem rerum simulachra venire.
 Permultos itaque illa dies eadem obversantur
 Ante oculos, etiam vigilantes ut videantur
 Cernere saltantes, et mollia membra moventes ;
 Et citharæ liquidum carmen, chordasque loquentes,
 Auribus accipere, et confessum cernere eundem
 Scenaique simul varios splendere decores.
 Usque adeo magni refert studium atque voluntas ;
 Et quibus in rebus consuerint esse operati
 Non homines solum, sed vero animalia cuncta.

* * * * *

Venantumque canes in molli sæpe quiete
 Jactant crura tamen subito, vocesque repente
 Mittunt, et crebras reducunt naribus auras,
 Ut vestigia si teneant inventa ferarum——

JOHN WARTON.

In short the farce of dreams is of a piece, 340
 Chimeras all ; and more absurd, or less :
 You, who believe in tales, abide alone ;
 Whate'er I get this voyage is my own.

Thus while he spoke, he heard the shouting
 crew

That call'd aboard, and took his last adieu. 345
 The vessel went before a merry gale,
 And for quick passage put on every sail :
 But when least fear'd, and ev'n in open day,
 The mischief overtook her in the way :
 Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot find, 350
 Or whether she was overfet with wind,
 Or that some rock below her bottom rent ;
 But down at once with all her crew she went :
 Her fellow-ships from far her loss descry'd ;
 But only she was funk, and all were safe be-
 side. 355

By this example you are taught again,
 That dreams and visions are not always vain :
 But if, dear Partlet, you are still in doubt,
 Another tale shall make the former out.
 Kenelm, the son of Kenulph, Mercia's king, 360
 Whose holy life the legends loudly sing,
 Warn'd in a dream, his murder did foretel
 From point to point as after it befel :
 All circumstances to his nurse he told,
 (A wonder from a child of seven years old :) 365

The dream with horror heard, the good old
wife

From treason counsell'd him to guard his life ;
But close to keep the secret in his mind,
For a boy's vision small belief would find.

The pious child, by promise bound, obey'd, 370

Nor was the fatal murder long delay'd :

By Quenda slain, he fell before his time,

Made a young martyr by his sister's crime.

The tale is told by venerable Bede,

Which, at your better leisure, you may read. 375

Macrobius too relates the vision sent
To the great Scipio, with the fam'd event :

Objections makes, but after makes replies,

And adds, that dreams are often prophecies.

Of Daniel you may read in holy writ, 380

Who, when the king his vision did forget,

Could word for word the wondrous dream re-
peat. }

Nor less of patriarch Joseph understand,

Who by a dream enslaved the Egyptian land

The years of plenty and of dearth foretold, 385

When, for their bread, their liberty they sold.

Nor must the exalted butler be forgot,

Nor he whose dream presag'd his hanging lot.

And did not Cræsus the same death fore-
see,

Rais'd in his vision on a lofty tree ?

390

The wife of Hector, in his utmost pride,
 Dreamt of his death the night before he dy'd ;
 Well was he warn'd from battle to refrain,
 But men to death decreed are warn'd in vain :
 He dar'd the dream, and by his fatal foe was
 slain. 395

Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
 For see the ruddy day begins to break ;
 Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
 My dream was bad, and bodes adversity :
 But neither pills nor laxatives I like, 400
 They only serve to make the well-man sick :
 Of these his gain the sharp physician makes,
 And often gives a purge, but seldom takes :
 They not correct, but poison all the blood,
 And ne'er did any but the doctors good. 405
 Their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all ;
 With every work of 'pothecary's hall.
 These melancholy matters I forbear :
 But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
 That when I view the beauties of thy face, 410
 I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace :
 So may my soul have bliss, as when I spy
 The scarlet red about thy partridge eye,
 While thou art constant to thy own true
 knight,
 While thou art mine, and I am thy delight, 415
 All sorrows at thy presence take their flight.

For true it is, as in principio,
Mulier est hominis confusio.

Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
That woman is to man his fovereign blifs. 420

For when by night I feel your tender fide,
Though for the narrow perch I cannot ride,
Yet I have fuch a folace in my mind,
That all my boding cares are caft behind ;
And ev'n already I forget my dream : 425

He faid, and downward flew from off the beam.
For day-light now began apace to fpring,
The thrush to whistle, and the lark to fmg.
Then crowing clapp'd his wings, the appointed
call,

To chuck his wives together in the hall. 430

By this the widow had unbarr'd the door,
And Chanticleer went ftrutting out before,
With royal courage, and with heart fo light,
As fhew'd he fcorn'd the vifions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard, he fpurn'd the
ground, 435

And gave to Partlet the firft grain he found.
'Then often feather'd her with wanton play,
And trod her twenty times ere prime of day :
And took by turns and gave fo much delight,
Her fifters pin'd with envy at the fight. 440
He chuck'd again, when other corns he found,
And fcarcely deign'd to fet a foot to ground.

But swagger'd like a lord about his hall,
And his seven wives came running at his call.

'Twas now the month in which the world
began, 445

(If March beheld the first created man :)
And since the vernal equinox, the sun,
In Aries twelve degrees, or more, had run ;
When casting up his eyes against the light,
Both month, and day, and hour he measur'd
right ; 450

And told more truly than the Ephemeris :
For art may err, but nature cannot miss.

Thus numbering times and seasons in his
breast,

His second crowing the third hour confess'd.
Then turning, said to Partlet, See, my dear, 455
How lavish nature has adorn'd the year ;
How the pale primrose and blue violet spring,
And birds essay their throats diffus'd to sing :
All these are ours ; and I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs, and aping me : 460
An unfledg'd creature, of a lumpish frame,
Endow'd with fewer particles of flame ;
Our dame sits couring o'er a kitchen fire,
I draw fresh air, and nature's works ad-
mire :

And ev'n this day in more delight abound, 465
Than, since I was an egg, I ever found.

The time shall come when Chanticleer shall
with

His words unsaid, and hate his boasted bliss :
The crested bird shall by experience know,
Jove made not him his masterpiece below ;
And learn the latter end of joy is woe. 471 }

The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run,
And Heaven will have him taste his other tun.

Ye wise, draw near, and hearken to my tale,
Which proves that oft the proud by flattery
fall: 475

The legend is as true I undertake
As Tristran is, and Launcelot of the lake :
Which all our ladies in such reverence hold,
As if in Book of Martyrs it were told.

A fox full-fraught with seeming sanctity, 480
That fear'd an oath, but, like the devil, would
lie ;

Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his prayer ;

This pious cheat, that never suck'd the blood,
Nor chew'd the flesh of lambs, but when he
could ; 485 }

Had pass'd three summers in the neighbour-
ing wood :

Ver. 473. *And Heaven will have him taste his other tun.*] An allusion to Homer's allegory of the two urns. Δοιοὶ γὰρ τε Πιθόι, Iliad. 24. l. 527. used by Achilles in consolation to the afflicted Priam.

JOHN WARTON.

And musing long, whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent :
And in his high imagination cast,
By stratagem to gratify his taste. 490

The plot contriv'd, before the break of day,
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his
way ;

The pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground :
Yet fearing to be seen, within a bed 495
Of coleworts he conceal'd his wily head ;
Then sculk'd till afternoon, and watch'd his
time,

(As murderers use) to perpetrate his crime.

O hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,
O traitor, worse than Sinon was to Troy ! 500
O vile subverter of the Gallic reign,
More false than Gano was to Charlemagne !
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy hour
Didst thou forsake the safety of thy bower : 504
Better for thee thou hadst believed thy
dream,

And not that day descended from the beam !

But here the doctors eagerly dispute :
Some hold predestination absolute :
Some clerks maintain, that Heaven at first fore-
sees,

And in the virtue of foresight decrees. 510

If this be so, then prescience binds the will,
 And mortals are not free to good or ill ;
 For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,
 Or its eternal prescience may be vain :
 As bad for us as prescience had not been : 515
 For first, or last, he's author of the sin.
 And who says that, let the blaspheming man,
 Say worse ev'n of the devil, if he can.
 For how can that eternal power be just
 To punish man, who sins because he must? 520
 Or how can he reward a virtuous deed,
 Which is not done by us ; but first decreed ?
 I cannot bolt this matter to the bran,
 As Bradwardin and holy Austin can ;
 If prescience can determine actions so 525
 That we must do, because he did foreknow,
 Or that foreknowing, yet our choice is free,
 Not forc'd to sin by strict necessity ;
 This strict necessity they simple call,
 Another sort there is conditional. 530
 The first so binds the will, that things fore-
 known
 By spontaneity, not choice, are done.

Ver. 511. *If this be so, then prescience binds the will,]*

——— reason'd high

Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

Milton, P. L. B. 2. 558.

JOHN WARTON.

Thus galley-slaves tug willing at their oar,
 Content to work, in prospect of the shore ;
 But would not work at all if not constrain'd
 before. 535

That other does not liberty constrain,
 But man may either act, or may refrain.
 Heaven made us agents free to good or ill,
 And forc'd it not, though he foresaw the will.
 Freedom was first bestow'd on human race, 540
 And prescience only held the second place.

If he could make such agents wholly free,
 I not dispute, the point's too high for me ;
 For Heaven's unfathom'd power what man can
 found

Or put to his omnipotence a bound ? 545

He made us to his image, all agree ;
 That image is the foul, and that must be,
 Or not the Maker's image, or be free. }

But whether it were better man had been
 By nature bound to good, not free to sin, 550
 I wave, for fear of splitting on a rock.

The tale I tell is only of a cock ;
 Who had not run the hazard of his life,
 Had he believ'd his dream, and not his wife :
 For women, with a mischief to their kind, 555
 Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.

A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
 And made her man his paradise forego,

Where at heart's ease he liv'd; and might have
been

As free from sorrow as he was from sin. 560

For what the devil had their sex to do,
That, born to folly, they presum'd to know,
And could not see the serpent in the grass?

But I myself presume, and let it pass.

Silence in times of suffering is the best, 565
'Tis dangerous to disturb an hornet's nest.

In other authors you may find enough,
But all they say of dames is idle stuff.

Legends of lying wits together bound,
The wife of Bath would throw 'em to the
ground; 570

These are the words of Chanticleer, not mine,
I honour dames, and think their sex divine.

Now to continue what my tale begun;
Lay madam Partlet basking in the sun,
Breast-high in sand: her sisters, in a row, 575

Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth below,
The cock, that of his flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the sea:

And so beset, that as he cast his eye,
Among the colworts on a butterfly, 580

He saw false Reynard where he lay full low:
I need not swear he had no list to crow:

But cry'd, cock, cock, and gave a sudden start,
As fore dismay'd and frightened at his heart.

For birds and beasts, inform'd by nature, know
Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their foe. 586

So Chanticleer, who never saw a fox,
Yet shunn'd him as a sailor shuns the rocks.

But the false loon, who could not work his
will

By open force, employ'd his flattering skill ;
I hope, my lord, said he, I not offend ; 591

Are you afraid of me, that am your friend ?

I were a beast indeed to do you wrong,

I, who have lov'd and honour'd you so long :

Stay, gentle Sir, nor take a false alarm, 595

For on my soul I never meant you harm.

I come no spy, nor as a traitor press,

To learn the secrets of your soft recess :

Far be from Reynard so profane a thought,

But by the sweetness of your voice was brought :

For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard 601

The song as of an angel in the yard ;

A song that wou'd have charm'd the infernal
gods,

And banish'd horror from the dark abodes :

Had Orpheus sung it in the nether sphere, 605

So much the hymn had pleas'd the tyrant's
ear,

The wife had been detain'd, to keep the hus-
band there.

My lord, your fire familiarly I knew,

A peer deserving such a son as you :

He, with your lady-mother, (whom Heaven
rest) 610

Has often grac'd my house, and been my guest:
To view his living features does me good,
For I am your poor neighbour in the wood;
And in my cottage should be proud to see
The worthy heir of my friend's family. 615

But since I speak of singing, let me say,
As with an upright heart I safely may,
That, save yourself, there breathes not on the
ground

One like your father for a silver sound.

So sweetly would he wake the winter-day, 620
That matrons to the church mistook their
way,
And thought they heard the merry organ
play. }

And he to raise his voice with artful care,
(What will not beaux attempt to please the
fair?) 624

On tiptoe stood to sing with greater strength,
And stretch'd his comely neck at all the length:
And while he strain'd his voice to pierce the
skies,

As fairs in raptures use, would shut his eyes,
That the sound striving through the narrow
throat,

His winking might avail to mend the note. 630

By this, in song, he never had his peer,
 From sweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
 Not Maro's muse, who sung the mighty man,
 Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when
 a swan.

Your ancestors proceed from race divine: 635
 From Brennus and Belinus is your line;
 Who gave to sovereign Rome such loud alarms,
 That ev'n the priests were not excus'd from
 arms.

Besides, a famous monk of modern times
 Has left of cocks recorded in his rhimes, 640
 That of a parish priest the son and heir,
 (When sons of priests were from the proverb
 clear)

Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
 And either lam'd his legs, or struck him blind;
 For which the clerk his father was disgrac'd, 645
 And in his benefice another plac'd.
 Now sing, my lord, if not for love of me,
 Yet for the sake of sweet Saint Charity;
 Make hills, and dales, and earth, and heaven
 rejoice,

And emulate your father's angel-voice. 650

The cock was pleas'd to hear him speak so
 fair,

And proud beside, as solar people are;
 Nor could the treason from the truth descry,
 So was he ravish'd with this flattery:

So much the more, as from a little elf, 655
He had a high opinion of himself ;
Though sickly, slender, and not large of limb,
Concluding all the world was made for him.

Ye princes, rais'd by poets to the gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying odes, 660
Believe not every flattering knave's report,
There's many a Reynard lurking in the court ;
And he shall be receiv'd with more regard,
And listen'd to, than modest truth is heard.

This Chanticleer, of whom the story sings, 665
Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings ;
Then stretch'd his neck, and wink'd with both
his eyes,

Ambitious as he sought the Olympic prize.
But while he pain'd himself to raise his note,
False Reynard rush'd, and caught him by the
throat. 670

Then on his back he laid the precious load,
And sought his wonted shelter of the wood ;
Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,
Of all unheeded, and pursu'd by none.

Alas, what stay is there in human state, 675
Or who can shun inevitable fate?

The doom was written, the decree was past,
Ere the foundations of the world were cast !
In Aries though the sun exalted stood,
His patron-planet to procure his good ; 680

Yet Saturn was his mortal foe, and he,
 In Libra rais'd, oppos'd the same degree :
 The rays both good and bad, of equal power,
 Each thwarting other, made a mingled hour.

On Friday-morn he dreamt this direful
 dream, 685

Cross to the worthy native, in his scheme !
 Ah blissful Venus, goddess of delight,
 How couldst thou suffer thy devoted knight,
 On thy own day to fall by foe oppress'd, 689
 The wight of all the world who serv'd thee best ?
 Who true to love, was all for recreation,
 And minded not the work of propagation.
 Gaufride, who couldst so well in rhyme com-
 plain

The death of Richard with an arrow slain,
 Why had not I thy muse, or thou my heart, 695
 To sing this heavy dirge with equal art !
 That I like thee on Friday might complain ;
 For on that day was Cœur de Lion slain.
 Not louder cries, when Ilium was in flames,
 Were sent to heaven by woful Trojan dames,
 When Pyrrhus tofs'd on high his burnish'd
 blade, 701

And offer'd Priam to his father's shade,
 Than for the cock the widow'd poultry made. }
 Fair Partlet first, when he was borne from fight,
 With sovereign shrieks bewail'd her captive
 knight : 705

Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
 When Asdrubal her husband lost his life,
 When she beheld the smouldring flames ascend,
 And all the Punic glories at an end:
 Willing into the fires she plung'd her head, 710
 With greater ease than others seek their bed.
 Not more aghast the matrons of renown,
 When tyrant Nero burn'd the imperial town,
 Shriek'd for the downfall in a doleful cry,
 For which their guiltless lords were doom'd to
 die. 715

Now to my story I return again:
 The trembling widow, and her daughters twain,
 This woful cackling cry with horror heard,
 Of those distracted damsels in the yard:
 And starting up, beheld the heavy fight, 720
 How Reynard to the forest took his flight,
 And cros his back, as in triumphant scorn,
 The hope and pillar of the house was born.
 The fox, the wicked fox, was all the cry;
 Out from his house ran every neighbour nigh:

Ver. 724. *The fox, the wicked fox,*] In the fables of all ages the fox makes a conspicuous figure. The fable of the Fox and the Grapes has been by severe critics thought unnatural. Mr. Doddsley, in his sensible Dissertation on Fable, has mentioned it as such; because this is an animal that does not prey on this sort of fruit: but this is a mistake; for Hasselquist describes the foxes destroying the vineyards in his travels; they are mentioned as hurting vineyards in Solomon's Songs; and in the first Idyllium of Theocritus, in that beautiful description of the vessel (not cup, as it is called,) and which is one of the most pic-

The vicar first, and after him the crew, 726
 With forks and staves the felon to pursue.
 Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band,
 And Malkin, with her distaff in her hand :
 Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs, 730
 In panic horror of pursuing dogs ;
 With many a deadly grunt and doleful
 squeak,
 Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would
 break.
 The shouts of men, the women in dismay,
 With shrieks augment the terror of the day. 735
 The ducks, that heard the proclamation
 cry'd,
 And fear'd a persecution might betide,
 Full twenty mile from town their voyage take,
 Obscure in rushes of the liquid lake.
 The geese fly o'er the barn ; the bees in arms
 Drive headlong from their waxen cells in
 swarms. 741
 Jack Straw at London-stone, with all his
 rout,
 Struck not the city with so loud a shout ;
 Not when with English hate they did pursue
 A French man, or an unbelieving Jew : 745

turesque descriptions in any author, ancient or modern, what-
 ever, and far beyond Virgil's cup.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Not when the welkin rung with “one and
all ;”

And echoes bounded back from Fox’s hall :
Earth seem’d to sink beneath, and heaven
above to fall.

With might and main they chac’d the murder-
ous fox,

With brazen trumpets, and inflated box, 750
To kindle Mars with military sounds,
Nor wanted horns to inspire sagacious hounds.

But see how Fortune can confound the wise,
And when they least expect it, turn the dice.
The captive-cock, who scarce cou’d draw his
breath, 755

And lay within the very jaws of death ;
Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
And fear supply’d him with this happy thought :
Your’s is the prize, victorious prince, said he,
The vicar my defeat, and all the village fee. 760
Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,
And bid the churls that envy you the prey
Call back their mungril curs, and cease their
cry,

See fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your despite shall die, 765
He shall be pluck’d and eaten to the bone.

’Tis well advis’d, in faith it shall be done ;
This Reynard said : but as the word he spoke,
The prisoner with a spring from prison broke :

Then stretch'd his feather'd fans with all his
 might, 770
 And to the neighbouring maple wing'd his
 flight.

Whom when the traitor safe on tree beheld,
 He curs'd the gods, with shame and sorrow
 fill'd ;

Shame for his folly, sorrow out of time,
 For plotting an unprofitable crime ; 775
 Yet mastering both, the artificer of lyes
 Renews the assault, and his last battery tries.

Though I, said he, did ne'er in thought of-
 fend,

How justly may my lord suspect his friend ?
 The appearance is against me, I confess, 780
 Who seemingly have put you in distress :
 You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,
 May think I broke all hospitable laws,
 To bear you from your palace-yard by might,
 And put your noble person in a fright : 785
 This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
 Though Heaven can witness, with no bad in-

tent

I practis'd it, to make you taste your cheer
 With double pleasure, first prepar'd by fear.
 So loyal subjects often seize their prince, 790
 Forc'd (for his good) to seeming violence,
 Yet mean his sacred person not the least of-
 fence. }

Descend; so help me Jove, as you shall find
That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind.

Nay, quoth the cock; but I beshrew us both,
If I believe a faint upon his oath: 796

An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only may be cozen'd twice:

Once warn'd is well bewar'd; no flattering
lies

Shall sooth me more to sing with winking
eyes, 800

And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.
Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim,

When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim?

Better, fir cock, let all contention cease,

Come down, said Reynard, let us treat of
peace. 805

A peace with all my soul, said Chanticleer;

But, with your favour, I will treat it here:

And lest the truce with treason should be mixt,

'Tis my concern to have the tree betwixt.

THE MORAL.

In this plain fable you the effect may see 810
Of negligence, and fond credulity:

And learn besides of flatterers to beware,

Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.

The cock and fox, the fool and knave imply;

The truth is moral, though the tale a lye. 815

Who spoke in parables, I dare not say ;
But sure he knew it was a pleasing way,
Sound sense, by plain example, to convey.
And in a heathen author we may find, 819
That pleasure with instruction should be join'd ;
So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.

**THE
FLOWER AND THE LEAF*:**

**OR, THE
LADY IN THE ARBOUR.**

A VISION.

NOW turning from the wintry signs, the sun
His course exalted through the Ram had run,
And whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus, and the lightsome realms of
love;
Where Venus from her orb descends in showers,
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with
flowers: 6

* It is singularly strange that our author, enumerating the different pieces of Chaucer that he has versified, should not say a syllable of this exquisite and elegant vision, which of all his compositions is perhaps the most perfectly melodious.

Dr. J. WARTON.

When first the tender blades of grass appear,
 And buds, that yet the blast of Eurys fear,
 Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe
 the year:

Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains, 10
 Make the green blood to dance within their
 veins:

Then, at their call, embolden'd out they come,
 And swell the gems, and burst the narrow
 room;

Broader and broader yet, their blooms display,
 Salute the welcome sun, and entertain the day.
 Then from their breathing souls the sweets re-
 pair 16

To scent the skies, and purge the unwholsom
 air:

Ver. 7. *When first the tender blades of grass appear,
 And buds, that yet the blast of Eurys fear,
 Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the
 year:]*

Inque novos soles audent se gramina tuto
 Credere, nec metuit surgentes pampinus Austros.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 11. *Make the green blood to dance within their veins:]*
 An expression perfectly Ovidian.

Omnia tunc florent: tunc est nova temporis ætas:

Et nova de gravido palmite gemma tumet.

Et modo formatis amicitur vitibus arbos:

Prodit et in summum feminis herba solum.

Ovid's Fasti, lib. 1. 150.

JOHN WARTON.

Joy spreads the heart, and, with a general song,
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months
along.

In that sweet season, as in bed I lay, 20
And fought in sleep to pass the night away,
I turn'd my weary side, but still in vain,
Though full of youthful health, and void of
pain :

Cares I had none, to keep me from my rest,
For love had never enter'd in my breast ; 25
I wanted nothing fortune could supply,
Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dry'd away the balmy dew : 29
Seas wou'd be pools, without the brushing air,
To curl the waves ; and sure some little care
Should weary nature so, to make her want re-
pair. }

Ver. 19. *Spring issues out,*] Lucretius was rather in his eye
than his original.

“ It Ver & Venus,” &c.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 30.] “ By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel,
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the world. &c.”

Cowper.

“ The heavens themselves run continually round, the sun
riseth and sets, the moon increaseth and decreaseth, stars and

When Chanticleer the second watch had
 sung,
 Scorning the scornee sleep, from bed I sprung ;
 And dressing, by the moon, in loose array, 35
 Pass'd out in open air, preventing day,
 And fought a goodly grove, as fancy led my
 way.

Straight as a line in beauteous order stood
 Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood ;
 Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree, 40
 At distance planted in a due degree,

planets keep their constant motions, the air is still tossed by the winds, the waters ebb and flow to their conservation no doubt, to teach us that we should ever be in action." Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 265. ed. 1651.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 40. ——— *every tree,*
At distance planted in a due degree,]

" In which were oaks great, streight as a line,
 Under the which the grasse so fresh of hew
 Was newly sprong, and an eight foot or nine
 Every tree well fro his fellow grew,
 With branches brode, lade with leves new,
 That sprongen out ayen the funne shene,
 Some very red, and some, a glad light grene." Chau-
 cer Fl. and L. st. 5.

" Omnia sint paribus numeris dimensa viarum,
 Non animum modo uti pascat prospectus inanem :
 Sed quia non aliter vires dabit omnibus æquas
 Terra, neque in vacuum poterunt se extendere rami."—
 Georg. ii. 284.

" Quid enim illo quincunce speciosius est, qui in
 quamcunque partem spectaveris rectus est?" Cic. de
 Senect. 17.

" Not distant far, a length of colonnade
 Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,

Their branching arms in air with equal space
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace :

And the new leaves on every bough were seen,
Some ruddy colour'd, some of lighter green. 45
The painted birds, companions of the spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing.

Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire; 50
And listen'd for the queen of all the quire;
Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to sing;
And wanted yet an omen to the spring.

Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path, but scarcely printed,
lay ; 55

Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.
Our fathers knew the value of a screen
From fultry suns ; and in their shaded walks
And long protracted bowers, enjoy'd at noon
The gloom and coolness of declining day.

* * * *

Ye fallen avenues ! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice,
That yet a remnant of your race survives.
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Reechoing pious anthems ! while beneath
The chequer'd earth seems restless as a flood
Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And darkning and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton, every moment, every spot." Cowper.

JOHN WARTON.

In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
 And look'd, as lightly prefs'd by fairy feet.
 Wandring I walk'd alone, for still methought
 To some strange end so strange a path was
 wrought:

At last it led me where an arbour stood, 60
 The sacred receptacle of the wood:
 This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the
 green,

In all my progress I had never seen:
 And seiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
 Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting
 sight. 65

'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be seen,
 The thick young grafs arose in fresher green:
 The mound was newly made, no sight could
 pass

Betwixt the nice partitions of the grafs;
 The well-united fods so closely lay; 70
 And all around the shades defended it from
 day,

For fycamores with eglantine were spread,
 A hedge about the sides, a covering over
 head.

And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
 The fycamore and flowers were mix'd with
 green, 75

That nature seem'd to vary the delight;
 And satisfy'd at once the smell and sight.

The master workman of the bower was known
 Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon ;
 Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
 They rose by measure, and by rule they grew ;
 No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell :
 For none but hands divine could work so well.
 Both roof and sides were like a parlour made,
 A soft recess, and a cool summer shade ; 85
 The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
 The persons plac'd within it could espy :
 But all that pass'd without with ease was seen,
 As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
 'Twas border'd with a field; and some was
 plain 90
 With grass, and some was sow'd with rising
 grain:
 That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the
 ground)
 A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
 I look'd and look'd, and still with new delight ;
 Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my
 sight: 95
 And the fresh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
 Whose odours were of power to raise from
 death.

Ver. 79. ——— built for Oberon ;] Perhaps this anticipation, which is a deviation from the original, is not so judicious.

JOHN WARTON.

Nor fullen discontent, nor anxious care,
 Ev'n though brought thither, could inhabit
 there : 99

But thence they fled as from their mortal foe ;
 For this sweet place could only pleasure know.

Thus as I mus'd, I cast aside my eye,
 And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh.
 The spreading branches made a goodly show,
 And full of opening blooms was every bough :
 A goldfinch there I saw with gawdy pride 106
 Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to
 side,

Still pecking as she pass'd ; and still she drew
 The sweets from every flower, and suck'd the
 dew :

Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her throat, 110
 And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
 But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
 Yet such as sooth'd my soul, and pleas'd my
 ear.

Her short performance was no sooner try'd,
 When she I fought, the nightingale, reply'd :
 So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung, 116
 That the grove echo'd, and the valleys rung :
 And I so ravish'd with her heavenly note,
 I stood intranc'd, and had no room for thought,
 But all o'er-power'd with ecstasy of blifs, 120
 Was in a pleasing dream of paradise ;

At length I wak'd, and looking round the
bower

Search'd every tree, and pry'd on every flower,
If any where by chance I might espy
The rural poet of the melody : 125

For still methought she sung not far away :

At last I found her on a laurel spray.

Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
Full in a line, against her opposite ;

Where stood with eglantine the laurel twin'd ;
And both their native sweets were well con-
join'd. 131

On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long ;
(Sitting was more convenient for the song :)
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove. 135

Ver. 132. *On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long ;
(Sitting was more convenient for the song :)*

A deviation from the original, arising from the want of a
rhyme, or his habitual carelessness. The original lines are—

——— for as for mine entent,
The bird's song was more convenient,
And more pleasant to me by many fold
Than mete or drink, or any other thing.

The design of her walking in the grove was to hear the night-
ingale, according to the notion expressed in Milton's elegant
sonnet :

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. JOHN WARTON.

Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
 And every note I fear'd would be the last.
 My sight, and smell, and hearing were employ'd,
 And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd.
 And what alone did all the rest surpass, 140
 The sweet possession of the fairy place;
 Single, and conscious to myself alone
 Of pleasures to the excluded world unknown:
 Pleasures which no where else were to be found,
 And all Elysium in a spot of ground. 145

Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,
 And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
 All suddenly I heard the approaching sound
 Of vocal music on the enchanted ground: 149
 An host of saints it seem'd, so full the quire;
 As if the bless'd above did all conspire
 To join their voices, and neglect the lyre. }
 At length there issued from the grove behind
 A fair assembly of the female kind:

Ver. 142. *Single, and conscious to myself alone
 Of pleasures to the excluded world unknown:]*

This is an improvement on the original. So Burton.

“By a brook side, or wood so greene,
 Unheard, unfought-for, and unseene.”

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 148. *All suddenly I heard the approaching sound
 Of vocal music, on the enchanted ground:]*

“Till, suddenly awak'd, I hear
 Strange whisper'd music in my ear.”

JOHN WARTON.

A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell, 155
Seduc'd the sons of heaven to rebel.

I pass their form, and every charming grace,
Less than an angel would their worth debase :

But their attire, like liveries of a kind,
All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind. 160

In velvet, white as snow, the troop was gown'd,
The seams with sparkling emeralds set around :

Their hoods and sleeves the same; and purpled
o'er

With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining
store

Of eastern pomp : their long descending train,
With rubies edg'd, and sapphires, swept the

plain : 166

High on their heads, with jewels richly set,
Each lady wore a radiant coronet.

Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac'd
With chaplets green on their fair foreheads

plac'd. 170

Of laurel some, of woodbine many more ;
And wreaths of Agnus castus others bore ;

These last, who with those virgin crowns were
dress'd,

Appear'd in higher honour than the rest.

They danc'd around : but in the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien ; 176

By stature, and by beauty, mark'd their sove-
reign queen.

She in the midst began with sober grace ;
 Her servants' eyes were fix'd upon her face,
 And as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
 Her measures kept, and step by step pursu'd. 181
 Methought she trod the ground with greater
 grace,

With more of godhead shining in her face ;
 And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
 So, nobler than the rest, was her attire. 185

A crown of ruddy gold inclos'd her brow,
 Plain without pomp, and rich without a show :
 A branch of Agnus castus in her hand
 She bore aloft (her sceptre of command ;)
 Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling croud, 190
 For wherefoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd :
 And as she danc'd, a roundelay she fung,
 In honour of the laurel, ever young :

She rais'd her voice on high, and fung so clear,
 The fawns came scudding from the groves to
 hear : 195

And all the bending forest lent an ear.
 At every close she made, the attending throng
 Reply'd, and bore the burden of the song :
 So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
 It seem'd the music melted in the throat. 200

Ver. 195. *The fawns came scudding*]

Jam vero in numerum faunosque, feraeque videres
 Ludere, jam rigidas motare cacumina quercus.

JOHN WARTON.

Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
 They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,
 Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
 And footed it about the secret shade.

O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near, 205
 But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear;
 Yet not so much, but that I noted well
 Who did the most in song, or dance excel.

Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
 I heard a sudden symphony of war; 210
 The neighing courfers, and the soldiers' cry,
 And sounding trumps that seem'd to tear the
 sky :

I saw soon after this, behind the grove
 From whence the ladies did in order move,
 Come issuing out in arms a warrior train, 215
 That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain :
 On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
 Thick as the college of the bees in May,
 When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly,
 New to the flowers, and intercept the sky. 220
 So fierce they drove, their courfers were so
 fleet,

That the turf trembled underneath their feet.

To tell their costly furniture were long,
 The summer's day would end before the song :
 To purchase but the tenth of all their store, 225
 Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor.

Ver. 226. ——— *Persian monarch poor.*] A judicious improvement from

Yet what I can, I will ; before the rest
The trumpets issu'd in white mantles drefs'd :
A numerous troop, and all their heads around
With chaplets green of cerrial-oak were
crown'd, 230
And at each trumpet was a banner bound :
Which waving in the wind display'd at large
Their master's coat of arms, and knightly
charge.

Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue,
A purer web the filk-worm never drew. 235
The chief about their necks the scutcheons
wore,

With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er:
Broad were their collars too, and every one
Was set about with many a costly stone.
Next these, of kings at arms a goodly train 240
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain:
Their cloaks were cloth of silver mix'd with
gold,
And garlands green around their temples roll'd:
Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons
plac'd,
With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies
grac'd:

“—— I trow the large wonis
Of Preter John, ne all his trefory
Might not unneth have bought the tenth party.”

JOHN WARTON.

And as the trumpets their appearance made,
 So these in habits were alike array'd ;
 But with a pace more sober, and more slow ;
 And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a-row. 249
 The pursuivants came next, in number more ;
 And like the heralds each his scutcheon bore :
 Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,
 With each an oaken chaplet on his head.

Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,
 Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed ; 255
 In golden armour glorious to behold ;
 The rivets of their arms were nail'd with gold.
 Their furcoats of white ermin fur were made ;
 With cloth of gold between, that cast a glitter-
 ing shade. 259

The trappings of their steeds were of the same ;
 The golden fringe ev'n set the ground on flame,
 And drew a precious trail : a crown divine
 Of laurel did about their temples twine.

Three henchmen were for every knight af-
 sign'd,
 All in rich livery clad, and of a kind ; 265
 White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they
 wore,
 And each within his hand a truncheon bore :

Ver. 261. *The golden fringe ev'n set the ground on flame,*] He imitates himself, in Palamon and Arcite.

JOHN WARTON.

The foremost held a helm of rare device ;
 A prince's ransom would not pay the price. 269
 The second bore the buckler of his knight,
 The third of cornel-wood a spear upright,
 Headed with piercing steel, and polish'd
 bright.

Like to their lords their equipage was seen,
 And all their foreheads crown'd with garlands
 green.

And after these came arm'd with spear and
 shield 275

An host so great, as cover'd all the field :
 And all their foreheads, like the knights be-
 fore,

With laurels ever-green were shaded o'er,
 Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
 Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the
 wind. 280

Some in their hands, beside the lance and shield,
 The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn held,
 Or branches for their mystic emblems took,
 Of palm, of laurel, or of cerrial oak.

Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty sound,
 Drawn in two lines adverse they wheel'd
 around, 285
 And in the middle meadow took their ground.

Ver. 279. ——— leaves of lasting kind,
 Tenacious of the stem,]

"Flos apprima tenax." Virg.

Judiciously and with reference to the moral.

JOHN WARTON.

Among themselves the turney they divide,
In equal squadrons rang'd on either side.

Then turn'd their horses' heads, and man to
man, 290

And steed to steed oppos'd, the jousts began.

They lightly set their lances in the rest,

And, at the sign, against each other press'd :

They met. I sitting at my ease beheld

The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field. 295

Some broke their spears, some tumbled horse
and man,

And round the field the lighten'd courfers ran.

An hour and more, like tides, in equal sway

They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost the
day : 299

At length the nine (who still together held)

Their fainting foes to shameful flight com-
pell'd, }

And with resistless force o'er-ran the field.

Thus, to their fame, when finish'd was the fight,

The victors from their lofty steeds alight :

Like them dismounted all the warlike train, 305

And two by two proceeded o'er the plain :

Till to the fair assembly they advanc'd,

Who near the secret arbour sung and danc'd.

The ladies left their measures at the fight, }

To meet the chiefs returning from the fight, }

And each with open arms embrac'd her cho-

sen knight. 311 }

Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,
 The grace and ornament of all the wood :
 That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat
 From sudden April showers, a shelter from the
 heat : 315

Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,
 So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
 That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
 Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging
 there :

And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from
 far 320

Might hear the rattling hail, and wintry war ;
 From heaven's inclemency here found retreat,
 Enjoy'd the cool, and shunn'd the scorching
 heat :

A hundred knights might there at ease abide ;
 And every knight a lady by his side : 325

Ver. 316. *Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,*]

— Such as at this day to Indians known,
 In Malabar and Decan spreads her arms
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
 About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
 High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between :
 There oft the Indian herdsman, *shunning heat*,
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
 At loop-holes cut through thickest shade.

That our author had this passage of Milton in view is, I presume, evident. The circumstance of the sheep is not in Chaucer ; nor the notion of the odoriferous Moluccan breeze, which was suggested to him by Milton's passage. JOHN WARTON.

The trunk itself such odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan breeze to these was common
breath.

The lords and ladies here, approaching, paid }
Their homage, with a low obeisance made; }
And seem'd to venerate the sacred shade. 330 }
These rites perform'd, their pleasures they pur-
sue,

With songs of love, and mix with measures
new ;

Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
And every champion leads his chosen dame.

I cast my sight upon the farther field, 335
And a fresh object of delight beheld :
For from the region of the West I heard
New music sound, and a new troop appear'd ;
Of knights, and ladies mix'd a jolly band,
But all on foot they march'd, and hand in
hand. 340

The ladies dress'd in rich fymars were seen }
Of Florence sattin, flower'd with white and }
green, }
And for a shade betwixt the bloomy gridelin. }
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on a row ; 345
And every damsel wore upon her head
Of flowers a garland blended white and red.
Attir'd in mantles all the knights were seen,
That gratify'd the view with chearful green ;

Their chaplets of their ladies' colours were, 350
Compos'd of white and red, to shade their shining hair.

Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd ;
All in their masters' liveries were array'd,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore. 355
Their instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind :

The sawtry, pipe, and hautboy's noisy band,
And the soft lute trembling beneath the touching hand.

A tuft of daisies on a flowery lay 360
They saw, and thitherward they bent their way ;

To this both knights and dames their homage made,

And due obeisance to the daisy paid.

And then the band of flutes began to play,

To which a lady sung a virelay : 365

And still at every close she would repeat

The burden of the song, The daisy is so sweet.

The daisy is so sweet, when she begun,

The troop of knights and dames continu'd on.

The comfort and the voice so charm'd my ear,

And sooth'd my soul, that it was heaven to hear. 371

But soon their pleasure pass'd : at noon of
 day,
 The sun with sultry beams began to play :
 Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
 When with his poisonous breath he blasts the
 sky: 375

Then droop'd the fading flow'rs (their beauty
 fled)
 And clos'd their sickly eyes, and hung the
 head ;
 And rivell'd up with heat, lay dying in their
 bed. }

The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire ;
 The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire ;
 The fainty knights were scorch'd ; and knew
 not where 381

To run for shelter, for no shade was near ;
 And after this the gathering clouds amain
 Pour'd down a storm of rattling hail and rain :
 And lightning flash'd betwixt : the field and
 flowers, 385

Burnt up before, were buried in the showers.
 The ladies and the knights, no shelter nigh,
 Bare to the weather and the wintry sky,

Ver. 378.] Dryden uses the expression *rivell'd* ; as Pope does in the Rape of the Lock, c. ii. 132. Some editions read *shrivell'd* : but Pope follows Dryden, as Mr. Wakefield has observed. TOPP.

Ver. 380. *The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire ;*] A conceit introduced for the sake of the rhyme.

JOHN WARTON.

Were dropping wet, disconsolate, and wan,
And through their thin array receiv'd the rain ;
While those in white, protected by the tree, 391
Saw pass in vain the assault, and stood from
danger free,

But as compassion mov'd their gentle minds,
When ceas'd the storm, and silent were the
winds,

Displeas'd at what, not suffering, they had seen,
They went to cheer the faction of the green : 396
The queen in white array, before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand ;
So did the knights and dames, with courtly
grace, 399

And with behaviour sweet their foes embrace.
Then thus the queen with laurel on her brow,
Fair sister, I have suffer'd in your woe ;
Nor shall be wanting ought within my power
For your relief in my refreshing bower.
That other answer'd with a lowly look, 405
And soon the gracious invitation took :
For ill at ease both she and all her train
The scorching sun had borne, and beating rain.
Like courtesy was us'd by all in white,
Each dame a dame receiv'd, and every knight
a knight. 410

The laurel champions with their swords invade
The neighbouring forests, where the jûsts were
made,

And ferewood from the rotten hedges took,
 And feeds of latent fire from flints provoke :
 A chearful blaze arofe, and by the fire 415
 They warm'd their frozen feet, and dry'd their
 wet attire.

Refresh'd with heat, the ladies fought around
 For virtuous herbs, which gather'd from the
 ground

They squeez'd the juice, and cooling ointment
 made,

Which on their sun-burnt cheeks, and their
 chapt skins they laid: 420

Then fought green falads, which they bade
 them eat,

A fovereign remedy for inward heat.

The Lady of the Leaf ordain'd a feaft,
 And made the Lady of the Flower her gueft :
 When lo, a bower afcended on the plain, 425
 With fudden feats ordain'd, and large for either
 train.

This bower was near my pleafant arbour plac'd,
 That I could hear and fee whatever pafs'd :

Ver. 414. *And feeds of latent fire, from flints provoke :*] A
 circumftance, his own, founded on the line of Virgil—

—— primus filici fcintillam excudit Achates.

The verb *provoke* is his own, and fimple, ftrong and expreffive.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 425.] Here I muft, agreeably to my plan, note a fmall
 deviation from the original, in which there is no mention of the
 bower or the banquet.

JOHN WARTON.

The ladies sat with each a knight between,
 Distinguish'd by their colours, white and green;
 The vanquish'd party with the victors join'd, 431
 Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the
 mind.

Mean time the minstrels play'd on either side,
 Vain of their art, and for the mastery vy'd:
 The sweet contention lasted for an hour, 435
 And reach'd my secret arbour from the bower.

The sun was set; and Vesper, to supply
 His absent beams, had lighted up the sky.
 When Philomel, officious all the day
 To sing the service of the ensuing May, 440
 Fled from her laurel shade, and wing'd her
 flight

Directly to the queen array'd in white:
 And hopping sat familiar on her hand,
 A new musician, and increas'd the band.

The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding
 heat, 445
 Had chang'd the medlar for a safer feat,
 And hid in bushes 'scap'd the bitter shower,
 Now perch'd upon the Lady of the Flower;
 And either songster holding out their throats,
 And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes:

Ver. 437. *The sun was set; and Vesper, to supply
 His absent beams, had lighted up the sky.]*

"The sun was sunk, and after him the star of Hesperus."
 Milton ix. 40. JOHN WARTON.

As if all day, preluding to the fight, 451
 They only had rehears'd, to sing by night.
 The banquet ended, and the battle done,
 They danc'd by star-light and the friendly
 moon :

And when they were to part, the laureat queen
 Supply'd with steeds the lady of the green, 456
 Her and her train conducting on the way,
 The moon to follow, and avoid the day.

This when I saw, inquisitive to know
 The secret moral of the mystic show, 460
 I started from my shade, in hopes to find
 Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind :
 And as my fair adventure fell, I found
 A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,
 Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along, 465
 Repeating to herself the former song.
 With due respect my body I inclin'd,
 As to some being of superior kind,
 And made my court according to the day,
 Wishing her queen and her a happy May. 470
 Great thanks, my daughter, with a gracious
 bow,
 She said ; and I, who much desired to know
 Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break
 My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak :
 Madam, might I presume and not offend, 475
 So may the stars and shining moon attend

Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell,
 What nymphs they were who mortal forms
 excel,
 And what the knights who fought in lifted
 fields so well.

To this the dame reply'd: Fair daughter, know,
 That what you saw was all a fairy show: 481
 And all those airy shapes you now behold,
 Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with
 earthly mold,
 Our souls, not yet prepar'd for upper light, 484
 Till doomfday wander in the shades of night;
 This only holiday of all the year,
 We privileg'd in sunshine may appear:
 With songs and dance we celebrate the day,
 And with due honours usher in the May.
 At other times we reign by night alone, 490
 And posting through the skies pursue the moon:
 But when the moon arises, none are found;
 For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,

Ver. 491. *And posting through the skies pursue the moon:]* My reader will not be displeased at the following citation from a writer whose chief excellence does not consist in imagery; but who shews from the following passage much of the genuine and real poet or maker.

Ludite, jam Nox jungit equos, currumque sequuntur
 Matris lascivo sidera fulva choro
 Postque venit tacitus fuscis circumdatus alis
 Somnus, et incerto somnia nigra pede.

Tibullus, lib. 2. Eleg. 1. line 87.

JOHN WARTON.

And if he finds a fairy lag in light,
 He drives the wretch before, and lashes into
 night. 495

All courteous are by kind; and ever proud
 With friendly offices to help the good.
 In every land we have a larger space
 Than what is known to you of mortal race:
 Where we with green adorn our fairy bowers,
 And ev'n this grove, unseen before, is ours. 501
 Know farther; every lady cloath'd in white,
 And, crown'd with oak and laurel every knight,
 Are servants to the leaf, by liveries known
 Of innocence; and I myself am one. 505
 Saw you not her so graceful to behold
 In white attire, and crown'd with radiant
 gold?

The sovereign lady of our land is she,
 Diana call'd, the queen of chastity:
 And, for the spotless name of maid she bears,
 That Agnus castus in her hand appears; 511
 And all her train, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
 Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd;
 But those the chief and highest in command
 Who bear those holy branches in their hand:
 The knights adorn'd with laurel crowns are
 they, 516
 Whom death nor danger ever could dismay,
 Victorious names, who made the world obey: }

Who, while they liv'd, in deeds of arms excell'd,

And after death for deities were held. 520

But those who wear the woodbine on their brow,

Were knights of love, who never broke their vow ;

Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free

From fears, and fickle chance, and jealousy.

The lords and ladies, who the woodbine bear,

As true as Tristram and Isotta were. 526

But what are those, said I, the unconquer'd nine,

Who crown'd with laurel-wreaths in golden armour shine ?

And who the knights in green, and what the train

Of ladies dress'd with daisies on the plain ? 530

Why both the bands in worship disagree,

And some adore the flower, and some the tree ?

Just is your suit, fair daughter, said the dame :

Those laurell'd chiefs were men of mighty fame ;

Nine worthies were they call'd of different rites,

Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian knights. 536

These, as you see, ride foremost in the field,

As they the foremost rank of honour held,

And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd :

Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that still
renew ; 540

For deathless laurel is the victor's due :

Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's
reign,

Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charle-
main :

For bows the strength of brawny arms imply,
Emblems of valour, and of victory. 545

Behold an order yet of newer date,

Doubling their number, equal in their state ;

Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,

In battle brave, protectors of their prince : 549

Unchang'd by fortune, to their sovereign
true,

For which their manly legs are bound with
blue.

These, of the Garter call'd, of faith unstain'd }
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd, }
And well repaid the honours which they }
gain'd.

The laurel wreaths were first by Cæsar worn, 555

And still they Cæsar's successors adorn :

One leaf of this is immortality,

And more of worth than all the world can buy.

One doubt remains, said I, the dames in
green,

What were their qualities, and who their queen ?

Flora commands, said she, those nymphs and
knights, 561

Who liv'd in slothful ease and loose delights ;
Who never acts of honour durst pursue,
The men inglorious knights, the ladies all un-
true :

Who, nurs'd in idleness, and train'd in courts,
Pass'd all their precious hours in plays, and
sports, 566

Till death behind came stalking on, unseen,
And wither'd (like the storm) the freshness of
their green.

These, and their mates, enjoy their present
hour,

And therefore pay their homage to the Flower.

But knights in knightly deeds should perse-
vere, 571

And still continue what at first they were ;
Continue, and proceed in honour's fair career. }

No room for cowardice, or dull delay ; 574

From good to better they should urge their way.

For this with golden spurs the chiefs are grac'd,

With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their haste.

For this with lasting leaves their brows are
bound ; }

For laurel is the sign of labour crown'd,

Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls
to ground : 580

From winter winds it suffers no decay,
 For ever fresh and fair, and every month is
 May.

Ev'n when the vital sap retreats below,
 Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in snow,
 The life is in the leaf, and still between 585
 The fits of falling snow appears the streaky green.
 Not so the flower, which lasts for little space,
 A short-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace;
 This way and that the feeble stem is driven,
 Weak to sustain the storms, and injuries of hea-
 ven. 590

Propp'd by the spring, it lifts aloft the head,
 But of a sickly beauty, soon to shed;
 In summer living, and in winter dead. }
 For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,
 Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden are
 decay'd. 595

With humble words, the wisest I could frame,
 And proffer'd service, I repaid the dame;
 That, of her grace, she gave her maid to know
 The secret meaning of this moral show.
 And she, to prove what profit I had made 600
 Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,
 Demanded, till the next returning May,
 Whether the Leaf or Flower I would obey?
 I chose the Leaf; she smil'd with sober cheer,
 And wish'd me fair adventure for the year, 605

And gave me charms and figils, for defence
Against ill tongues that scandal innocence :

But I, said she, my fellows must pursue,
Already past the plain, and out of view.

We parted thus ; I homeward sped my way,
Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day : 611

And met the merry crew who danc'd about
the May.

Then late refresh'd with sleep, I rose to write
The visionary vigils of the night :

Blush, as thou may'st, my little book with
shame, 615

Nor hope with homely verse to purchase fame ;
For such thy maker chose ; and so design'd
Thy simple stile to suit thy lowly kind.

THE
WIFE OF BATH,

HER
T A L E.

IN days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were
blown ;

The king of elfs and little fairy queen
Gamboll'd on heaths, and danc'd on every
green ;

And where the jolly troop had led the round, 5
The grafs unbidden rose, and mark'd the
ground :

Nor darkling did they dance, the silver light
Of Phœbe serv'd to guide their steps aright,
And with their tripping pleas'd, prolong the
night.

Her beams they follow'd, where at full she
plaid,

Nor longer than she shed her horns they staid, 10
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands
convey'd.

Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
 More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here,
 And made more spacious rings, and revell'd
 half the year. 15

I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
 Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
 And never hope to see the nightly train:
 In vain the dairy now with mints is dress'd,
 The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest, 20
 To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
 She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
 No silver penny to reward her pain:
 For priests with prayers, and other godly geer,
 Have made the merry goblins disappear; 25
 And where they play'd their merry pranks be-
 fore,
 Have sprinkled holy water on the floor:
 And friars that through the wealthy regions
 run,
 Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,
 Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls, 30
 And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls:
 This makes the fairy quires forsake the place,
 When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace:
 But in the walks where wicked elves have
 been,
 The learning of the parish now is seen, 35
 The midnight parson, posting o'er the green,

With gown tuck'd up, to wakes, for Sunday
 next,
 With humming ale encouraging his text;
 Nor wants the holy leer to country-girl be-
 twixt.

From fiends and imps he sets the village free, 40
 There haunts not any incubus but he.
 The maids and women need no danger fear
 To walk by night, and sanctity so near:
 For by some haycock, or some shady thorn, 44
 He bids his beads both even-song and morn.

It so befel in this king Arthur's reign,
 A lusty knight was pricking o'er the plain;
 A bachelor he was, and of the courtly train. }
 It happen'd as he rode, a damsel gay
 In ruffet robes to market took her way: 50
 Soon on the girl he cast an amorous eye,
 So straight she walk'd, and on her pasterns
 high:

If seeing her behind he lik'd her pace,
 Now turning short, he better likes her face.
 He lights in haste, and, full of youthful fire, 55
 By force accomplish'd his obscene desire:
 This done, away he rode, not unespied,
 For swarming at his back the country cry'd:
 And once in view they never lost the sight, 59
 But seiz'd, and pinion'd brought to court the
 knight.

Then courts of kings were held in high re-
nown,

Ere made the common brothels of the town :
There, virgins honourable vows receiv'd,
But chaste as maids in monasteries liv'd ;
The king himself, to nuptial ties a slave, 65
No bad example to his poets gave :
And they, not bad, but in a vicious age,
Had not, to please the prince, debauch'd the
stage.

Now what should Arthur do ? He lov'd the
knight, 69

But sovereign monarchs are the source of right :
Mov'd by the damsel's tears and common cry,
He doom'd the brutal ravisher to die.
But fair Geneura rose in his defence,
And pray'd so hard for mercy from the prince,
That to his queen the king the offender gave, 75
And left it in her power to kill or save :
This gracious act the ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a man should die for love ;
And with their mistresses join'd in close debate,
(Covering their kindness with dissembled
hate ;) 80

If not to free him, to prolong his fate.
At last agreed, they call'd him by consent
Before the queen and female parliament.
And the fair speaker rising from the chair,
Did thus the judgment of the house declare. 85

Sir knight, though I have ask'd thy life, yet
still

Thy destiny depends upon my will :
Nor hast thou other surety than the grace
Not due to thee from our offended race.
But as our kind is of a softer mold, 90
And cannot blood without a sigh behold,
I grant thee life ; reserving still the power
To take the forfeit when I see my hour :
Unless thy answer to my next demand
Shall set thee free from our avenging hand. 95
The question, whose solution I require,
Is, What the sex of women most desire ?
In this dispute thy judges are at strife ;
Beware ; for on thy wit depends thy life. 99
Yet (left, surpris'd, unknowing what to say,
Thou damn thyself) we give thee farther day :
A year is thine to wander at thy will ;
And learn from others, if thou want'st the skill.
But, not to hold our proffer'd turn in scorn,
Good sureties will we have for thy return ; 105
That at the time prefix'd thou shalt obey,
And at thy pledge's peril keep thy day.

Woe was the knight at this severe command ;
But well he knew 'twas bootless to withstand :
The terms accepted, as the fair ordain, 110
He put in bail for his return again,
And promis'd answer at the day assign'd,
The best, with heaven's assistance, he could find.

His leave thus taken, on his way he went
 With heavy heart, and full of discontent, 115
 Misdoubting much, and fearful of the event. }
 'Twas hard the truth of such a point to find,
 As was not yet agreed among the kind.
 Thus on he went; still anxious more and
 more, 119
 Ask'd all he met, and knock'd at every door;
 Enquir'd of men; but made his chief request
 To learn from women what they lov'd the best.
 They answer'd each according to her mind
 To please herself, not all the female kind.
 One was for wealth, another was for place; 125
 Crones, old and ugly, wish'd a better face.
 The widow's wish was oftentimes to wed;
 The wanton maids were all for sport a-bed.
 Some said the sex were pleas'd with handsome
 lies, 129
 And some gross flattery lov'd without disguise:
 Truth is, says one, he seldom fails to win,
 Who flatters well; for that's our darling sin.
 But long attendance, and a duteous mind,
 Will work ev'n with the wisest of the kind.
 One thought the sex's prime felicity 135
 Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free:
 Their pleasures, hours, and actions all their
 own,
 And uncontroll'd to give account to none. 138

Some with a husband-fool ; but such are curst,
For fools perverse of husbands are the worst :
All women would be counted chaste and wise,
Nor should our spouses see, but with our eyes ;
For fools will prate ; and though they want the
wit

To find close faults, yet open blots will hit ;
Though better for their ease to hold their
tongue,

145

For woman-kind was never in the wrong.
So noise ensues, and quarrels last for life ;
The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
And some men say, that great delight have we,
To be for truth extoll'd, and secrecy :
And constant in one purpose still to dwell ;
And not our husbands' counsels to reveal.
But that's a fable : for our sex is frail,
Inventing rather than not tell a tale.
Like leaky sieves no secrets we can hold :
Witness the famous tale that Ovid told.

150

155

Midas the king, as in his book appears,
By Phœbus was endow'd with asses ears,
Which under his long locks he well conceal'd,
(As monarchs' vices must not be reveal'd)
For fear the people have 'em in the wind,
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind :
Nor apt to think from heaven their title springs,
Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.

160

This Midas knew ; and durst communicate 165
 To none but to his wife his ears of state :
 One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
 As passing prudent, and a parlous wit.
 To this sagacious confessor he went,
 And told her what a gift the gods had sent : 170
 But told it under matrimonial seal,
 With strict injunction never to reveal.
 The secret heard, she plighted him her troth,
 (And sacred sure is every woman's oath)
 The royal malady should rest unknown, 175
 Both for her husband's honour and her own ;
 But ne'ertheless she pin'd with discontent ;
 The counsel rumbled till it found a vent.
 The thing she knew she was oblig'd to hide ;
 By interest and by oath the wife was ty'd ; 180
 But, if she told it not, the woman dy'd.
 Loth to betray a husband and a prince,
 But she must burst, or blab, and no pretence
 Of honour ty'd her tongue from self-defence.
 A marshy ground commodiously was near, 185
 Thither she ran, and held her breath for fear,
 Lest if a word she spoke of any thing,
 That word might be the secret of the king.
 Thus full of counsel to the fen she went,
 Grip'd all the way, and longing for a vent ; 190
 Arriv'd, by pure necessity compell'd,
 On her majestic marrow-bones she kneel'd :

Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
 And, as a bittour bumps within a reed,
 To thee alone, O lake, she said, I tell, 195
 (And, as thy queen, command thee to con-
 ceal,)

Beneath his locks the king my husband wears
 A goodly royal pair of asses ears :
 Now I have eas'd my bosom of the pain,
 Till the next longing fit return again. 200

Thus through a woman was the secret known;
 Tell us, and in effect you tell the town.
 But to my tale ; the knight with heavy cheer,
 Wandring in vain, had now consum'd the year :
 One day was only left to solve the doubt, 205
 Yet knew no more than when he first set out.

Ver. 194. *And, as a bittour bumps &c.*] The mugient noise of the *bittor*, (to use the words of Sir Thomas Brown) by putting its bill into a reed, as most believe, which we term *bumping*, is not so easily made out. See *Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, b. iii. ch. 27. The paraphrase of an old commentator on the passage in Chaucer, to which the lines before us correspond, is, for the sake of an harmless laugh, worth citing :—
 “ She, (the wife of Midas) who had solemnly vowed never to disclose what he had recommended to her trust ; both to keep her oath, and yet disgorge her stomach of that secret which lay so petting and frying on her, as she must needs be delivered of it ; resolved one day to go down to a marrish near adjoyning, far remote from the sight or search of man ; where, just like as a bittern puts his beak in a reed, and through the hollowness of the cane makes a shrill and sharp sound, so lay Midas' wife with her mouth to the water, using these words :—*Dost thou heur, thou marrish ? my husband has a pair of asse's ears. This is a secret ; none but myself know of it ; I would not for a world impart it. So, now my heart is eased : my lace would have broke, if I had not disclosed it !*” *Comment upon two Tales of Chaucer, &c.* 12mo. Lond. 1665. p. 161. TODD.

But home he must, and as the award had been,
Yield up his body captive to the queen.

In this despairing state he hap'd to ride,
As fortune led him, by a forest side : 210

Lonely the vale, and full of horror stood,
Brown with the shade of a religious wood :

When full before him at the noon of night,
(The moon was up, and shot a gleamy light)

He saw a quire of ladies in a round 215

That featly footing seem'd to skim the ground :

Thus dancing hand in hand, so light they were,

He knew not where they trod, on earth or air.

At speed he drove, and came a sudden guest,

In hope where many women were, at least 220

Some one by chance might answer his request.

But faster than his horse the ladies flew,

And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.

One only hag remain'd ; but fouler far
Than grandame apes in Indian forests are ; 225

Against a wither'd oak she lean'd her weight,

Propp'd on her trusty staff, not half upright,

And dropp'd an aukward court'fy to the

knight.

Then said, What makes you, Sir, so late abroad

Without a guide, and this no beaten road ? 230

Or want you ought that here you hope to find,

Or travel for some trouble in your mind ?

The last I guess ; and if I read aright,

Those of our sex are bound to serve a knight ;

Perhaps good counfel may your grief affuage,
Then tell your pain ; for wifdom is in age. 236

To this the knight: Good mother, would you
know

The fecret caufe and fpring of all my woe?
My life muft with to-morrow's light expire,
Unlefs I tell what women moft defire. 240

Now could you help me at this hard effay,
Or for your inborn goodnefs, or for pay ;
Your's is my life, redeem'd by your advice,
Ask what you please, and I will pay the price:
The proudeft kerchief of the court fhall reft 245
Well fatisfy'd of what they love the beft.

Plight me thy faith, quoth ſhe, that what I ask,
Thy danger over, and perform'd thy task,
That thou fhalt give for hire of thy demand ;
Here take thy oath, and feal it on my hand ; 250
I warrant thee, on peril of my life,
Thy words fhall please both widow, maid, and
wife.

More words there needed not to move the
knight,

To take her offer, and his truth to plight. 254
With that ſhe ſpread a mantle on the ground,
And, firſt inquiring whither he was bound,
Bade him not fear, though long and rough the
way,

At court he ſhould arrive ere break of day ;

His horse should find the way without a guide.
 She said: with fury they began to ride, 260
 He on the midst, the beldam at his side.

The horse, what devil drove I cannot tell,
 But only this, they sped their journey well:
 And all the way the crone inform'd the knight,
 How he should answer the demand aright. 265

To court they came; the news was quickly
 spread

Of his returning to redeem his head.
 The female senate was assembled soon,
 With all the mob of women in the town:
 The queen sat lord chief justice of the hall, 270
 And bade the crier cite the criminal.

'The knight appear'd; and silence they proclaim:
 Then first the culprit answer'd to his name:
 And, after forms of law, was last requir'd
 To name the thing that women most desir'd. 275

'The offender, taught his lesson by the way,
 And by his counsel order'd what to say,
 Thus bold began: My lady liege, said he,
 What all your sex desire is, Sovereignty.
 The wife affects her husband to command; 280
 All must be her's, both money, house, and land.
 The maids are mistresses ev'n in their name;
 And of their servants full dominion claim.

This, at the peril of my head, I say, 284
 A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway,
 You to rule all, while we, like slaves, obey.

There was not one, or widow, maid, or wife,
But said the knight had well deserv'd his life.
Ev'n fair Geneura, with a blush, confess'd 289
The man had found what women love the best.

Upstarts the beldam, who was there unseen,
And, reverence made, accosted thus the queen:
My liege, said she, before the court arise,
May I, poor wretch, find favour in your eyes,
To grant my just request: 'twas I who taught 295
The knight this answer, and inspir'd his thought;
None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women, what we most affect.

But first I swore him on his knightly troth,
(And here demand performance of his oath) 300
To grant the boon that next I should desire;
He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:
My promise is fulfill'd: I fav'd his life,
And claim his debt, to take me for his wife. 304
The knight was ask'd, nor could his oath deny,
But hop'd they would not force him to comply.
The women, who would rather wrest the laws,
Than let a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,
And more attent to brothers of the bar) 310
Cry'd, one and all, the suppliant should have
right,

And to the grandame hag adjudg'd the knight.

In vain he sigh'd, and oft with tears desir'd,
Some reasonable suit might be requir'd. 314

But still the crone was constant to her note ;
The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her
throat.

In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to save
His body destin'd to that living grave.

The liquorish hag rejects the pelf with scorn ; 319

And nothing but the man would serve her turn.

Not all the wealth of eastern kings, said she,

Have power to part my plighted love, and me :

And, old and ugly as I am, and poor,

Yet never will I break the faith I swore ;

For mine thou art by promise, during life, 325

And I thy loving and obedient wife.

My love ! nay rather my damnation thou,

Said he : nor am I bound to keep my vow ;

The fiend thy fire hath sent thee from below, 329

Else how couldst thou my secret sorrows know ?

Avaunt, old witch, for I renounce thy bed :

The queen may take the forfeit of my head, }

Ere any of my race so foul a crone shall wed. }

Both heard, the judge pronounc'd against the

knight ;

So was he marry'd in his own despite : 335

And all day after hid him as an owl,

Not able to sustain a fight so foul.

Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong,

To pass the marriage feast, and nuptial song :

Mirth there was none, the man was a-la-mort,

And little courage had to make his court. 341

To bed they went, the bridegroom and the
bride:

Was never such an ill-pair'd couple ty'd:

Restless he tofs'd, and tumbled to and fro, 344

And roll'd, and wriggled further off, for woe.

The good old wife lay smiling by his side,

And caught him in her quivering arms, and
cry'd,

When you my ravish'd predeceffor saw,

You were not then become this man of straw;

Had you been such, you might have scap'd

the law. 350

Is this the custom of king Arthur's court?

Are all round-table knights of such a sort?

Remember I am she who sav'd your life,

Your loving, lawful, and complying wife:

Not thus you swore in your unhappy hour, 355

Nor I for this return employ'd my power.

In time of need I was your faithful friend;

Nor did I since, nor ever will offend.

Believe me, my lov'd lord, 'tis much unkind;

What fury has possess'd your alter'd mind? 360

Thus on my wedding night—without pre-
tence—

Come, turn this way, or tell me my offence.

If not your wife, let reason's rule persuade;

Name but my fault, amends shall soon be
made.

Amends! nay, that's impossible, said he, 365
 What change of age or ugliness can be?
 Or could Medea's magic mend thy face,
 Thou art descended from so mean a race,
 That never knight was match'd with such disgrace.

What wonder, madam, if I move my side, 370
 When, if I turn, I turn to such a bride?

And is this all that troubles you so fore?

And what the devil could'st thou wish me
 more?

Ah Benedicite, reply'd the crone: 374

Then cause of just complaining have you none.
 The remedy to this were soon apply'd,
 Would you be like the bridegroom to the bride:
 But, for you say a long descended race,
 And wealth, and dignity, and power, and place,
 Make gentlemen, and that your high degree 380
 Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me;
 Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
 Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
 The nobleman is he, whose noble mind
 Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from
 his kind. 385

The King of Heaven was in a manger laid;
 And took his earth but from an humble Maid;
 Then what can birth, or mortal men, bestow?
 Since floods no higher than their fountains
 flow.

We, who for name and empty honour strive,
Our true nobility from him derive. 391
Your ancestors, who puff your mind with pride,
And vast estates to mighty titles ty'd,
Did not your honour, but their own, advance ;
For virtue comes not by inheritance. 395
If you tralineate from your father's mind,
What are you else but of a bastard kind ?
Do, as your great progenitors have done,
And, by their virtues, prove yourself their son.
No father can infuse or wit or grace ; 400
A mother comes across, and mars the race.
A grandfire or a grandame taints the blood ;
And seldom three descents continue good.
Were virtue by descent, a noble name
Could never villanize his father's fame : 405
But, as the first, the last of all the line,
Would, like the sun, ev'n in descending shine.
Take fire, and bear it to the darkest house,
Betwixt king Arthur's court and Caucasus ;
If you depart, the flame shall still remain, 410
And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain :
Nor, till the fuel perish, can decay,
By nature form'd on things combustible to prey.
Such is not man, who, mixing better seed 414
With worse, begets a base degenerate breed :
The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind
No trace of all the great begetter's mind.

The father sinks within his son, we see,
 And often rises in the third degree;
 If better luck a better mother give, 420
 Chance gave us being, and by chance we live.
 Such as our atoms were, ev'n such are we,
 Or call it chance, or strong necessity:
 Thus loaded with dead weight, the will is free. }
 And thus it needs must be: for seed conjoin'd 425
 Lets into nature's work the imperfect kind;
 But fire, the enlivener of the general frame,
 Is one, its operation still the same.
 Its principle is in itself: while our's
 Works, as confederates war, with mingled
 powers; 430
 Or man or woman, which soever fails:
 And, oft, the vigour of the worse prevails.
 Æther with sulphur blended alters hue,
 And casts a dusky gleam of Sodom blue.
 Thus, in a brute, their ancient honour ends,
 And the fair mermaid in a fish descends: 436
 The line is gone; no longer duke or earl;
 But, by himself degraded, turns a churl.
 Nobility of blood is but renown
 Of thy great fathers by their virtue known, }
 And a long trail of light, to thee descending }
 down. 441

Ver. 439. *Nobility of blood is but renown
 Of thy great fathers by their virtue known,
 And a long trail of light, to thee descending down.]*

A great deal of this reasoning is copied from Boethius de
 Consol. l. iii. p. 6. JOHN WARTON.

If in thy smoke it ends, their glories shine ;
 But infamy and villanage are thine.
 Then what I said before is plainly show'd, 445
 The true nobility proceeds from God :
 Nor left us by inheritance, but given
 By bounty of our stars, and grace of heaven.
 Thus from a captive Servius 'Tullius rose,
 Whom for his virtues the first Romans chose : 450
 Fabricius from their walls repell'd the foe,
 Whose noble hands had exercis'd the plough.
 From hence, my lord, and love, I thus conclude,
 That though my homely ancestors were rude,
 Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace 455
 To make you father of a generous race :
 And noble then am I, when I begin,
 In virtue cloath'd, to cast the rags of sin.
 If poverty be my upbraided crime,
 And you believe in Heaven, there was a time 460
 When he, the great controller of our fate,
 Deign'd to be man ; and liv'd in low estate ;
 Which he who had the world at his dispose,
 If poverty were vice, would never choose.
 Philosophers have said, and poets sing, 465
 That a glad poverty's an honest thing.
 Content is wealth, the riches of the mind ;
 And happy he who can that treasure find.
 But the base miser starves amidst his store,
 Broods on his gold, and, griping still at more, }
 Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor. 471 }

The ragged beggar, though he want relief,
 Has not to lose, and sings before the thief.
 Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
 Because its virtues are not understood: 475
 Yet many things, impossible to thought,
 Have been by need to full perfection brought:
 The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
 Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
 Prudence at once, and fortitude, it gives, 480
 And, if in patience taken, mends our lives;
 For ev'n that indigence, that brings me low,
 Makes me myself, and Him above, to know.
 A good which none would challenge, few would
 choose,
 A fair possession, which mankind refuse. 485

Ver. 474. *Want is a bitter and a hateful good,*] “In this commendation of poverty, our author seems plainly to have had in view the following passage of a fabulous conference between the Emperor Adrian and Secundus the philosopher, reported by Vincent of Beauvais, Spec. His. l. x. c. 71. “*Quid est Paupertas? Odibile bonum; sanitatis mater; remotio curarum; sapientiæ repertrix; negotium sine damno; possessio absque calumniâ; sine sollicitudine felicitas.*” Tyrwhitt.

To which I beg to add, that Savage seems to have had this passage in his mind:

“By woe, *the soul to daring* action swells;
 By woe, in plaintless patience it excels;
 From patience, prudent dear experience springs,
 And traces knowledge thro’ the course of things!
 Thence hope is form’d, thence fortitude, success,
 Renown; whate’er men covet and caress.”

The last couplet is inferior to the original.

Poverté a spectakel is, as thinketh me,
 Thurgh which he may his veray frendes see.

Down to friend the lines are nervous and simple.

JOHN WARTON:

If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.
If I am old and ugly, well for you,
No lewd adulterer will my love pursue.
Nor jealousy, the bane of marry'd life, 490
Shall haunt you for a wither'd homely wife.
For age and ugliness, as all agree,
Are the best guards of female chastity.

Yet since I see your mind is worldly bent,
I'll do my best to further your content. 495
And therefore of two gifts in my dispose,
Think ere you speak, I grant you leave to choose:
Would you I should be still deform'd and old,
Nauseous to touch, and loathsome to behold;
On this condition to remain for life 500
A careful, tender, and obedient wife,
In all I can contribute to your ease,
And not in deed, or word, or thought displease:
Or would you rather have me young and fair,
And take the chance that happens to your share?
Temptations are in beauty, and in youth, 506
And how can you depend upon my truth?
Now weigh the danger with the doubtful bliss,
And thank yourself, if ought should fall amiss.

Sore sigh'd the knight, who this long sermon
heard; 510
At length considering all, his heart he chear'd;
And thus reply'd: My lady, and my wife,
To your wise conduct I resign my life:

Choose you for me, for well you understand
The future good and ill, on either hand : 515
But if an humble husband may request,
Provide, and order all things for the best ;
Your's be the care to profit, and to please :
And let your subject servant take his ease.

Then thus in peace, quoth she, concludes the
strife, 520

Since I am turn'd the husband, you the wife :
The matrimonial victory is mine,
Which, having fairly gain'd, I will resign ;
Forgive if I have said or done amiss,
And seal the bargain with a friendly kiss : 525
I promis'd you but one content to share,
But now I will become both good and fair.
No nuptial quarrel shall disturb your ease ;
The business of my life shall be to please :
And for my beauty, that, as time shall try, 530
But draw the curtain first, and cast your eye.
He look'd, and saw a creature heavenly fair,
In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.
With joy he turn'd, and seiz'd her ivory arm ;
And, like Pygmalion, found the statue warm. 535
Small arguments there needed to prevail,
A storm of kisses pour'd as thick as hail.
Thus long in mutual bliss they lay embrac'd,
And their first love continu'd to the last :
One sunshine was their life, no cloud between ;
Nor ever was a kinder couple seen. 541

And so may all our lives like their's be led ;
Heaven fend the maids young husbands fresh in
bed :

May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man. 545
And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.

And so may all our lives be led;
 Heaven send the young husbands true in

led;
 May wisdom wed us with a true
 And never for the better change the true
 And some do say that the true
 If he will not well be governed by his wife

GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train;
 An old, grey-headed, and religious man,
 His eyes dimm'd by a venerable age,
 And elastic joints in his aged frame;
 He was a true, though his nature was poor;
 (As God will) he was his own ambassador;
 For he, on earth, his blood of redemption bore;
 Of his own blood he was the seed;
 To live and die, but that he did too late;
 He was a true, to all to comfort and to cheer;
 And in his heart a true of righteousness;
 Yet, still the most of nothing of love in his heart;
 But such a love as grows in him, his heart;
 Nothing but a love, was in his heart;
 For he was a true, a true, a true;
 On earth he was a true, a true, a true;
 Nor ever was a kinder couple found

THE
CHARACTER
OF A
GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train ;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor ; 5
(As God had cloth'd his own ambassador ;)
For such, on earth, his blest'd Redeemer bore. }
Of sixty years he seem'd ; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast ;
Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense ; 10
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see :
But sweet regards ; and pleasing sanctity : 15 }
Mild was his accent, and his action free.

With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd ;
 Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher
 charm'd.

For letting down the golden chain from high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky : 20
 And oft, with holy hymns, he charm'd their
 ears :

(A music more melodious than the spheres.)

For David left him, when he went to rest,
 His lyre ; and after him he sung the best.
 He bore his great commission in his look : 25
 But sweetly temper'd awe ; and soften'd all he
 spoke.

He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of }
 hell ;
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal ; }
 But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell,
 He taught the gospel rather than the law ; 30
 And forc'd himself to drive ; but lov'd to draw.
 For fear but freezes minds : but love, like heat,
 Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native
 seat.

Ver. 19. *For letting down the golden chain from high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky :]*

An evident allusion to the allegory of the golden chain in the exordium of Homer's eighth book of the Iliad, which Pope, with a penetration, which is commended by the acute Dr. Clarke, explains as descriptive of the superior attractive force of the sun, whereby he continues unmoved, and draws all the rest of the planets towards him. JOHN WARTON.

To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
 Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm pre-
 par'd ; 35

But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
 He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
 Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
 As harbingers before the Almighty fly:
 Those but proclaim his stile, and disappear ; 40
 The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took ;
 But never su'd, or curs'd with bell and book.
 With patience bearing wrong ; but offering
 none :

Since every man is free to lose his own. 45
 The country churls, according to their kind,
 (Who grudge their dues, and love to be be-
 hind,)

Ver. 34—37.] Sol quondam et Aquilo, uter foret valentior,
 Delitigabant : domum iter qui carperet,
 Hominem videntes : in eum vires, inquiunt,
 Vicissim nostras experiri quid vetat ?
 Sciscunt, ut, ipsi pallium qui excusserit,
 Is jure merito sese victorem ferat.
 Tum primus Aquilo flatibus horrifonis furit :
 At se viator contra vim venti arctius
 Involvit : ergo, postquam profecit nihil
 Aquilo, calentem Sol emolitur facem,
 Sensimque radios insinuando per cutem
 Viatoris agit. Ille mox exæstuat ;
 Mox et gravi humeros pallio sponte exuit.
 Vim vi repellunt homines plerumque ; ast eos,
 Quo vult, volentes pertrahit benignitas.

Fab. Æsop. Desb. Fab. 1. lib. iii.

JOHN WARTON.

The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd the
more,

And prais'd a priest contented to be poor.

Yet of his little he had some to spare, 50

To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare :

For mortify'd he was to that degree,

A poorer than himself he would not see.

True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,

Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord ; 55

Nothing was their's ; but all the public store :

Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.

Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,

He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.

Wide was his parish ; not contracted close 60

In streets, but here and there a straggling house ;

Yet still he was at hand, without request,

To serve the sick ; to succour the distress'd :

Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,

The dangers of a dark tempestuous night. 65

All this, the good old man perform'd alone,

Nor spar'd his pains ; for curate he had none.

Nor durst he trust another with his care ;

Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,

To chaffer for preferment with his gold, 70

Where bishoprics and finecures are sold.

But duly watch'd his flock, by night and day ;

And from the prowling wolf redeemed the

prey :

And hungry sent the wily fox away.

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he chear'd :
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd. 76

His preaching much, but more his practice
wrought ;

(A living sermon of the truths he taught ;)

For this by rules severe his life he squar'd :

That all might see the doctrine which they
heard. 80

For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest :

(The gold of heaven, who bear the God im-
press'd :) 81

But when the precious coin is kept unclean,

The sovereign's image is no longer seen.

If they be foul on whom the people trust, 85

Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate, for his holy life he priz'd ;

The wordly pomp of prelacy despis'd,

His Saviour came not with a gaudy show ;

Nor was his kingdom of the world below. 90

Patience in want, and poverty of mind,

These marks of Church and Churchmen he
design'd, 91

And living taught, and dying left behind.

The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn :

In purple he was crucify'd, not born. 95

'They who contend for place and high degree,

Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.

Not but he knew the signs of earthly power

Might well become Saint Peter's successor ;

The holy father holds a double reign, 100
 The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must
 be plain.

Such was the faint; who shone with every
 grace,

Reflecting, Moses like, his Maker's face.

God saw his image lively was express'd;

And his own work, as in creation, bless'd. 105

The tempter saw him too with envious eye;
 And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.

He took the time when Richard was depos'd,

And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.

This prince, though great in arms, the priest
 withstood: 110

Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.

Had Richard, unconstrain'd, resign'd the
 throne,

A king can give no more than is his own:

The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a
 son.

Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside, 115
 Where all submitted, none the battle try'd.

The senseless plea of right by providence

Was, by a flattering priest, invented since;

And lasts no longer than the present sway;

But justifies the next who comes in play. 120

The people's right remains; let those who
 dare

Dispute their power, when they the judges are.

He join'd not in their choice, because he knew
 Worfe might, and often did, from change enfue.
 Much to himself he thought ; but little spoke ;
 And, undpriv'd, his benefice forfook. 126

Now, through the land, his cure of souls he
 stretch'd :

And like a primitive apostle preach'd.
 Still chearful ; ever constant to his call ;
 By many follow'd ; lov'd by most ; admir'd by
 all. 130

With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd ;
 And gave the charities himself receiv'd.
 Gave, while he taught ; and edify'd the more,
 Because he shew'd, by proof, 'twas easy to be
 poor.

He went not with the crowd to see a shrine ;
 But fed us, by the way, with food divine. 136

In deference to his virtues, I forbear
 To shew you what the rest in orders were :
 This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
 He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper
 light, 140

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

BOCCACE.

BOCCACE.

IV, 1

*SIGISMONDA†

AND

GUISCARDO.

WHILE Norman Tancred in Salerno
reign'd,

The title of a gracious prince he gain'd ;

* This story was translated into Latin by one of the first restorers of literature, and entitled, *Libellus de Duobus Amantibus Guiscardo and Sigismundâ, Tancredi Filiâ, in Latinum ex Boccatio convertit Leonardus Aretinus, 1475.* Dryden says he would not have translated the story of Sigismunda if he had recollected the resemblance it bore to the argument of the Wife of Bath's tale, the preferring virtue to nobility of blood and titles. Surely he could not think this ludicrous tale of Chaucer equal to the striking and pathetic story of Sigismunda.

Dr. J. WARTON.

† The story of these lovers has often employed the pens of poets and narrators. Witness the following productions :

Efopi Fabelle translate è greco à Laurentio Vallengi. Subnec- titur Boccatii Hist. de *Guiscardi et Sigismondi Amore*, à Leon. Aretino in latinum sermonem conversa an. 1438. f. l. aut a. 4to.

Le Livre des deux Amans, *Guiscard et Sigismunde*, fille de Tancredus ; trad. du latin de Léonard Arétin en rime fran- çoise, par Jehan Fleury, dit Floridus. Paris. f. d. 4to.

La piteuse et lamentable Historie du vaillant et vertueux Che- valier *Guiscard*, et *Gismunde* Princesse de Salerne. Lyon, 1520 16mo.

Fabula Tancredi, ex Boccatio in Latinum versa à Philippo

Till turn'd a tyrant in his latter days,
 He lost the lustre of his former praise;
 And, from the bright meridian where he stood
 Descending, dipp'd his hands in lovers' blood. 6
 This prince, of Fortune's favour long possess'd,
 Yet was with one fair daughter only blest'd;
 And blest'd he might have been with her alone:
 But oh! how much more happy had he none!
 She was his care, his hope, and his delight, 11
 Most in his thought, and ever in his fight:
 Next, nay beyond his life, he held her dear;
 She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her.

Beroaldo, in lib. intitul. De fide Concubinarum in suos Pfaffos, 4to. f. l. 1501. sign. G. 3.

See also Mémoires Historiques sur la Maison de Coucy, sur la véritable aventure de la *Dame de Faïel*, &c. Par M. De Belloy, 8vo. Paris, 1770.

There is *Il Tancredi*, Tragedia di Ridolfo Campeggi, 4to. Bologna, 1614. Sir Henry Wotton, as we are informed by Isaac Walton, wrote a tragedy entitled *Tancredo*; but it does not appear to have been published. Thomson, we know, has given us a tragical drama of *Tancred and Sigismunda*; founded, however, not on the story, which is the theme of Dryden's fable, but on an interesting narrative in *Gil Blas*.

See also Certaine worthye manuscript Poems of great antiquitie, reserved long in the Studie of a Northfolke Gentleman, and now first published by J. S. containing, The Stately Tragedy of *Guistard and Sismond*; the Northern Mother's Blessing, &c. 12mo. 1597. TODD.

Ver. 1. *While Norman*] Barretti, in his positive and dogmatical manner, has the assurance to attack the style of Boccacio, against the established opinion of all his countrymen, in his *View of Italy*, a book daringly full of weak justifications of all the absurdities of Popery. I wonder he did not applaud Sextus V. for the speech he made in defending the murder of Henry III. by Jaques Clement, a Dominican friar; which speech was printed at Paris in 1589, and there is a copy of it in Lord Somers's Tracts. Dr. J. WARTON.

For this, when ripe for marriage, he delay'd 15
 Her nuptial bands, and kept her long a maid,
 As envying any else should share a part
 Of what was his, and claiming all her heart.
 At length, as public decency requir'd,
 And all his vassals eagerly desir'd, 20
 With mind averse, he rather underwent
 His people's will, than gave his own consent.
 So was she torn, as from a lover's side,
 And made almost in his despite a bride.

Short were her marriage joys; for, in the
 prime 25
 Of youth, her lord expir'd before his time;
 And to her father's court in little space
 Restor'd anew, she held a higher place;
 More lov'd, and more exalted into grace. }
 This princess, fresh and young, and fair and
 wife, 30
 The worship'd idol of her father's eyes,
 Did all her sex in every grace exceed,
 And had more wit beside than women need.

Ver. 26. ——— *her lord expir'd before his time;*] Mallet,
 by the same simple expression, gives considerable interest to his
 narration of Margaret's death, in his celebrated ballad:

“But love had, like the canker-worm,
 “Consum'd her early prime;
 “The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
 “*She died before her time.*”

TODD.

Youth, health, and ease, and most an amorous mind,
 To second nuptials had her thoughts inclin'd :
 And former joys had left a secret sting behind.

36

But, prodigal in every other grant,
 Her fire left unsupply'd her only want ;
 And she, betwixt her modesty and pride,
 Her wishes, which she could not help, would hide.

40

Resolv'd at last to lose no longer time,
 And yet to please herself without a crime,
 She cast her eyes around the court, to find
 A worthy subject suiting to her mind,
 To him in holy nuptials to be ty'd,
 A seeming widow, and a secret bride.
 Among the train of courtiers, one she found
 With all the gifts of bounteous nature crown'd,
 Of gentle blood ; but one whose niggard fate
 Had set him far below her high estate ;
 Guiscard his name was call'd, of blooming age,
 Now squire to Tancred, and before his page :
 To him, the choice of all the shining crowd,
 Her heart the noble Sigismonda vow'd.

45

50

Yet hitherto she kept her love conceal'd,
 And with those graces every day beheld
 The graceful youth ; and every day increas'd
 The raging fires that burn'd within her breast ;

55

Some secret charm did all his acts attend,
 And what his fortune wanted, hers could mend ;
 Till, as the fire will force its outward way, 61
 Or, in the prison pent, consume the prey ;
 So long her earnest eyes on his were set,
 At length their twisted rays together met ;
 And he, surpris'd with humble joy, survey'd 65
 One sweet regard, shot by the royal maid :
 Not well assur'd, while doubtful hopes he
 nurs'd,
 A second glance came gliding like the first ;
 And he, who saw the sharpness of the dart,
 Without defence receiv'd it in his heart. 70
 In public, though their passion wanted speech,
 Yet mutual looks interpreted for each ;
 Time, ways, and means of meeting were deny'd ;
 But all those wants ingenious love supply'd.
 The inventive god, who never fails his part, 75
 Inspires the wit, when once he warms the heart :
 When Guiscard next was in the circle seen,
 Where Sigismonda held the place of queen,
 A hollow cane within her hand she brought,
 But in the concave had enclos'd a note ; 80
 With this she seem'd to play, and, as in sport,
 Toss'd to her love, in presence of the court ;
 Take it, she said ; and when your needs require,
 This little brand will serve to light your fire.

He took it with a bow, and soon divin'd 85
 The seeming toy was not for nought design'd :
 But when retir'd, so long with curious eyes
 He view'd his present, that he found the prize.
 Much was in little writ; and all convey'd
 With cautious care, for fear to be betray'd 90
 By some false confident, or favourite maid. }
 The time, the place, the manner how to meet,
 Were all in punctual order plainly writ :
 But since a trust must be, she thought it best }
 To put it out of laymen's power at least ; 95
 And for their solemn vows prepar'd a priest. }

Guiscard (her secret purpose understood)
 With joy prepar'd to meet the coming good ;
 Nor pains nor danger was resolv'd to spare,
 But use the means appointed by the fair. 100

Next the proud palace of Salerno stood
 A mount of rough ascent, and thick with wood.
 Through this a cave was dug with vast expence :
 The work it seem'd of some suspicious prince,
 Who, when abusing power with lawless might,
 From public justice would secure his flight. 106
 The passage made by many a winding way,
 Reach'd ev'n the room in which the tyrant lay.
 Fit for his purpose, on a lower floor,
 He lodg'd, whose issue was an iron door ; 110
 From whence, by stairs descending to the
 ground,
 In the blind grot a safe retreat he found.

Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown
 With brambles, choak'd by time, and now un-
 known.

A rift there was, which from the mountain's
height

Convey'd a glimmering and malignant light,
 A breathing-place to draw the damps away,
 A twilight of an intercepted day.

The tyrant's den, whose use, though lost to
 fame,

Was now the apartment of the royal dame; 120
 The cavern only to her father known,
 By him was to his darling daughter shown.

Neglected long she let the secret rest,
 Till love recall'd it to her labouring breast,
 And hinted as the way by heaven design'd 125
 The teacher, by the means he taught, to blind.
 What will not women do, when need inspires
 Their wit, or love their inclination fires!

Though jealousy of state the invention found,
 Yet love refin'd upon the former ground. 130
 That way, the tyrant had reserv'd, to fly
 Pursuing hate, now serv'd to bring two lovers
 nigh.

The dame, who long in vain had kept the key,
 Bold by desire, explor'd the secret way;
 Now try'd the stairs, and, wading through the
 night

Search'd all the deep recess, and issu'd into
 light. 135

get
All this her letter had so well explain'd,
The instructed youth might compass what re-
main'd ;

2 The cavern's mouth alone was hard to find,
Because the path, diffus'd, was out of mind: 140

But in what quarter of the copse it lay, = *coppice* 187
His eye by certain level could survey :

2 Yet (for the wood perplex'd with thorns he
knew)

A frock of leather o'er his limbs he drew ;
And thus provided, search'd the brake around,
Till the choak'd entry of the cave he found. 146

Thus, all prepar'd, the promis'd hour arriv'd,
So long expected, and so well contriv'd :

With love to friend, the impatient lover went,
Fenc'd from the thorns, and trod the deep de-
scend. 150

1/100 The conscious priest, who was suborn'd before,
Stood ready posted at the postern door ; 122 (N. 2)
The maids in distant rooms were sent to rest,
And nothing wanted but the invited guest.

He came, and knocking thrice without delay,
The longing lady heard, and turn'd the key ; 156
At once invaded him with all her charms,
And the first step he made was in her arms :

Ver. 149. *With love to friend,*] An expression from Spenser,
Faer. Qu. iii. iii. 14.

"Untill the hardy Mayd (with *Love to friend*)

"First entering, &c." TODD.

The leathern outside, boisterous as it was,
 Gave way, and bent beneath her strict em-
 brace: 160

On either side the kisses flew so thick,
 That neither he nor she had breath to speak.
 The holy man, amaz'd at what he saw,
 Made haste to sanctify the blifs by law;
 And mutter'd fast the matrimony o'er, 165
 For fear committed sin should get before.

His work perform'd, he left the pair alone,
 Because he knew he could not go too soon;
 His presence odious, when his task was done. }
 What thoughts he had beseems me not to
 say; 170

Though some surmise he went to fast and pray,
 And needed both to drive the tempting
 thoughts away. }

The foe once gone, they took their full de-
 light;

'Twas restless rage, and tempest all the night;
 For greedy love each moment would employ,
 And grudg'd the shortest pauses of their joy. 176
 Thus were their loves auspiciously begun,
 And thus with secret care were carried on.

The stealth itself did appetite restore,
 And look'd so like a sin, it pleas'd the more. 180

The cave was now become a common way,
 The wicket, often open'd, knew the key:

g. H., quivered

Love rioted secure, and long enjoy'd,
Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd. *(clone)*

But as extremes are short, of ill and good, 185
And tides at highest mark regorge their flood;
So fate, that could no more improve their joy,
Took a malicious pleasure to destroy.

Tancred, who fondly lov'd, and whose de-
light
Was plac'd in his fair daughter's daily sight, 190
Of custom, when his state affairs were done,
Would pass his pleasing hours with her alone;
And, as a father's privilege allow'd,
Without attendance of the officious crowd.

It happen'd once, that when in heat of day
He try'd to sleep, as was his usual way, 196
The balmy slumber fled his wakeful eyes,
And forc'd him, in his own despite, to rise:
Of sleep forsaken, to relieve his care,
He sought the conversation of the fair; 200
But with her train of damsels she was gone,
In shady walks the scorching heat to shun:
He would not violate that sweet recess,
And found besides a welcome heaviness,
That seiz'd his eyes; and slumber, which for-
got, 205
When call'd before, to come, now came un-
sought.

From light retir'd, behind his daughter's bed,
He for approaching sleep compos'd his head;

A chair was ready, for that use design'd,
 So quilted, that he lay at ease reclin'd ; 210
 The curtains closely drawn, the light to skreen,
 As if he had contriv'd to lie unseen :
 Thus cover'd with an artificial night,
 Sleep did his office soon, and seal'd his sight.

With heaven averse, in this ill omen'd hour
 Was Guiscard summon'd to the secret bower, 216
 And the fair nymph, with expectation fir'd,
 From her attending damsels was retir'd :
 For, true to love, she measur'd time so right,
 As not to miss one moment of delight. 220
 The garden, seated on the level floor,
 She left behind, and locking every door,
 Thought all secure ; but little did she know,
 Blind to her fate, she had enclos'd her foe.
 Attending Guiscard, in his leathern frock, 225
 Stood ready, with his thrice-repeated knock :
 Thrice with a doleful sound the jarring grate
 Rung deaf and hollow, and presag'd their fate.
 The door unlock'd, to known delight they
 haste,

And, panting in each other's arms embrac'd,
 Rush to the conscious bed, a mutual freight, 231
 And heedless press it with their wonted weight.

The sudden bound awak'd the sleeping fire,
 And shew'd a sight no parent can desire ;
 His opening eyes at once with odious view 235
 The love discover'd, and the lover knew :

He would have cry'd ; but hoping that he
 dreamt,
 Amazement ty'd his tongue, and stopp'd the
 attempt.

The ensuing moment all the truth declar'd,
 But now he stood collected, and prepar'd, 240
 For malice and revenge had put him on his
 guard.

So like a lion that unheeded lay,
 Diffembling sleep, and watchful to betray,
 With inward rage he meditates his prey.
 The thoughtless pair, indulging their desires ;
 Alternate, kindled, and then quench'd their
 fires ; 246

Nor thinking in the shades of death they
 play'd,
 Full of themselves, themselves alone survey'd,
 And, too secure, were by themselves betray'd.
 Long time dissolv'd in pleasure thus they lay, 250
 Till nature could no more suffice their play ;
 Then rose the youth, and through the cave
 again

Return'd ; the princess mingled with her train.
 Resolv'd his unripe vengeance to defer,
 The royal spy, when now the coast was clear,
 Sought not the garden, but retir'd unseen, 256
 To brood in secret on his gather'd spleen,
 And methodize revenge : to death he griev'd ;
 And, but he saw the crime, had scarce believ'd.

The appointment for the ensuing night he
heard; 260

And therefore in the cavern had prepar'd
Two brawny yeomen of his trusty guard. 6

Scarce had unwary Guiscard set his foot
Within the foremost entrance of the grot,
When these in secret ambush ready lay, 265
And rushing on the sudden seiz'd the prey:
Encumber'd with his frock, without defence,
An easy prize, they led the prisoner thence,
And, as commanded, brought before the
prince.

The gloomy fire, too sensible of wrong, 270
To vent his rage in words, restrain'd his tongue,
And only said, Thus servants are preferr'd,
And, trusted, thus their sovereigns they reward.
Had I not seen, had not these eyes receiv'd
Too clear a proof, I could not have believ'd.

He paus'd and choak'd the rest. The youth,
who saw 276

His forfeit life abandon'd to the law,
The judge the accuser, and the offence to him
Who had both power and will to avenge the
crime,

No vain defence prepar'd; but thus reply'd:
The faults of love by love are justify'd: 281
With unresisted might the monarch reigns,
He levels mountains, and he raises plains;

And, not regarding difference of degree,
Abas'd your daughter, and exalted me. 285

This bold return with seeming patience
heard,

The prisoner was remitted to the guard.
The sullen tyrant slept not all the night,
But, lonely walking by a winking light,
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his wi-
ther'd breast, 290

But would not violate his daughter's rest ;
Who long expecting lay, for bliss prepar'd,
Lifting for noise, and griev'd that none she
heard ;

Oft rose, and oft in vain employ'd the key, }
And oft accus'd her lover of delay ; 295 }
And pass'd the tedious hours in anxious }
thoughts away. }

The morrow came ; and at his usual hour
Old Tancred visited his daughter's bower ;
Her cheek (for such his custom was,) he
kiss'd,

Then bless'd her kneeling, and her maids dis-
miss'd. 300

The royal dignity thus far maintain'd,
Now left in private, he no longer feign'd ;
But all at once his grief and rage appear'd,
And floods of tears ran trickling down his
beard.

O Sigismonda, he began to say : 305
 Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to
 stay,
 Till words with often trying found their way :
 I thought, O Sigismonda, (but how blind
 Are parents' eyes, their children's faults to
 find !)

Thy virtue, birth, and breeding were above 310
 A mean desire, and vulgar sense of love :
 Nor less than sight and hearing could con-
 vince
 So fond a father, and so just a prince,
 Of such an unforeseen, and unbeliev'd of-
 fence.

Then what indignant sorrow must I have, 315
 To see thee lye subjected to my slave !
 A man so smelling of the people's lee, *lee's 2*
 The court receiv'd him first for charity ;
 And since with no degree of honour grac'd,
 But only suffer'd, where he first was plac'd. 320
 A groveling insect still ; and so design'd *sd*
 By nature's hand, nor born of noble kind :

Ver. 306. *Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to stay,
 Till words with often trying found their way :]*

This is a feeble imitation of Milton's fallen archangel, Par.
 L. B. i. 619.

“ Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
 “ Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth : at last
 “ Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.”
 TORD.

A thing, by neither man nor woman priz'd,
 And scarcely known enough to be despis'd.
 To what has heaven reserv'd my age? Ah!

 why 325
 Should man, when nature calls, not chuse to
 die,

· Rather than stretch the span of life, to find
 Such ills as fate has wisely cast behind,
 For those to feel, whom fond desire to live
 Makes covetous of more than life can give! 330
 Each has his share of good; and when 'tis gone,
 The guest, though hungry, cannot rise too soon.
 But I, expecting more, in my own wrong
 Protracting life, have liv'd a day too long.
 If yesterday could be recall'd again, 335
 Ev'n now would I conclude my happy reign:
 But 'tis too late, my glorious race is run,
 And a dark cloud o'ertakes my setting sun.
 Hadst thou not lov'd, or loving fav'd the shame,
 If not the sin, by some illustrious name, 340
 'This little comfort had reliev'd my mind,
 'Twas frailty, not unusual to thy kind:
 But thy low fall beneath thy royal blood,
 Shews downward appetite to mix with mud:
 Thus not the least excuse is left for thee, 345
 Nor the least refuge for unhappy me.

For him I have resolv'd: whom by surprize
 I took, and scarce can call it, in disguise;

For such was his attire, as, with intent
Of nature, suited to his mean descent : 350

The harder question yet remains behind,
What pains a parent and a prince can find
To punish an offence of this degenerate kind. }

As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee, more
Than ever father lov'd a child before ; 355
So that indulgence draws me to forgive :
Nature, that gave thee life, would have thee
live.

But, as a public parent of the state,
My justice, and thy crime, requires thy fate.
Fain would I choose a middle course to steer ;
Nature's too kind, and justice too severe : 361
Speak for us both, and to the balance bring
On either side the father and the king.
Heaven knows, my heart is bent to favour thee ;
Make it but scanty weight, and leave the rest
to me. 365

Here stopping with a sigh, he pour'd a flood
Of tears, to make his last expression good.
She, who had heard him speak, nor saw alone
The secret conduct of her love was known,
But he was taken who her soul possess'd, 370
Felt all the pangs of sorrow in her breast :
And little wanted, but a woman's heart,
With cries and tears, had testified her smart ;
But inborn worth, that fortune can controul,
New strung, and stiffer bent her softer soul ; 375

The heroine assum'd the woman's place,
Confirm'd her mind, and fortify'd her face :
Why should she beg, or what could she pretend,
When her stern father had condemn'd her
friend ?

Her life she might have had ; but her despair
Of saving his, had put it past her care ; 381
Resolv'd on fate, she would not lose her breath,
But, rather than not die, solicit death.
Fix'd on this thought, she not, as women use,
Her fault by common frailty would excuse ; 385
But boldly justify'd her innocence,
And, while the fact was own'd, deny'd the of-
fence :

Then with dry eyes, and with an open look,
She met his glance mid-way, and thus un-
daunted spoke,

Tancred, I neither am dispos'd to make 390
Request for life, nor offer'd life to take ;
Much less deny the deed ; but least of all
Beneath pretended justice weakly fall.
My words to sacred truth shall be confin'd,
My deeds shall shew the greatness of my mind.
That I have lov'd, I own ; that still I love, 396
I call to witness all the powers above :
Yet more I own : to Guiscard's love I give
The small remaining time I have to live ;
And if beyond this life desire can be, 400
Not fate itself shall set my passion free.

This first avow'd ; nor folly warp'd my mind,
 Nor the frail texture of the female kind
 Betray'd my virtue : for, too well I knew
 What honour was, and honour had his due : 405
 Before the holy priest my vows were ty'd,
 So came I not a strumpet, but a bride.

This for my fame, and for the public voice :
 Yet more, his merits justify'd my choice :
 Which had they not, the first election thine, 410
 That bond dissolv'd, the next is freely mine ;
 Or grant I err'd, (which yet I must deny)
 Had parents power ev'n second vows to tie,
 Thy little care to mend my widow'd nights,
 Has forc'd me to recourse of marriage rites,
 To fill an empty side, and follow known de-
 lights. 416

What have I done in this, deserving blame ?
 State-laws may alter : nature's are the same ;
 Those are usurp'd on helpless woman-kind,
 Made without our consent, and wanting power
 to bind. 420

Thou, Tancred, better shouldst have under-
 stood,

That as thy father gave thee flesh and blood,
 So gav'st thou me : not from the quarry hew'd, *hew*
 But of a softer mould, with sense endu'd ;
 Ev'n softer than thy own, of suppler kind, 425
 More exquisite of taste, and more than man
 refin'd.

sprightly
 Nor need'st thou by thy daughter to be told,
 Though now thy sprightly blood with age be
 cold.

Thou hast been young: and canst remember
 still,

That when thou hadst the power, thou hadst
 the will ; 430

And from the past experience of thy fires,
 Canst tell with what a tide our strong desires
 Come rushing on in youth, and what their
 rage requires. }

And grant thy youth was exercis'd in arms,
 When love no leisure found for softer charms,
 My tender age in luxury was train'd, 436
 With idle ease and pageants entertain'd ;
 My hours my own, my pleasures unrestrain'd. }
 So bred, no wonder if I took the bent
 That seem'd ev'n warranted by thy consent, 440
 For, when the father is too fondly kind,
 Such seed he sows, such harvest shall he find.
 Blame then thyself, as reason's law requires,
 (Since nature gave, and thou foment'st my
 fires ;)

If still those appetites continue strong, 445
 Thou may'st consider I am yet but young :
 Consider too that, having been a wife,
 I must have tasted of a better life,
 And am not to be blam'd, if I renew 449
 By lawful means the joys which then I knew.

Where was the crime, if pleasure I procur'd,
 Young, and a woman, and to bliss inur'd!
 That was my case, and this is my defence:
 I pleas'd myself, I shunn'd incontinence,
 And, urg'd by strong desires, indulg'd my
 sense.

young of age

455

Left to myself, I must avow, I strove,
 From public shame to screen my secret love,
 And, well acquainted with thy native pride,
 Endeavour'd, what I could not help, to
 hide;

For which a woman's wit an easy way sup-
 ply'd.

460

How this, so well contriv'd, so closely laid,
 Was known to thee, or by what chance be-
 tray'd,

Is not my care; to please thy pride alone,
 I could have wish'd it had been still unknown.

Nor took I Guiscard by blind fancy led, 465
 Or hasty choice, as many women wed;
 But with deliberate care, and ripen'd thought,
 At leisure first design'd, before I wrought:
 On him I rested, after long debate,
 And not without considering, fix'd my fate: 470
 His flame was equal, though by mine inspir'd;
 (For so the difference of our birth requir'd;)
 Had he been born like me, like me his love
 Had first begun, what mine was forc'd to move:

But thus beginning, thus we persevere ; 475
 Our passions yet continue what they were,
 Nor length of trial makes our joys the less sin-
 cere.

At this my choice, though not by thine al-
 low'd,
 (Thy judgment herding with the common
 crowd)

Thou tak'st unjust offence ; and, led by them,
 Dost less the merit, than the man esteem. 481
 Too sharply, Tancred, by thy pride betray'd,
 Hast thou against the laws of kind inveigh'd :
 For all the offence is in opinion plac'd,
 Which deems high birth by lowly choice de-
 bas'd. 485

This thought alone with fury fires thy breast,
 (For holy marriage justifies the rest)

That I have sunk the glories of the state,
 And mix'd my blood with a plebeian mate ;

In which I wonder thou should'st oversee 490
 Superior causes, or impute to me
 The fault of fortune, or the fates' decree.

Or call it heaven's imperial power alone,
 Which moves on springs of justice, though un-
 known.

Yet this we see, though order'd for the best, 495
 The bad exalted, and the good oppress'd ;
 Permitted laurels grace the lawless brow,
 The unworthy rais'd, the worthy cast below.

But leaving that: search we the secret
springs,

And backward trace the principles of things;
There shall we find, that when the world began,
One common mass compos'd the mould of man;
One paste of flesh on all degrees bestow'd,
And kneaded up alike with moistning blood.

The same almighty power inspir'd the frame 505
With kindled life, and form'd the souls the
same:

The faculties of intellect and will
Dispens'd with equal hand, dispos'd with equal
skill,

Like liberty indulg'd, with choice of good or
ill:

Thus born alike, from virtue first began 510
The difference that distinguish'd man from
man:

He claim'd no title from descent of blood,
But that, which made him noble, made him
good:

Warm'd with more particles of heavenly
flame,
He wing'd his upward flight, and soar'd to
fame; 515

The rest remain'd below, a tribe without a
name.

This law, though custom now diverts the
course,
As nature's institute, is yet in force;

Uncancell'd, though diffus'd; and he, whose
mind

Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind; 520

Though poor in fortune, of celestial race;

And he commits the crime, who calls him base.

Now lay the line; and measure all thy court,
By inward virtue, not external port;

And find whom justly to prefer above 525

The man on whom my judgment plac'd my
love:

So shalt thou see his parts and person shine;

And thus compar'd, the rest a base degenerate
line.

Nor took I, when I first survey'd thy court,

His valour, or his virtues, on report; 530

But trusted what I ought to trust alone,

Relying on thy eyes, and not my own;

Thy praise (and thine was then the public
voice)

First recommended Guiscard to my choice:

Directed thus by thee, I look'd, and found 535

A man I thought deserving to be crown'd;

First by my father pointed to my sight,

Nor less conspicuous by his native light;

His mind, his mien, the features of his face,

Excelling all the rest of human race: 540

These were thy thoughts, and thou could'st
judge aright,

Till interest made a jaundice in thy sight;

Or should I grant thou didst not rightly see ;
 Then thou wert first deceiv'd, and I deceiv'd
 by thee. 544

But if thou shalt alledge, through pride of mind,
 Thy blood with one of base condition join'd,
 'Tis false ; for 'tis not baseness to be poor ;
 His poverty augments thy crime the more ;
approaches Upbraids thy justice with the scant regard
 Of worth ; whom princes praise, they should
 reward. 550

Are these the kings entrusted by the crowd
 With wealth, to be dispens'd for common good ?
 The people sweat not for their king's delight,
 To enrich a pimp, or raise a parasite ; *King Lear* 554
 Theirs is the toil ; and he, who well has serv'd
 His country, has his country's wealth deserv'd.
 Ev'n mighty monarchs oft are meanly born,
 And kings by birth to lowest rank return ;
 All subject to the power of giddy chance,
 For fortune can depress, or can advance : 560
 But true nobility is of the mind,
 Not given by chance, and not to chance re-
 sign'd.

For the remaining doubt of thy decree,
 What to resolve, and how dispose of me,
 Be warn'd to cast that useless care aside, 565
 Myself alone will for myself provide.
 If in thy doting and decrepit age,
 Thy soul, a stranger in thy youth to rage,

Begins in cruel deeds to take delight,
 Gorge with my blood thy barbarous appetite,
 For I so little am dispos'd to pray 571
 For life, I would not cast a wish away.
 Such as it is, the offence is all my own ;
 And what to Guiscard is already done,
 Or to be done, is doom'd by thy decree, 575 }
 That, if not executed first by thee, }
 Shall on my person be perform'd by me.
 Away, with women weep, and leave me here,
 Fix'd, like a man, to die without a tear ;
 Or save, or slay us both this present hour, 580
 'Tis all that fate has left within thy power.

She said ; nor did her father fail to find,
 In all she spoke, the greatness of her mind ;
 Yet thought she was not obstinate to die,
 Nor deem'd the death she promis'd was so
 nigh : 585

Secure in this belief, he left the dame,
 Resolv'd to spare her life, and save her shame ;
 But that detested object to remove,
 To wreak his vengeance, and to cure her love.

Intent on this, a secret order sign'd 590
 The death of Guiscard to his guards enjoin'd ;
 Strangling was chosen, and the night the time,
 A mute revenge, and blind as was the crime :
 His faithful heart, a bloody sacrifice, 594
 Torn from his breast, to glut the tyrant's eyes,

Clos'd the severe command : for (slaves to pay)
 What kings decree, the foldier must obey :
 Wag'd against foes ; and when the wars are o'er,
 Fit only to maintain despotic power :

Dangerous to freedom, and desir'd alone 600

By kings, who seek an arbitrary throne.

Such were these guards ; as ready to have slain
 The prince himself, allur'd with greater gain ;

So was the charge perform'd with better will,

By men inur'd to blood, and exercis'd in ill. 605

Now, though the sullen fire had eas'd his
 mind,

The pomp of his revenge was yet behind,

A pomp prepar'd to grace the present he de-
 sign'd.

A goblet rich with gems, and rough with gold,
 Of depth, and breadth, the precious pledge to
 hold, 610

With cruel care he chose : the hollow part

Inclos'd, the lid conceal'd the lover's heart :

Then of his trusted mischiefs one he sent,

And bade him with these words the gift pre-
 sent :

Thy father sends thee this to cheer thy breast,

And glad thy fight with what thou lov'st the
 best ; 616

As thou hast pleas'd his eyes, and joy'd his
 mind,

With what he lov'd the most of human kind.

Ere this the royal dame, who well had
weigh'd

The consequence of what her fire had said, 620
Fix'd on her fate, against the expected hour,
Procur'd the means to have it in her power ;
For this, she had distill'd with early care,

Exquisite The juice of simples friendly to despair,
A magazine of death, and thus prepar'd, 625
Secure to die, the fatal message heard :

Then smil'd severe ; nor with a troubled look,
Or trembling hand the funeral present took :
Ev'n kept her countenance, when the lid re-
mov'd

Disclos'd the heart, unfortunately lov'd ; 630
She needed not be told, within whose breast
It lodg'd ; the message had explain'd the rest.
Or not amaz'd, or hiding her surprize,
She sternly on the bearer fix'd her eyes :

Then thus ; Tell Tancred, on his daughter's
part, 635
The gold, though precious, equals not the
heart :

But he did well to give his best ; and I,
Who wish'd a worthier urn, forgive his poverty.

At this she curb'd a groan, that else had
come, 639

And pausing, view'd the present in the tomb ;
Then, to the heart ador'd devoutly glew'd
Her lips, and raising it, her speech renew'd :

Ev'n from my day of birth, to this, the bound
 Of my unhappy being, I have found
 My father's care and tenderness express'd ; 645
 But this last act of love excels the rest :

For this so dear a present, bear him back
 The best return that I can live to make.

The messenger dispatch'd, again she view'd
 The lov'd remains, and sighing thus pursu'd :
 Source of my life, and lord of my desires, 651
 In whom I liv'd, with whom my soul expires,
 Poor heart, no more the spring of vital heat,
 Curs'd be the hands that tore thee from thy
 feat ! 654

The course is finish'd which thy fates decreed,
 And thou from thy corporeal prison freed :
 Soon hast thou reach'd the goal with mended
 pace,

A world of woes dispatch'd in little space.
 Forc'd by thy worth, thy foe, in death become
 Thy friend, has lodg'd thee in a costly tomb.
 There yet remain'd thy funeral exequies, 661
 The weeping tribute of thy widow's eyes,
 And those, indulgent heaven has found the way
 That I, before my death, have leave to pay.
 My father ev'n in cruelty is kind, 665
 Or heaven has turn'd the malice of his mind
 To better uses than his hate design'd ;
 And made the insult, which in his gift appears,
 The means to mourn thee with my pious tears ;

Which I will pay thee down, before I go, 670
 And save myself the pains to weep below,
 If souls can weep. Though once I meant to
 meet

My fate with face unmov'd, and eyes unwet,
 Yet since I have thee here in narrow room,
 My tears shall set thee first afloat within thy
 tomb : 675

Then (as I know thy spirit hovers nigh)
 Under thy friendly conduct will I fly
 To regions unexplor'd, secure to share
 Thy state ; nor hell shall punishment appear ;
 And heaven is double heaven, if thou art
 there. 680

She said : her brimful eyes, that ready stood,
 And only wanted will to keep a flood,
 Releas'd their watry store, and pour'd amain,
 Like clouds low hung, a sober shower of rain ;
 Mute solemn sorrow, free from female noise,
 Such as the majesty of grief destroys ; 686
 For, bending o'er the cup, the tears she shed
 Seem'd by the posture to discharge her head,
 O'er fill'd before ; and (oft her mouth apply'd
 To the cold heart,) she kiss'd at once, and cry'd.
 Her maids, who stood amaz'd, nor knew the
 cause 691

Of her complaining, nor whose heart it was ;
 Yet all due measures of her mourning kept,
 Did office at the dirge, and by infection wept ;

And oft enquir'd the occasion of her grief, 695
 (Unanswer'd but by sighs) and offer'd vain re-
 lief.

At length, her stock of tears already shed,
 She wip'd her eyes, she rais'd her drooping
 head,

And thus pursu'd : O ever faithful heart,
 I have perform'd the ceremonial part, 700

The decencies of grief ; it rests behind,
 That, as our bodies were, our souls be join'd ;
 To thy whate'er abode my shade convey,
 And as an elder ghost, direct the way.

She said ; and bade the vial to be brought, 705
 Where she before had brew'd the deadly
 draught :

First pouring out the med'cinable bane, *gift*
 The heart, her tears had rins'd, she bath'd
 again ;

Then down her throat the death securely throws,
 And quaffs a long oblivion of her woes. 710

This done, she mounts the genial bed, and
 there

(Her body first compos'd with honest care)
 Attends the welcome rest ; her hands yet hold
 Close to her heart the monumental gold ;
 Nor farther word she spoke, but clos'd her
 sight, 715

And quiet sought the covert of the night.

The damsels, who the while in silence mourn'd,
Not knowing, nor suspecting death suborn'd,
Yet, as their duty was, to Tancred sent; 719
Who, conscious of the occasion, fear'd the event.
Alarm'd, and with presaging heart, he came,
And drew the curtains, and expos'd the dame
To lothsome light: then with a late relief
Made vain efforts to mitigate her grief.
She, what she could, excluding day, her eyes
Kept firmly seal'd, and sternly thus replies: 726
Tancred, restrain thy tears, unfought by me,
And sorrow unavailing now to thee:
Did ever man before afflict his mind,
To see the effect of what himself design'd? 730
Yet, if thou hast remaining in thy heart
Some sense of love, some unextinguish'd part
Of former kindness, largely once profess'd,
Let me by that adjure thy harden'd breast, }
Not to deny thy daughter's last request: 735 }
The secret love which I so long enjoy'd,
And still conceal'd, to gratify thy pride,
Thou hast disjoin'd; but, with my dying
breath,
Seek not, I beg thee, to disjoin our death;
Where'er his corpse by thy command is laid, 740
Thither let mine in public be convey'd;
Expos'd in open view, and side by side,
Acknowledg'd as a bridegroom and a bride.

The prince's anguish hinder'd his reply :
And she, who felt her fate approaching nigh, 745
Seiz'd the cold heart, and heaving to her breast,
Here, precious pledge, she said, securely rest :
These accents were her last ; the creeping death
Benumb'd her senses first, then stopp'd her
breath.

Thus she for disobedience justly dy'd : 750
The fire was justly punish'd for his pride :
The youth, least guilty, suffer'd for the offence,
Of duty violated to his prince ;
Who, late repenting of his cruel deed,
One common sepulchre for both decreed ; 755
Intomb'd the wretched pair in royal state,
And on their monument inscrib'd their fate.

736
350
378

The prince's anger notwithstanding his reply:
 And that which he had been so apprehending night,
 Seiz'd the old heart, and making it to beat
 Here, precious pledge, the kind, securely call:
 These scenes were her last; the creeping death
 Flung up her knees, and then she fell;
 Thus the for the old heart, the old heart
 The prince's anger, the prince's anger
 The prince's anger, the prince's anger
 Of duty violated to his prince's anger
 Who, late repenting of his cruel deed
 One common sepulchre for both prepared:
 In which the wretched pair in royal state
 And on their monument inscrib'd their names
 Thus the prince's anger, the prince's anger
 And the prince's anger, the prince's anger
 Proud of his death, (for so the king would
 The first the prince's anger, the prince's anger
 It was the prince's anger, the prince's anger
 For the prince's anger, the prince's anger
 Gave the prince's anger, the prince's anger
 He laid with all the prince's anger
 As the prince's anger, the prince's anger
 One fact no more in his last breath
 The prince's anger, the prince's anger
 The prince's anger, the prince's anger
 The prince's anger, the prince's anger

THEODORE AND HONORIA*.

OF all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest, 5
With gifts of fortune and of nature blest'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame,
Of high degree, Honoria was her name; 10
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind;
Proud of her birth; (for equal she had none;)
The rest she scorn'd; but hated him alone;
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd. 16

He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
But found no favour in his lady's eyes: }

* A drama, entitled Theodore and Honoria, was acted in the wood of Chiaffi, a word corrupted and altered from Classis, the naval station, which, with the intermediate road or suburb, constituted the triple city of Ravenna. Dr. J. WARTON.

Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid, 20
Turn'd all to poison that he did or said :

Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could
move ;

The work went backward ; and, the more he
strove

To advance his suit, the farther from her love.

Weary'd at length, and wanting remedy, 25
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.

But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe ?

His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate ;
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate. 30

But vainer that relief than all the rest,
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd ;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his
breast.

Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his
care ;

He sought a fairer, but found none so fair. 35

He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve the untam'd disease :

But present love requir'd a present ease.

Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds lingering death, but looking not he dies.

Yet still he chose the longest way to fate, 41
Wasting at once his life, and his estate.

His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain !

Absence, the best expedient they could find, 45
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind :
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went, 50
With large expence, and with a pompous
train,

Provided as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main. }
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him
short,

Confin'd within the purlieus of the court. 55
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat ;
His travels ended at his country-seat :
To Chaffis' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to
stay.

The spring was in the prime ; the neigh-
bouring grove 60
Supply'd with birds, the choristers of love,
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night ;
There he discharg'd his friends ; but not the
expence

Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence. 65
He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge ;

With house, and heart still open to receive ;
 As well content as love would give him leave :
 He would have liv'd more free ; but many a
 guest, 70

Who could forsake the friend, pursu'd the feast.

It happ'd one morning, as his fancy led,
 Before his usual hour he left his bed,
 To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
 On every side furrounded by a wood : 75

Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
 And sought the deepest solitude to find ;
 Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd ;
 The winds within the quivering branches
 play'd,

And dancing trees a mournful music made. 80
 The place itself was suiting to his care,
 Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.

He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
 Lost in the wood, and all on love intent :
 The day already half his race had run, 85
 And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
 But love could feel no hunger but his own. }

Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he
 stood,

More than a mile immers'd within the wood,

Ver. 88. *Whilst listening*] The next fifteen lines, which so strongly paint the sensations of a man upon the sudden approach of some strange, mysterious, and supernatural danger, may be produced, among many others, as a specimen of the high poeti-

At once the wind was laid ; the whispering
found 00

Was dumb ; a rising earthquake rock'd the
ground ;

With deeper brown the grove was overspread ;

A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head, }

And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled ; }

Nature was in alarm ; some danger nigh 95

Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.

Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,

And stood collected in himself, and whole ;

Not long : for soon a whirlwind rose around, 100

And from afar he heard a screaming sound,

As of a dame distress'd, who cry'd for aid,

And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there stood,

With briers and brambles choak'd, and dwarfish

wood ;

From thence the noise, which now approaching

near, 105

With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear ;

cal improvements our author has given to the original story ; for the passage that furnished this animated picture is only this in Boccacio, literally translated. “ In this forest Theodore, walking on solitary, and musing all alone, had now wandered a mile's distance from his tents and company, entered into a grove of pine-trees, not regarding the time of the repast that was prepared for him, or any thing else but the unkind requital of his love. Suddenly he heard the voice of a woman seeming to make most mournful complaints, which breaking off his silent meditations, made him lift up his head, to discover the reason of this noise.”—Boccacio, Nov. 8, First Day. Dr. J. WARTON.

He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade;
Stripp'd of her clothes, and e'en those parts re-
veal'd,

Which modest nature keeps from sight con-
ceal'd. 110

Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing through the brakes, and prickly
thorn;

Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood embru'd:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender
side, 115

Mercy, O mercy, Heaven, she ran, and cry'd;
When Heaven was nam'd, they loos'd their
hold again,

Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her amain.

Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chace;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were
fill'd, 121

And in his hand a naked sword he held:
He chear'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind, 125
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.

A saplin pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
'The readiest weapon that his fury found. 130

Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.

The knight came thundering on, but, from
afar,

Thus in imperious tone forbad the war: 135

Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,

Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;

But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,

And let eternal justice take the way:

I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd, 140

And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.

He said, at once dismounting from the steed;

For now the hell-hounds, with superior speed,

Had reach'd the dame, and fastening on her side,

The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd.

Stood Theodore surpriz'd in deadly fright, 146

With chattering teeth, and bristling hair up-

right;

Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, said he,

Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;

Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defy'd. 150

The spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd:

Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,

And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.

One common fire our fathers did beget,

My name and story some remember yet: 155

Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
 When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid ;
 Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
 Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
 What did I not her stubborn heart to gain? 160
 But all my vows were answer'd with disdain :
 She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.
 Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care ;
 Then loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,
 To finish my unhappy life, I fell 165
 On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in
 hell.

Short was her joy ; for soon the insulting
 maid

By heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid.
 And, as in unrepented sin she dy'd,
 Doom'd to the same bad place is punish'd for
 her pride : 170

Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
 And made a merit of her cruelty.
 There, then, we met ; both try'd, and both
 were cast,

And this irrevocable sentence pass'd ;
 That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain, 175
 Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain :
 Renew'd to life that she might daily die,
 I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly ;
 No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
 I seek her life (for love is none below :) 180

As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed :
Then with this fatal sword, on which I dy'd,
I pierce her open back, or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her
breast,

185

Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry
hounds a feast.

Nor lies she long, but as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain. }

This, vers'd in death, the infernal knight re-
lates,

190

And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates ;
Her heart and bowels through her back he
drew,

And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.

195

And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again :

Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain :

As many months as I sustain'd her hate,

200

So many years is she condemn'd by fate

To daily death ; and every several place

Conscious of her disdain, and my disgrace,

Must witness her just punishment ; and be

A scene of triumph and revenge to me,

205

As in this grove I took my last farewell,
 As on this very spot of earth I fell,
 As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
 Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day.

Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the
 ground 210

Upstart'd fresh, already clos'd the wound,
 And, unconcern'd for all she felt before,
 Precipitates her flight along the shore:
 The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and
 blood,

Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
 The fiend remounts his courser, mends his
 pace, 216

And all the vision vanish'd from the place.

Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with
 awe,

And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
 Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's
 law : 220

He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
 But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
 Though strong at first ; if vision, to what end,
 But such as must his future state portend ?
 His love the damsel, and himself the fiend. 225

But yet reflecting that it could not be
 From Heaven, which cannot impious acts de-
 cree,

Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare,
Which hell for his destruction did prepare ;
And as his better genius should direct, 230
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.

Inspir'd from heaven, he homeward took his
way,

Nor pall'd his new design with long delay :
But of his train a trusty servant sent,
To call his friends together at his tent. 235
They came, and usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said :
What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair, 240
Though late, yet is at last become my care :
My heart shall be my own ; my vast expence
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence ;
This only I require ; invite for me
Honor, with her father's family, 245
Her friends, and mine, the cause I shall display,
On Friday next ; for that's the appointed day.
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was
light,

The father, mother, daughter, they invite ;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast ; 250
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And, with the rest, the inexorable dame :

A feast prepar'd with riotous expence,
 Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
 The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove, 256
 Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love :
 The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
 With flowers below, and tiffue overhead :
 The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place, 260
 Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
 To front the thicket, and behold the chace.
 The feast was serv'd, the time so well fore-
 cast,

That just when the deffert and fruits were
 plac'd,

The fiend's alarm began ; the hollow sound 265
 Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
 Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the
 ground.

Nor long before the loud laments arise,
 Of one distrefs'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries ;
 And first the dame came rushing through the
 wood, 270

And next the famish'd hounds that fought
 their food,

And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their
 jaws in blood !

Last came the felon, on his fable steed,
 Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his
 dogs to speed.

She ran, and cry'd, her flight directly bent,
 (A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent, 276
 The scene of death, and place ordain'd for pu-
 nishment.

Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest,
 The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;
 The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;
 The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid,
 She rent the heaven with loud laments, im-
 ploring aid. 282

The gallants to protect the lady's right,
 Their fauchions brandish'd at the grisly
 spright;
 High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight. 285
 Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
 And wither'd all their strength before he strook:
 Back, on your lives, let be, said he, my prey,
 And let my vengeance take the destin'd way:
 Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
 Against the eternal doom of Providence: 291
 Mine is the ungrateful maid by heaven de-
 sign'd:
 Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she
 find.

At this the former tale again he told 294
 With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
 Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
 Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,

But bore each other back: some knew the face,
 And all had heard the much lamented case
 Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal
 place. 300

And now the infernal minister advanc'd,
 Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury lanc'd
 Her back, and piercing through her inmost
 heart,

Drew backward as before the offending part.
 The reeking entrails next he tore away, 305
 And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
 The pale assistants on each other star'd,
 With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;
 The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
 And dy'd imperfect on the faltering tongue. 310
 The fright was general; but the female band
 (A helpless train) in more confusion stand:
 With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
 Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
 For conscience rung the alarm, and made the
 case their own. 315

So spread upon a lake, with upward eye,
 A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
 They close their trembling troop; and all attend
 On whom the fousing eagle will descend.

But most the proud Honoria fear'd the
 event, 320
 And thought to her alone the vision sent.

Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd. }

Already sees herself the monster's prey, 325

And feels her heart and entrails torn away.

'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear ;

Still on the table lay the unfinish'd cheer :

The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,

The mangled dame lay breathless on the
ground ; 330

When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath,

Again she rose, again to suffer death ;

Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter
staid,

But follow'd, as before, the flying maid :

The avenger took from earth the avenging
sword, 335

And mounting light as air his fable steed he
spurr'd :

The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,

And Nature stood recover'd of her fright.

But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,

And horror heavy sat on every mind. 340

Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,

But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast

Some deep designs ; which when Honoria
view'd,

The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd :

She thought herself the trembling dame who
fled, 345

And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd the infer-
nal steed :

The more dismay'd, for when the guests with-
drew,

Their courteous host saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er, nor grac'd with
kind adieu. }

That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire she divin'd ; 351 }

And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd. }

Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd,
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd, }

And of the sight obscene so lately view'd. 355 }

None durst arraign the righteous doom she
bore,

Ev'n they who pity'd most, yet blam'd her
more :

The parallel they needed not to name,

But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.

At every little noise she look'd behind, 360

For still the knight was present to her mind :

And anxious oft she started on the way,

And thought the horseman-ghost came thun-
dering for his prey.

Returned she took her bed with little rest, 364

But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast :

Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again ;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double
pain.

Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap 370
She sprung from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at every step, a twitching spright
behind.

Darkling and desperate with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace ;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd. 376
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change
his game,

And her purſue, or Theodore be ſlain,
And two ghoſts join their packs to hunt her o'er
the plain.

This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on the unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression
lov'd,

Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd :
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd :

Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest
 By him with knightly deeds, and open love
 profess'd? 390
 So had another been, where he his vows ad-
 drefs'd.

This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts re-
 main'd,

That once difdaining, ſhe might be difdain'd.
 The fear was juſt, but greater fear prevail'd,
 Fear of her life by helliſh hounds affail'd: 395
 He took a lowering leave; but who can tell,
 What outward hate might inward love conceal?
 Her ſex's arts ſhe knew, and why not, then,
 Might deep diſſembling have a place in men?
 Here hope began to dawn; reſolv'd to try,
 She fix'd on this her utmoſt remedy; 401
 Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
 'Twas time enough at laſt on death to call,
 The precipice in ſight: a ſhrub was all,
 That kindly ſtood betwixt to break the fatal
 fall. 405

One maid ſhe had belov'd above the reſt;
 Secure of her, the ſecret ſhe confeſs'd;
 And now the chearful light her fears diſpell'd,
 She with no winding turns the truth con-
 ceal'd,
 But put the woman off, and ſtood reveal'd: 410
 With faults confeſs'd commiſſion'd her to go,
 If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe;

The welcome message made, was soon' receiv'd ;
'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd ;

Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present, ⁴¹⁵
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent, }
Should he delay the moment of consent.

There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare ;)

But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd, ⁴²⁰

(As women, where they will, are all in haste)

The father, mother, and the kin beside,

Were overborn by fury of the tide ;

With full consent of all she chang'd her state ;

Resistless in her love, as in her hate. ⁴²⁵

By her example warn'd, the rest beware ;

More easy, less imperious, were the fair ;

And that one hunting, which the devil design'd

For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

The resemblance which was to be found
 in the world, and the hope of the future.

Let it be

The world is a vast and beautiful scene

And the world is a vast and beautiful scene

And the world is a vast and beautiful scene

And the world is a vast and beautiful scene

And the world is a vast and beautiful scene

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CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

POETA LOQUITUR.

OLD as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still in-
spires my wit,
If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine ; 5
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge the offence,
He shew'd the way, perverting first my sense : 10
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal ;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely
write, 15
Though now arraign'd, he read with some de-
light ;

Because he seems to chew the cud again,
 When his broad comment makes the text too
 plain ;

And teaches more in one explaining page,
 Than all the double meanings of the stage. 20

What needs he paraphrase on what we mean ?
 We were at worst but wanton ; he's obscene.

I, nor my fellows, nor myself excuse ;

But love's the subject of the comic muse :

Nor can we write without it, nor would you 25
 A tale of only dry instruction view.

Nor love is always of a vicious kind,

But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind,

Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,

And, brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool. 30

Love, studious how to please, improves our
 parts

With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.

Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,

The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime ;

To liberal acts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd, 35

Softens'd the fierce, and made the coward bold :

The world, when waste, he peopled with in-
 crease,

And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.

Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find, }

In this one legend, to their fame design'd, 40 {

When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts
 the mind. }

IN that sweet isle where Venus keeps her
court,

And every grace, and all the loves, resort ;
Where either sex is form'd of softer earth, 44

And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth ;

There liv'd a Cyprian lord above the rest,

Wife, wealthy, with a numerous issue blest ;

But as no gift of fortune is sincere,

Was only wanting in a worthy heir :

His eldest born, a goodly youth to view, 50

Excell'd the rest in shape, and outward shew,

Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,

But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.

His soul bely'd the features of his face ;

Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace. 55

A clownish mein, a voice with rustic sound,

And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.

He look'd like nature's error, as the mind

And body were not of a piece design'd,

But made for two, and by mistake in one }
were join'd. 60

The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair ;

Ver. 44. *Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,]*

E meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 57. *And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.]*

With leaden eye that loves the ground. Milton.

JOHN WARTON.

The more inform'd, the less he understood,
 And deeper sunk by floundering in the mud.
 Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
 The people from Galefus chang'd his name, 66
 And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute ;
 So well his name did with his nature suit.

His father, when he found his labour lost,
 And care employ'd, that answer'd not the cost, 70
 Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
 And loath'd to see what nature made him love ;
 So to his country farm the fool confin'd ;
 Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
 Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went, 75
 A squire among the swains, and pleas'd with
 banishment.

His corn and cattle were his only care,
 And his supreme delight, a country fair.

It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
 That to the green-wood shade he took his
 way ; 80
 For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not
 much to pray.

His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
 Hung half before, and half behind his back.
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought. 85

By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
 The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd ;

Where in a plain defended by the wood,
 Crept through the matted grafs a cryftal flood,
 By which an alabafter fountain flood : 90

And on the margin of the fount was laid
 (Attended by her flaves) a fleeping maid.
 Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with
 fport,

To reft by cool Eurotas they refort :

The dame herfelf the goddefs well exprefs'd, 95

Not more diftinguifh'd by her purple veft,

Than by the charming features of her face,

And, ev'n in flumber, a fuperior grace :

Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,

Her body fhaded with a flight cymarr ; 100

Her bofom to the view was only bare :

Where two beginning paps were fcarcely fpy'd,

For yet their places were but fignify'd :

The fanning wind upon her bofom blows,

To meet the fanning wind the bofom rofe ; 105

The fanning wind, and purling fstreams, conti-
 nue her repofe.

The fool of nature flood with ftupid eyes,

And gaping mouth, that testify'd furprize,

Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his fight,

New as he was to love, and novice to de-

light : 110

Long mute he flood, and leaning on his ftaff,

His wonder witnefs'd with an idiot laugh ;

Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering
sense

First found his want of words, and fear'd of-
fence: 114

Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night:
Then day and darkness in the mafs were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd: 120
Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd heaven and earth, and roll'd around
the year.

So reason in this brutal soul began,
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian
found; 125

By love his want of words, and wit, he found;
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a
day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
The best instructor, Love, at once inspir'd, 131
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd:

Ver. 132. *As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd:]* An
allusion to Virgil's Georgics.

Sæpe etiam steriles incendere profuit agros
Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis:

Love taught him shame, and shame, with love
at strife,

Soon taught the sweet civilities of life ;

His gross material soul at once could find 135

Somewhat in her excelling all her kind :

Exciting a desire till then unknown,

Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.

This made the first impression on his mind,

Above, but just above, the brutal kind. 140

For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,

Nor their own liking by reflection know ;

Nor why they like or this, or t'other face,

Or judge of this, or that peculiar grace ;

But love in gross, and stupidly admire : 145

As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.

Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,

First likes the whole, then separates what he
sees ;

On several parts a several praise bestows,

The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose, 150

The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,

The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,

And ev'n in sleep itself, a smiling air. }

From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,

Her plump round arms, white hands, and heav-
ing breast. 155

Sive inde occultas vires, & pinguia terræ

Pabula concipiunt.

Virg. Georg.

JOHN WARTON.

Long on the last he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid, 160
And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid :
He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his
thought,
And love new-born the first good manners
taught.

An awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood. 165
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race :
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view : 169
So checking his desire, with trembling heart
Gazing he stood, nor would, nor could depart ;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn
of day.

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair, 175
(So was the beauty call'd, who caus'd his care)
Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.
The flavering cudden, propp'd upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh, 180

To welcome her awake, nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she; What make you, Cymon, here
alone?

(For Cymon's name was round the country
known

Because descended of a noble race, 185
And for a foul ill sort'd with his face.)

But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fix'd regard on her new open'd eyes,
And in his breast receiv'd the invenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart. 190
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal
lust.

This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,
And rising hasty, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd, 195
With proffer'd service to the parting maid
To see her safe; his hand she long deny'd,
But took at length, ashamed of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair, 200
But sought his father's house, with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.

The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still 205
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.

Nor was he long delay'd : the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd, }
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest. }

With ease his suit was granted by his fire, 210
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire :
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind :
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And study'd lessons he before abhorr'd. 215

Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd so
fast,
That in short time his equals he surpass'd :
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd ;
In every exercise of all admir'd, 220
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd :
Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please ;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease,
More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before. 225

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which choak'd in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by
love. 229

Love made an active progress through his mind,
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
The drowsy wak'd ; and, as he went, impress'd
The Maker's image on the human breast.

Thus was the man amended by desire,
And though he lov'd perhaps with too much
fire, 235

His father all his faults with reason scan'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand ;
Excus'd the excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd :
So Cymon, since his fire indulg'd his will, 240
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still ;
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear
The name of fool, confirm'd, and bishop'd by
the fair.

To Cipseus by his friends his suit he mov'd,
Cipseus the father of the fair he lov'd : 245
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise :
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse :
Her fire and she to Rhodian Passmond, 250
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract ; and thus, as fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed,

The doom was past, the ship already sent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent : 255
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said :
The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind ;

Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd
love 260

In rank shall place me with the blest'd above.
For mine by love, by force she shall be
mine,
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my
design.

Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy
care

A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war. 265
The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And bent to die, or conquer, went aboard.
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide 270
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stopp'd her flight: then standing on his
prow,

In haughty terms he thus defy'd the foe: 275
Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.

Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight pro-
vide;

Already were the vessels side by side,
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the
bride. 280

But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the
 press he pass'd.

Fierce was the fight, but hastening to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way : 285

Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
'The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew ;
Cheap conquest for his following friends re-
 main'd,

He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.

His victory confess'd, the foes retreat, 290
And cast their weapons at the victor's feet.

Whom thus he cheer'd : O Rhodian youth, I
 fought

For love alone, nor other booty fought :

Your lives are safe ; your vessel I resign,

Yours be your own, restoring what is mine : 295

In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,

Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you :

Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove,

The parent could not sell the daughter's love ;

Or if he could, my love disdains the laws, 300

And like a king by conquest gains his cause :

Where arms take place, all other pleas are
 vain,

Love taught me force, and force shall love
 maintain.

You, what by strength you could not keep, re-
lease,

And at an easy ransom buy your peace. 305

Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd the
accord,

And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd :

While to his arms the blushing bride he took ;

To seeming sadness she compos'd her look ;

As if by force subjected to his will, 310

Though pleas'd, dissembling, and a woman
still.

And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling tears,

And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears ;

For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd

Your love much better whom so long I serv'd, 315

Than he to whom your formal father ty'd

Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.

Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing prey,

As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.

Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her eyes con-
fess'd 320

She rather would be thought, than was dis-
tress'd.

Who now exults but Cymon in his mind? }

Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind, }

Proud of the present, to the future blind ! }

Secure of fate, while Cymon plows the sea, 325

And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,

Scarce the third glafs of meafur'd hours was
run,

When like a fiery meteor funk the fun ;
The promife of a ftorm ; the fhifting gales
Forfake, by fits, and fill, the flagging fails ; 330
Hoarfe murmurs of the main from far were
heard,

And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once ; at once the winds arife,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the mafter iffues out commands, 335
In vain the trembling failors ply their hands :
The tempeft unforefeen prevents their care,
And from the firft they labour in defpair.

The giddy fhip betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back and forwards, in a circle rides, 340
Stunn'd with the different blows ; then fhoots
amain,

Till counterbuff'd, fhe ftops, and fleeps again.
Not more aghaft the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of heaven to deepeft
hell,

Than flood the lover of his love poffefs'd, 345
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been
blefs'd ;

More anxious for her danger, than his own,
Death he defies ; but would be loft alone.

Sad Iphigene to womanifh complaints 349
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the faints ;

Ev'n, if she could, her love she would repent,
 But since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
 Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
 Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
 She blames herself, nor blames her lover less, 355
 Augments her anger, as her fears increase:
 From her own back the burden would remove,
 And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
 Which interposing durst, in heaven's despite,
 Invade, and violate another's right: 360
 The powers incens'd a while deferr'd his pain,
 And made him master of his vows in vain:
 But soon they punish'd his presumptuous
 pride;
 That for his daring enterprize she dy'd;
 Who rather not resisted, than comply'd. 365
 Then impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,
 She hugg'd the offender, and forgave the of-
 fence,
 Sex to the last: mean-time with sails declin'd
 The wandring vessel drove before the wind;
 Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then alow, 370
 Nor port they seek, nor certain course they
 know,
 But every moment wait the coming blow.
 Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they
 view'd
 The land before them, and their fears renew'd;

The land was welcome, but the tempest bore 375
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.

A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
And just escap'd; their force already spent:
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey; 380
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising towers of Rhodes at distant view;
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the
ground.

The frightened sailors try'd their strength in
vain, 385

To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main;
But the stiff wind withstood the labouring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to
land: 390

Yet still they might be safe, because unknown,
But as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before,
Already shelter'd on their native shore;
Known each, they know; but each with change
of cheer; 395

The vanquish'd side exults; the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made prisoners ere they
fight,

Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.

The country rings around with loud alarms,
 And raw in fields the rude militia fwarms ; 400
 Mouths without hands ; maintain'd at vast ex-
 pence,

In peace a charge, in war a weak defence :
 Stout once a month they march, a blustering
 band,

And ever, but in times of need, at hand ;
 This was the morn when, issuing on the guard, 405
 Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
 Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
 Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the
 day.

The cowards would have fled, but that they
 knew

Themselves so many, and their foes so few ; 410
 But crowding on, the last the first impel :
 Till overborn with weight the Cyprians fell.
 Cymon inflav'd, who first the war begun,
 And Iphigene once more is lost and won.

Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast, 415
 Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast :
 His life was only spar'd at their request,
 Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd :
 But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
 Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair ;
 While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast pre-
 pare. 421

Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
 But she must suffer what her fates assign'd ;
 So passive is the church of womankind. }

What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal, 425
 Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel ?
 It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
 Or raise him upward to his former height ;
 The latter pleas'd ; and love (concern'd the
 most)

Prepar'd the amends, for what by love he lost.

The fire of Pasimond had left a son, 431
 Though younger, yet for courage early known,
 Ormifda call'd, to whom by promise ty'd,
 A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride ;
 Cassandra was her name, above the rest 435
 Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bless'd.
 Lyfimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
 Was then by choice their annual magistrate :
 He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
 But fortune had not favour'd his desire ; 440
 Cross'd by her friends, by her not disap-
 prov'd,

Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormifda lov'd :
 So stood the affair : some little hope remain'd,
 That should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.

Mean time young Pasimond his marriage
 press'd, 445
 Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast ;

And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun,
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own. }

Lyfimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief, 450
Receiv'd the news, and study'd quick relief:
The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd,
The magistrate his public trust abus'd;
To justice liable, as law requir'd;
For when his office ceas'd, his power expir'd:
While power remain'd, the means were in his
hand 456

By force to seize, and then forsake the land:
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love:
Restraining others, yet himself not free, 460
Made impotent by power, debas'd by dignity.
Both sides he weigh'd: but after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magistrate.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds, }
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds. 466 }
This youth proposing to possess and scape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unprais'd by me, though heaven sometimes
may blefs

An impious act with undeserv'd success: 470
The great it seems are privileg'd alone
To punish all injustice but their own.

But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
 Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed :
 For crimes are but permitted, not decreed 475

Resolv'd on force, his wit the prætor bent,
 To find the means that might secure the event ;
 Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
 In captive Cymon found the friend he sought.
 The example pleas'd : the cause and crime the
 same ; 480

An injur'd lover, and a ravish'd dame.
 How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
 The less he had to lose, the less he car'd
 To manage loathsome life when love was the
 reward.

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
 In depth of night he for the prisoner sent ; 486
 In secret sent the public view to shun,
 Then with a sober smile he thus begun :
 The powers above, who bounteously bestow
 Their gifts and graces on mankind below, 490
 Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
 To such as are not worthy to receive :
 For valour and for virtue they provide
 Their due reward, but first they must be try'd :
 These fruitful seeds within your mind they
 sow'd ; 495
 'Twas yours to improve the talent they be-
 stow'd :

They gave you to be born of noble kind,
 They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
 And purge the groffer parts ; they gave you care
 To please, and courage to deserve the fair. 500

Thus far they try'd you, and by proof they
 found

The grain intrusted in a grateful ground :
 But still the great experiment remain'd,
 They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd ;
 That you might learn the gift was theirs alone :
 And when restor'd, to them the blessing own. 506

Restor'd it soon will be ; the means prepar'd,
 The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd :
 Be but yourself, the care to me resign,
 Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine. 510

Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,
 Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife,
 But yet not his ; to-morrow is behind,
 And love our fortunes in one band has join'd :
 Two brothers are our foes, Ormisda mine, 515
 As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine :

To-morrow must their common vows be ty'd :
 With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
 Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a
 bride. }

Right I have none, nor hast thou much to
 plead ; 520

'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed :

Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight :
 And let the losers talk in vain of right :
 We with the fair will fail before the wind,
 If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind. 525
 Speak thy resolves : if now thy courage droop,
 Despair in prison, and abandon hope ;
 But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain,
 (For liberty without thy love were vain ;)
 Then second my design to seize the prey, 530
 Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st
 the way.

Said Cymon overjoy'd, Do thou propose
 The means to fight, and only shew the foes :
 For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
 Resolv'd I left the care of life behind. 535

To this the bold Lyfimachus reply'd,
 Let heaven be neuter, and the sword decide ;
 The spoufals are prepar'd, already play
 The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day :
 By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are
 drefs'd ; 540
 All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
 All but myself, the sole unbidden guest. }
 Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
 And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.

Now hear the rest ; when day resigns the
 light, 545
 And chearful torches gild the jolly night,

Be ready at my call ; my chosen few
 With arms administer'd shall aid thy crew.
 Then entring unexpected will we seize
 Our destin'd prey, from men dissolv'd in ease ;
 By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight : 551
 And hastening to the seas, suborn our flight :
 The seas are ours, for I command the fort,
 A ship well mann'd expects us in the port :
 If they, or if their friends, the prize contest, 555
 Death shall attend the man who dares resist.

It pleas'd : the prisoner to his hold retir'd,
 His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
 All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work
 requir'd. }

The sun arose ; the streets were throng'd around,
 The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
 The double bridegroom at the door attends
 The expected spouse, and entertains the friends ;
 They meet, they lead to church, the priests in-
 voke

The powers, and feed the flames with fragrant
 smoke. 565

This done, they feast, and at the close of night
 By kindled torches vary their delight,
 These lead the lively dance, and those the
 brimming bowls invite. }

Now, at the appointed place and hour as-
 sign'd,
 With souls resolv'd the ravishers were join'd : 570

Three bands are form'd; the first is sent before
To favour the retreat, and guard the shore;
The second at the palace-gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty stairs ascend the last: 574

A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests,
But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.

Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feast renew'd, the table spread:
Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof re-
bounds. 580

When, like the harpies, rushing through the
hall

The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their smoaking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each ravisher prepares to seize his own:
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace, 585
Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with shining
swords.

But late is all defence, and succour vain;
The rape is made, the ravishers remain: 590
Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the
shore.

The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
With forward faces not confessing fear:

Backward they move, but scorn their pace to
mend ; 595

Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste de-
scend.

Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent,
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the han-
dle bent. }

Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in
two 600

His rival's head with one descending blow :

And as the next in rank Ormisda stood,
He turn'd the point ; the sword inur'd to
blood, }

Bor'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a
purple flood. }

With vow'd revenge the gathering crowd pur-
sues, 605

The ravishers turn head, the fight renews ;

The hall is heap'd with corpse ; the sprinkled
gore

Besmears the walls, and floats the marble
floor.

Dispers'd at length the drunken squadron
flies, }

The victors to their vessel bear the prize ; 610

And hear behind loud groans, and lamenta-
ble cries. }

The crew with merry shouts their anchors
 weigh,
 Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom
 sea,
 While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the
 key.

What should the people do when left alone? 615

The governor and government are gone.

The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd ;

Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.

Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more ;

Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval
 store ; 620

They neither could defend, nor can pursue,

But grin'd their teeth, and cast a helpless view :

In vain with darts a distant war they try,

Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.

Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy, 625

And flying sails and sweeping oars employ :

The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost,

Jove's isle they seek, nor Jove denies his coast.

In safety landed on the Candian shore, 629

With generous wines their spirits they restore :

There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides,

Both court, and wed at once the willing brides.

A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,

Stiff to defend their hospitable laws ;

Both parties lose by turns ; and neither wins,

Till peace propounded by a truce begins.

The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for shew precede :
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove,
And happy each, at home, enjoys his love. 640

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

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RIGHT HONORABLE

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TRANSLATIONS

These illustrious poems are in many things
new. The first they contain some new
of the poems to be found in the other poems
of their date yet in being. It is not
that they contain the essence of your judgment
to poetry and the quality of your sense: but

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poems with counterbalancing qualities. The poems
though these are your equidistant poems in a sense
from other poems. Yet I must acknowledge a sense
in the end, which is your particular sense, as
well. It is a sense common to all poems, to
overcome their own production, and it is better
for me to own the feeling than the words. I
do it for me. For what else a reader does? I
say it is to produce a thing, why and I know

Printed in the University of Chicago Press
Chicago, Ill. 1912

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD RADCLIFFE*.

MY LORD,

THESE Miscellany Poems are by many titles yours. The first they claim from your acceptance of my promise to present them to you, before some of them were yet in being. The rest are derived from your own merit, the exactness of your judgment in poetry, and the candour of your nature; easy to forgive some trivial faults, when they come accompanied with countervailing beauties. But, after all, though these are your equitable claims to a dedication from other poets, yet I must acknowledge a bribe in the case, which is your particular liking of my verses. It is a vanity common to all writers, to over-value their own productions; and it is better for me to own this failing in myself, than the world to do it for me. For what other reason have I spent my life in so unprofitable a study? why am I grown

* Prefixed to the Third Volume of Dryden's Miscellany Poems, printed in 1693.

old, in seeking so barren a reward as fame? The same parts and application, which have made me a poet, might have raised me to any honours of the gown, which are often given to men of as little learning and less honesty than myself. No government has ever been, or ever can be, wherein time-servers and block-heads will not be uppermost. The persons are only changed, but the same jugglings in state, the same hypocrisy in religion, the same self-interest, and mismanagement, will remain for ever. Blood and money will be lavished in all ages, only for the preferment of new faces, with old consciences. There is too often a jaundice in the eyes of great men; they see not those whom they raise in the same colours with other men. All whom they affect, look golden to them; when the gilding is only in their own distempered sight. These considerations have given me a kind of contempt for those who have risen by unworthy ways. I am not ashamed to be little, when I see them so infamously great; neither do I know why the name of poet should be dishonourable to me, if I am truly one, as I hope I am; for I will never do any thing that shall dishonour it. The notions of morality are known to all men; none can pretend ignorance of those ideas which are in-born in mankind: and if I see one thing, and practise the contrary, I must be dissingenuous, not to acknowledge a clear truth, and base, to act against the light of my own conscience. For the reputation of my honesty, no man can question it, who has any of his own: for that of my poetry, it shall either stand by its own merit, or fall for want of it. Ill writers are usually

the sharpest censurs ; for they (as the best poet and the best patron said)

When in the full perfection of decay,
Turn vinegar, and come again in play.

Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic : I mean of a critic in the general acceptation of this age ; for formerly they were quite another species of men. They were defenders of poets, and commentators on their works ; to illustrate obscure beauties ; to place some passages in a better light ; to redeem others from malicious interpretations ; to help out an author's modesty, who is not ostentatious of his wit ; and, in short, to shield him from the ill-nature of those fellows, who were then called Zoili and Momi, and now take upon themselves the venerable name of censurs. But neither Zoilus, nor he who endeavoured to defame Virgil, were ever adopted into the name of critics by the ancients ; what their reputation was then, we know ; and their successors in this age deserve no better. Are our auxiliary forces turned our enemies ? are they, who at best are but wits of the second order, and whose only credit amongst readers is what they obtained by being subservient to the fame of writers, are these become rebels of slaves, and usurpers of subjects ? or, to speak in the most honourable terms of them, are they from our seconds become principals against us ? Does the ivy undermine the oak, which supports its weakness ? What labour would it cost them to put in a better line, than the worst of those

which they expunge in a true poet? Petronius, the greatest wit perhaps of all the Romans, yet when his envy prevailed upon his judgement to fall on Lucan, he fell himself in his attempt: he performed worse in his Essay of the Civil War, than the author of the *Pharsalia*; and avoiding his errors, has made greater of his own. Julius Scaliger would needs turn down Homer, and abdicate him after the possession of three thousand years: has he succeeded in his attempt? he has indeed shown us some of those imperfections in him, which are incident to human kind; but who had not rather be that Homer than this Scaliger? You see the same hypercritick, when he endeavours to mend the beginning of Claudian (a faulty poet, and living in a barbarous age) yet how short he comes of him, and substitutes such verses of his own as deserve the ferula. What a censure has he made of Lucan, that he rather seems to bark than sing! Would any but a dog have made so snarling a comparison? One would have thought he had learned Latin, as late as they tell us he did Greek. Yet he came off, with a *pace tuâ*, by your good leave, Lucan; he called him not by those outrageous names, of fool, booby, and blockhead: he had somewhat more of good manners than his successors, as he had much more knowledge. We have two sorts of those gentlemen in our nation: some of them proceeding with a seeming moderation and pretence of respect to the dramatic writers of the last age, only scorn and vilify the present poets, to set up their predecessors. But this is only in appearance; for their real design is nothing less than to do honour to any man, besides

themselves. Horace took notice of such men in his age :

— Non ingeniis favet ille sepultis ;
Nostra sed impugnat ; nos nostraque lividus odit.

It is not with an ultimate intention to pay reverence to the manes of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, that they commend their writings, but to throw dirt on the writers of this age : their declaration is one thing, and their practice is another. By a seeming veneration to our fathers, they would thrust out us their lawful issue, and govern us themselves, under a specious pretence of reformation. If they could compass their intent, what would wit and learning get by such a change? if we are bad poets, they are worse ; and when any of their woeful pieces come abroad, the difference is so great betwixt them and good writers, that there need no criticisms on our part to decide it. When they describe the writers of this age, they draw such monstrous figures of them, as resemble none of us : our pretended pictures are so unlike, that it is evident we never sat to them : they are all grotesque ; the products of their wild imaginations, things out of nature, so far from being copied from us, that they resemble nothing that ever was, or ever can be. But there is another sort of insects, more venomous than the former. Those who manifestly aim at the destruction of our poetical church and state, who allow nothing to their countrymen, either of this or of the former age ; these attack the living by raking up the ashes of the

dead ; well knowing that if they can subvert their original title to the stage, we who claim under them must fall of course. Peace be to the venerable shades of Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson : none of the living will presume to have any competition with them : as they were our predecessors, so they were our masters. We trail our plays under them, but (as at the funerals of a Turkish emperor) our ensigns are furled or dragged upon the ground, in honour to the dead ; so we may lawfully advance our own, afterwards, to show that we succeed : if less in dignity, yet on the same foot and title, which we think too we can maintain against the insolence of our own janizaries. If I am the man, as I have reason to believe, who am seemingly courted, and secretly undermined ; I think I shall be able to defend myself, when I am openly attacked. And to shew besides that the Greek writers only gave us the rudiments of a stage which they never finished : that many of the tragedies in the former age amongst us, were without comparison beyond those of Sophocles and Euripides. But at present, I have neither the leisure nor the means for such an undertaking. It is ill going to law for an estate, with him who is in possession of it, and enjoys the present profits, to feed his cause. But the *quantum mutatus* may be remembered in due time. In the mean while, I leave the world to judge, who gave the provocation.

This, my Lord, is, I confess, a long digression, from Miscellany Poems to Modern Tragedies : but I have the ordinary excuse of an injured man, who will be telling his tale unseasonably to his betters ; though at the same time, I am certain you are so good a

friend, as to take a concern in all things which belong to one who so truly honours you. And besides, being yourself a critick of the genuine sort, who have read the best authors in their own languages, who perfectly distinguish of their several merits, and in general prefer them to the moderns, yet, I know, you judge for the English tragedies, against the Greek and Latin, as well as against the French, Italian, and Spanish, of these latter ages. Indeed there is a vast difference betwixt arguing like Perault in behalf of the French poets, against Homer and Virgil, and betwixt giving the English poets their undoubted due of excelling Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. For if we, or our greater fathers, have not yet brought the drama to an absolute perfection, yet at least we have carried it much farther than those ancient Greeks; who, beginning from a Chorus, could never totally exclude it, as we have done; who find it an unprofitable incumbrance, without any necessity of entertaining it amongst us; and without the possibility of establishing it here, unless it were supported by a publick charge. Neither can we accept of those lay-bishops, as some call them, who, under pretence of reforming the stage, would intrude themselves upon us, as our superiors, being indeed incompetent judges of what is manners, what religion, and least of all, what is poetry and good sense. I can tell them in behalf of all my fellows, that when they come to exercise a jurisdiction over us, they shall have the stage to themselves, as they have the laurel. As little can I grant, that the French dramattick writers excel the English: our au-

thors as far surpass them in genius, as our soldiers excel theirs in courage: it is true, in conduct they surpass us either way: yet that proceeds not so much from their greater knowledge, as from the difference of tastes in the two nations. They content themselves with a thin design, without episodes, and managed by few persons. Our audience will not be pleased but with variety of accidents, an underplot, and many actors. They follow the ancients too servilely, in the mechanick rules, and we assume too much licence to ourselves, in keeping them only in view, at too great a distance. But if our audience had their tastes, our poets could more easily comply with them, than the French writers could come up to the sublimity of our thoughts, or to the difficult variety of our designs. However it be, I dare establish it for a rule of practice on the stage, that we are bound to please those whom we pretend to entertain; and that at any price, religion and good manners only excepted; and I care not much, if I give this handle to our bad illiterate poetasters, for the defence of their *SCRIPTIONS*, as they call them. There is a sort of merit in delighting the spectators; which is a name more proper for them, than that of auditors; or else Horace is in the wrong, when he commends Lucilius for it. But these common places I mean to treat at greater leisure: in the mean time, submitting that little I have said, to your Lordship's approbation, or your censure, and chusing rather to entertain you this way, as you are a judge of writing, than to oppress your modesty with other commendations; which, though they are your due, yet

would not be equally received in this satirical and censorious age. That which cannot without injury be denied to you, is the easiness of your conversation, far from affectation or pride: not denying even to enemies their just praises. And this, if I would dwell on any theme of this nature, is no vulgar commendation to your Lordship. Without flattery, my Lord, you have it in your nature, to be a patron and encourager of good poets, but your fortune has not yet put into your hands the opportunity of expressing it. What you will be hereafter, may be more than guessed, by what you are at present. You maintain the character of a nobleman, without that haughtiness which generally attends too many of the nobility, and when you converse with gentlemen, you forget not that you have been of their order. You are married to the daughter of a king, who, amongst her other high perfections, has derived from him a charming behaviour, a winning goodness, and a majestic person. The Muses and the Graces are the ornaments of your family; while the Muse sings, the Grace accompanies her voice: even the servants of the Muses have sometimes had the happiness to hear her; and to receive their inspirations from her.

I will not give myself the liberty of going farther; for it is so sweet to wander in a pleasing way, that I should never arrive at my journey's end. To keep myself from being belated in my letter, and tiring your attention, I must return to the place where I was setting out. I humbly dedicate to your Lordship, my own labours in this Miscellany: at the same

time, not arrogating to myself the privilege of inscribing to you the works of others who are joined with me in this undertaking, over which I can pretend no right. Your lady and you have done me the favour to hear me read my translations of Ovid; and you both seemed not to be displeased with them. Whether it be the partiality of an old man to his youngest child, I know not: but they appear to me the best of all my endeavours in this kind. Perhaps this poet is more easy to be translated than some others, whom I have lately attempted: perhaps too, he was more according to my genius. He is certainly more palatable to the reader, than any of the Roman wits, though some of them are more lofty, some more instructive, and others more correct. He had learning enough to make him equal to the best. But as his verse came easily, he wanted the toil of application to amend it. He is often luxuriant both in his fancy and expressions, and as it has lately been observed, not always natural. If wit be pleasantry, he has it to excess; but if it be propriety, Lucretius, Horace, and, above all, Virgil are his superiors. I have said so much of him already, in my preface to his Heroical epistles, that there remains little to be added in this place: for my own part, I have endeavoured to copy his character what I could in this translation, even, perhaps, farther than I should have done; to his very faults. Mr. Chapman, in his translation of Homer, professes to have done it somewhat paraphrastically, and that on set purpose; his opinion being, that a good poet is to be trans-

lated in that manner. I remember not the reason which he gives for it: but I suppose it is, for fear of omitting any of his excellencies: sure I am, that if it be a fault, it is much more pardonable than that of those, who run into the other extreme of a literal and close translation, where the poet is confined so strictly to his author's words, that he wants elbow-room to express his elegancies. He leaves him obscure; he leaves him prose, where he found him verse: and no better than thus has Ovid been served by the so much admired Sandys. This is at least the idea which I have remaining of his translation; for I never read him since I was a boy. They who take him upon content, from the praises which their fathers gave him, may inform their judgment by reading him again, and see (if they understand the original) what is become of Ovid's poetry, in his version; whether it be not all, or the greatest part of it, evaporated: but this proceeded from the wrong judgment of the age in which he lived. They neither knew good verse nor loved it; they were scholars, it is true, but they were pedants. And for a just reward of their pedantic pains, all their translations want to be translated into English.

If I flatter not myself, or if my friends have not flattered me, I have given my author's sense, for the most part truly: for to mistake sometimes is incident to all men, and not to follow the Dutch commentators always, may be forgiven to a man who thinks them in the general, heavy gross-witted fellows, fit only to gloss on their own dull poets. But

I leave a farther satire on their wit, till I have a better opportunity to shew how much I love and honour them. I have likewise attempted to restore Ovid to his native sweetness, easiness, and smoothness; and to give my poetry a kind of cadence, and, as we call it, a run of verse, as like the original, as the English can come up to the Latin. As he seldom uses any Synalephas, so I have endeavoured to avoid them, as often as I could: I have likewise given him his own turns, both on the words and on the thought, which I cannot say are inimitable, because I have copied them; and so may others, if they use the same diligence: but certainly they are wonderfully graceful in this poet. Since I have named the Synalepha, which is the cutting off one vowel immediately before another, I will give an example of it from Chapman's Homer, which lies before me; for the benefit of those who understand not the Latin Prosodia. It is in the first line of the argument to the first Iliad.

Apollo's priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring, &c.

There we see he makes it not *the Argive*, but *th' Argive*, to shun the shock of the two vowels, immediately following each other; but, in his second argument, in the same page, he gives a bad example of the quite contrary kind:

Alpha the pray'r of Chryses sings:
The army's plague, the strife of kings.

In these words *the army's*, *the* ending with a vowel, and *army's* beginning with another vowel, without cutting off the first, which by it had been *th' army's*, there remains a most horrible ill-founding gap betwixt those words. I cannot say that I have every where observed the rule of the Synalepha in my translation; but wheresoever I have not, it is a fault in sound: the French and the Italians have made it an inviolable precept in their versification; therein following the severe example of the Latin poets. Our countrymen have not yet reformed their poetry so far, but content themselves with following the licentious practice of the Greeks; who, though they sometimes use Synalephas, yet make no difficulty very often, to sound one vowel upon another; as Homer does, in the very first line of *Alpha*. Μῆνιν ἄειδε θεὰ, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆϊ. It is true, indeed, that in the second line, in these words *μυρί' Ἀχαιοῖς*, and *ἄλγε' ἔθηκε*, the Synalepha in revenge is twice observed. But it becomes us, for the sake of Euphony, rather *Musas colere severiores*, with the Romans, than to give into the looseness of the Grecians.

I have tired myself, and have been summoned by the press to send away this Dedication, otherwise I had exposed some other faults, which are daily committed by our English poets; which, with care and observation, might be amended. For, after all, our language is both copious, significant and majestic, and might be reduced into a more harmonious sound. But, for want of publick encouragement, in

this iron age, we are so far from making any progress in the improvement of our tongue, that in few years, we shall speak and write as barbarously as our neighbours.

Notwithstanding my haste, I cannot forbear to tell your Lordship, that there are two fragments of Homer translated in this Miscellany; one by Mr. Congreve (whom I cannot mention without the honour which is due to his excellent parts, and that entire affection which I bear him) and the other by myself. Both the subjects are pathetical, and I am sure my friend has added to the tenderness which he found in the original, and, without flattery, surpassed his author. Yet I must needs say this in reference to Homer, that he is much more capable of exciting the manly passions than those of grief and pity. To cause admiration, is indeed the proper and adequate design of an epick poem: and in that he has excelled even Virgil; yet, without presuming to arraign our master, I may venture to affirm, that he is somewhat too talkative, and more than somewhat too digressive. This is so manifest, that it cannot be denied, in that little parcel which I have translated, perhaps too literally: there Andromache, in the midst of her concernment and fright for Hector, runs off her biases, to tell him a story of her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, and her seven brothers. The devil was in Hector if he knew not all this matter, as well as she who told it him; for she had been his bedfellow for many years together: and if he knew it, then it must be confessed,

that Homer in this long digression, has rather given us his own character, than that of the fair lady whom he paints. His dear friends the commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by making the present sorrow of Andromache, to occasion the remembrance of all the past: but others think that she had enough to do with that grief which now oppressed her, without running for assistance to her family. Virgil, I am confident, would have omitted such a work of supererogation. But Virgil had the gift of expressing much in little, and sometimes in silence: for though he yielded much to Homer in invention, he more excelled him in his admirable judgment. He drew the passion of Dido for Æneas, in the most lively and most natural colours imaginable. Homer was ambitious enough of moving pity; for he has attempted twice on the same subject of Hector's death: first, when Priam and Hecuba beheld his corpse, which was dragged after the chariot of Achilles; and then in the lamentation which was made over him, when his body was redeemed by Priam; and the same persons again bewail his death, with a chorus of others to help the cry. But if this last excite compassion in you, as I doubt not but it will, you are more obliged to the translator than the poet: for Homer, as I observed before, can move rage better than he can pity: he stirs up the irascible appetite, as our philosophers call it; he provokes to murder, and the destruction of God's images; he forms and equips those ungodly man-killers, whom we poets, when we flatter

them, call heroes ; a race of men who can never enjoy quiet in themselves, 'till they have taken it from all the world. This is Homer's commendation, and such as it is, the lovers of peace, or at least of more moderate heroism, will never envy him. But let Homer and Virgil contend for the prize of honour, betwixt themselves, I am satisfied they will never have a third concurrent. I wish Mr. Congreve had the leisure to translate him, and the world the good nature and justice to encourage him in that noble design, of which he is more capable than any man I know. The earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Waller, two of the best judges of our age, have assured me, that they could never read over the translation of Chapman, without incredible pleasure and extreme transport. This admiration of theirs must needs proceed from the author himself : for the translator has thrown him down as low as harsh numbers, improper English, and a monstrous length of verse could carry him. What then would he appear in the harmonious version of one of the best writers, living in a much better age than was the last ? I mean for versification, and the art of numbers : for in the drama we have not arrived to the pitch of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. But here, my Lord, I am forced to break off abruptly, without endeavouring at a compliment in the close. This Miscellany, is without dispute, one of the best of the kind, which has hitherto been extant in our tongue. At least, as Sir Samuel Tuke has said before me, a modest man may praise what is not his own. My fellows have no

need of any protection, but I humbly recommend my part of it, as much as it deserves, to your patronage and acceptance, and all the rest to your forgiveness. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most

Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

most of my profession, but I humbly recommended
 my part of it as much as it is, to your patron-
 age and your favour, and all the rest to your forgive-
 ness. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant.

LETTER BOOK

Your Lordship's most

Obedient Servant

JOHN DRYDEN

Of the church in which I live
 I hope from whence to receive
 In this my country with eternal rest
 A full and perfect rest
 And with perfect rest to my country
 To live in peace and quietness
 Before the Lord, and this is my wish
 And heaven's light canopy that covers all
 One was the face of nature, it is true
 Whether a robe and a golden robe
 A noble dress, and a noble dress
 Of living flesh, and a living flesh
 The way was light to the world in the night
 In the night yet the light of the world
 Not yet was light in the night
 In the night yet the light of the world

THE
FIRST BOOK.
OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

OF bodies chang'd to various forms I sing:
Ye gods, from whence these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat;
'Till I my long laborious work compleat;
And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes, 5
Deduc'd from nature's birth, to Cæsar's times.

Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigested mass: 10
A lifeless lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos nam'd.
No sun was lighted up the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky; 15
Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie:

Nor seas about the shores their arms had
thrown;

But earth, and air, and water, were in one.

Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyfs unnavigable. 20

No certain form on any was imprest;

All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.

For hot and cold were in one body fixt,

And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.

But God, or Nature, while they thus con-
tend, 25

To these intestine discords put an end.

Then earth from air, and seas from earth were
driven,

And grosser air sunk from ætherial heaven.

Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper
place; }

The next of kin contiguously embrace; 30 }

And foes are sunder'd by a larger space.

The force of fire ascended first on high,

And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.

Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire:

Whose atoms from unactive earth retire. 35

Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous
throng

Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy feeds along,

About her coasts unruly waters roar,

And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.

Thus when the God, whatever God washe, 40
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts
agree,

That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round:
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to
blow;

And bad the congregated waters flow. 45
He adds the running springs, and standing
lakes;

And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part in earth are swallow'd up, the most
In ample oceans, disembogu'd, are lost.

He shades the woods, the vallies he restrains 50
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.

And as five zones the ætherial regions bind,
Five, correspondent, are to earth assign'd:
The sun, with rays directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone: 55
The two beneath the distant poles complain
Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.

Betwixt the extremes, two happier climates
hold

The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
The fields of liquid air, inclosing all, 60
Surround the compass of this earthly ball:
The lighter parts lie next the fires above;
The grosser near the watry surface move:

Thick clouds are spread, and storms engender
 there,
 And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals
 fear, 65
 And winds that on their wings cold winter
 bear.

Nor were those blustering brethren left at large,
 On seas and shores their fury to discharge :
 Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in place,
 They rend the world, resistless, where they
 pass ; 70
 And mighty marks of mischief leave behind ;
 Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind.
 First Eurys to the rising morn is sent,
 (The regions of the balmy continent) 74
 And eastern realms, where early Persians run,
 To greet the blest appearance of the sun.
 Westward the wanton Zephyr wings his flight,
 Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light :
 Fierce Boreas with his offspring issues forth,
 To invade the frozen waggon of the North. 80
 While frowning Auster seeks the southern sphere,
 And rots, with endless rain, the unwholesome
 year.

High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of
 wind,
 The God a clearer space for heaven design'd ;
 Where fields of light, and liquid æther flow, 85
 Purg'd from the ponderous dregs of earth below.

Scarce had the power distinguish'd these,
when straight

The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads from underneath the mass,
And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass,
And with diffusive light adorn the heavenly
place. 91

Then, every void of nature to supply,
With forms of gods he fills the vacant sky :
New herds of beasts he sends, the plains to
share ;

New colonies of birds, to people air ; 95
And to their oozy beds the finny fish repair.

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was Man design'd :
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest : 100
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The God of nature did his soul inspire ;
Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
And pliant still, retain'd the ætherial energy :
Which wise Prometheus temper'd into paste, 105
And, mixt with living streams, the godlike
image cast.

Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies. 110

From such rude principles our form began,
And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE golden age was first ; when man, yet
 new,
 No rule but uncorrupted reason knew ;
 And, with a native bent, did good pursue. 115
 Unforc'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
 His words were simple, and his soul sincere :
 Needless was written law, where none oppress'd ;
 The law of man was written in his breast :
 No suppliant crowds before the judge ap-
 pear'd ; 120
 No court erected yet, nor cause was heard ;
 But all was safe, for conscience was their
 guard.
 The mountain trees in distant prospect please,
 Ere yet the pine descended to the seas ;
 Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore ;
 And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
 Confin'd their wishes to their native shore.
 No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor
 mound ;
 Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry
 sound :

Nor swords were forg'd ; but, void of care and
 crime, 130
 The soft creation slept away their time.
 The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
 And unprovok'd, did fruitful stores allow :
 Content with food, which nature freely bred,
 On wildings and on strawberries they fed ; 135
 Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
 And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
 The flowers, unfown, in fields and meadows
 reign'd ;
 And western winds immortal spring maintain'd.
 In following years the bearded corn ensu'd 140
 From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
 From veins of vallies milk and nectar broke ;
 And honey sweating through the pores of oak.

THE SILVER AGE.

But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
 Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
 Succeeding times a silver age behold, 146
 Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.
 Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did appear ;
 And Spring was but a season of the year.
 The sun his annual course obliquely made, 150
 Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.

Then air with fultry heats began to glow,
 The wings of winds were clog'd with ice and
 snow ;

And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
 Sought shelter from the inclemency of heaven.
 Those houses, then, were caves, or homely
 sheds, 156

With twining ozers fenc'd, and moss their beds.
 Then ploughs, for feed, the fruitful furrows
 broke,
 And oxen labour'd first beneath the yoke.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

To this next came in course the brazen age :
 A warlike offspring prompt to bloody rage, 161
 Not impious yet———

THE IRON AGE.

———Hard steel succeeded then ;
 And stubborn as the metal were the men.
 Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the world for-
 took : 165
 Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
 Then sails were spread to every wind that blew ;
 Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new :
 Trees, rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain ;
 Ere ships in triumph plough'd the watry plain.

Then land-marks limited to each his right :
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked share ;
But greedy mortals rummaging her store, 175
Digg'd from her entrails first the precious ore ;
Which next to hell the prudent gods had laid ;
And that alluring ill to fight display'd ;
Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief
bold : 180

And double death did wretched man invade,
By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their
hands)

Mankind is broken loose from moral bands ;
No rights of hospitality remain : 185
The guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain :
The son-in-law pursues the father's life ;
The wife her husband murders, he the wife.
The step-dame poison for the son prepares ;
The son inquires into his father's years. 190
Faith flies, and Piety in exile mourns ;
And Justice, here oppress'd, to heaven returns.

THE GIANTS' WAR.

Nor were the gods themselves more safe
above ;
Against beleaguer'd heaven the giants move.

Hills piled on hills, on mountains mountains
lie, 195

To make their mad approaches to the sky.

Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time

To avenge with thunder their audacious crime :

Red lightning play'd along the firmament,

And their demolish'd works to pieces rent. 200

Sing'd with the flames, and with the bolts trans-
fix'd,

With native earth their blood the monsters
mix'd ;

The blood, indu'd with animating heat,

Did in the impregnate earth new fons beget :

They, like the feed from which they sprung,
accurst, 205

Against the gods immortal hatred nurst :

An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood ;

Expressing their original from blood.

Which when the king of gods beheld from high
(Withal revolving in his memory, 210

What he himself had found on earth of late,

Lycaon's guilt, and his inhuman treat)

He sigh'd, nor longer with his pity strove ;

But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove ;

Then call'd a general council of the gods ; 215

Who, summon'd, issue from their blest abodes,

And fill the assembly with a shining train.

A way there is in heaven's expanded plain,

Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
And mortals by the name of milky know. 220
The ground-work is of stars; through which
the road

Lies open to the thunderer's abode.
The gods of greater nations dwell around,
And on the right and left the palace bound; 224
The commons where they can; the nobler fort,
With winding doors wide open, front the court.
This place, as far as earth with heaven may vie,
I dare to call the Louvre of the sky.

When all were plac'd, in seats distinctly known,
And he, their father, had assum'd the throne,
Upon his ivory sceptre first he leant, 231
Then shook his head, that shook the firmament:
Air, earth, and seas, obey'd the almighty nod;
And, with a general fear, confess'd the god.
At length, with indignation, thus he broke 235
His awful silence, and the powers bespoke.

I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of empire, when our universal state
Was put to hazard, and the giant race
Our captive skies were ready to embrace: 240
For though the foe was fierce, the seeds of all
Rebellion sprung from one original;
Now wheresoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.
Let me this holy protestation make: 245
By hell, and hell's inviolable lake,

I try'd whatever in the god-head lay ;
 But gangren'd members must be lopt away,
 Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay. }
 There dwells below a race of demi-gods, 250
 Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods ;
 Who, though not worthy yet in heaven to live,
 Let 'em at least enjoy that earth we give.
 Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,
 When I myself, who no superior know, 255
 I, who have heaven and earth at my command,
 Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand ?

At this a murmur through the synod went,
 And with one voice they vote his punishment.
 Thus, when conspiring traitors dar'd to doom
 The fall of Cæsar, and in him of Rome, 261
 The nations trembled with a pious fear ;
 All anxious for their earthly thunderer :
 Nor was their care, O Cæsar, less esteem'd
 By thee, than that of heaven for Jove was
 deem'd : 265

Who with his hand, and voice, did first restrain
 Their murmurs, then resum'd his speech again.
 The gods to silence were compos'd, and sat
 With reverence due to his superior state.

Cancel your pious cares ; already he 270
 Has paid his debt to justice, and to me.

Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments
were,

Remains for me thus briefly to declare.

The clamours of this vile degenerate age,

The cries of orphans, and the oppressor's rage,

Had reach'd the stars; I will descend, said I, 276

In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie,

Disguis'd in human shape, I travell'd round

The world, and more than what I heard, I

found.

O'er Mænalus I took my steepy way, 280

By caverns infamous for beasts of prey:

Then cross'd Cyllene, and the piny shade,

More infamous by curst Lycaon made:

Dark night had cover'd heaven and earth, be-

fore

I enter'd his un hospitable door. 285

Just at my entrance, I display'd the sign

That somewhat was approaching of divine.

The prostrate people pray; the tyrant grins;

And, adding prophanation to his sins,

I'll try, said he, and if a god appear, 290

To prove his deity shall cost him dear.

'Twas late; the graceless wretch my death pre-

pares,

When I should soundly sleep, oppress'd with

cares:

This dire experiment he chose, to prove

If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove: 295

But first he had resolv'd to taste my power :
 Not long before, but in a luckless hour,
 Some legates sent from the Molossian state,
 Were on a peaceful errand come to treat :
 Of these he murders one, he boils the flesh, 300
 And lays the mangled morsels in a dish :
 Some part he roasts ; then serves it up so drest,
 And bids me welcome to this human feast.
 Mov'd with disdain, the table I o'erturn'd ;
 And with avenging flames the palace burn'd. 305
 The tyrant, in a fright, for shelter gains
 The neighb'ring fields, and scours along the
 plains.

Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,
 But human voice his brutal tongue forsook.
 About his lips the gather'd foam he churns,
 And breathing slaughter, still with rage he
 burns, 311

But on the bleating flock his fury turns.
 His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
 Cleaves to his back ; a famish'd face he bears ;
 His arms descend, his shoulders sink away, 315
 To multiply his legs for chace of prey.
 He grows a wolf, his hoariness remains,
 And the same rage in other members reigns.
 His eyes still sparkle in a narrower space,
 His jaws retain the grin, and violence of his
 face. 320

This was a single ruin, but not one
 Deserves so just a punishment alone.
 Mankind's a monster, and the ungodly times,
 Confederate into guilt, are sworn to crimes.
 All are alike involv'd in ill, and all, 325
 Must by the same relentless fury fall.

Thus ended he; the greater gods assent,
 By clamours urging his severe intent;
 The less fill up the cry for punishment. }
 Yet still with pity they remember man; 330
 And mourn as much as heavenly spirits can.
 They ask, when those were lost of human birth,
 What he would do with all his waste of earth?
 If his dispeopled world he would resign
 To beasts, a mute, and more ignoble line? 335
 Neglected altars must no longer smoke,
 If none were left to worship and invoke.
 To whom the father of the gods reply'd:
 Lay that unnecessary fear aside: }
 Mine be the care new people to provide. 340 }
 I will from wondrous principles ordain
 A race unlike the first, and try my skill again.

Already had he tofs'd the flaming brand,
 And roll'd the thunder in his spacious hand; }
 Preparing to discharge on seas and land: 345 }
 But stop'd, for fear, thus violently driven,
 The sparks should catch his axle-tree of heaven.
 Remembring, in the Fates, a time, when fire
 Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,

And all his blazing worlds above should burn,
And all the inferior globe to cinders turn. 351

His dire artillery thus dismiss'd, he bent
His thoughts to some securer punishment:
Concludes to pour a watry deluge down;
And, what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.

The Northern breath, that freezes floods, he
binds; 356

With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds:
The South he loos'd, who night and horror
brings;

And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings.
From his divided beard two streams he pours;
His head and rheumy eyes distil in showers. 361

With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow:
And lazy mists are lowring on his brow.

Still as he swept along, with his clench'd fist,
He squeez'd the clouds; the imprison'd clouds
resist: 365

The skies, from pole to pole, with peals re-
found;

And showers enlarg'd come pouring on the
ground.

Then clad in colours of a various die,
Junonian Iris breeds a new supply 369

To feed the clouds: impetuous rain descends;
The bearded corn beneath the burthen bends:
Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd grain;
And the long labours of the year are vain.

Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone 374
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down:
Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The watry tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who roll from mossy caves, their moist abodes;
And with perpetual urns his palace fill: 380
To whom, in brief, he thus imparts his will.

Small exhortation needs; your powers employ:

And this bad world (so Jove requires) destroy.
Let loose the reins to all your watry store:
Bear down the dams, and open every door. 385

The floods, by nature enemies to land,
And proudly swelling with their new command,
Remove the living stones that stopp'd their way,
And, gushing from their source, augment the
sea.

Then, with his mace, their monarch struck
the ground: 390
With inward trembling earth receiv'd the
wound;

And rising streams a ready passage found.
The expanded waters gather on the plain,
They float the fields, and overtop the grain;
Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway, 295
Bear flocks, and folds, and lab'ring hinds
away.

Nor safe their dwellings were ; for, sap'd by
floods,

Their houses fell upon their household gods.

The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,

High o'er their heads behold a watry wall. 400

Now seas and earth were in confusion lost ;

A world of waters, and without a coast.

One climbs a cliff ; one in his boat is born,
And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his
corn.

Others o'er chimney tops and turrets row, 405

And drop their anchors on the meads below :

Or downward driven, they bruise the tender
vine,

Or tofs'd aloft, are knock'd against a pine.

And where of late the kids had cropp'd the
grafs,

The monsters of the deep now take their place.

Insulting Nereids on the cities ride, 411

And wondering dolphins o'er the palace glide.

On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks, they
brouze ;

And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.

The frightened wolf now swims among the sheep ;

The yellow lion wanders in the deep : 416

His rapid force no longer helps the boar :

The stag swims faster than he ran before.

The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,

Despair of land, and drop into the main. 420

Now hills and vales no more distinction know,
And levell'd nature lies oppress'd below.
The most of mortals perish in the flood,
The small remainder dies for want of food.

A mountain of stupendous height there stands
Betwixt the Athenian and Bœotian lands, 426
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they
were,

But then a field of waters did appear :
Parnassus is its name ; whose forked rise
Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty
skies. 430

High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting moor'd his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perish'd man ; they two were human kind.
The mountain-nymphs and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal men was he ;
The most sincere and holy woman, she.

When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie, 440
That, where so many millions lately liv'd,
But two, the best of either sex, surviv'd,
He loos'd the northern wind ; fierce Boreas
flies

To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies :
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driven
Discover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.

The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd
face.

Already Triton, at his call, appears 449
Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears. }

The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
And give the waves the signal to retire.

His writhen shell he takes, whose narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent; 455
Then gives it breath; the blast, with doubling
sound,

Runs the wide circuit of the world around.

The sun first heard it, in his early East,

And met the rattling echos in the West.

The waters, listning to the trumpet's roar, 460

Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.

A thin circumference of land appears;
And Earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds:
The streams, but just contain'd within their
bounds, 465

By slow degrees into their channels crawl;

And earth increases as the waters fall.

In longer time the tops of trees appear,

Which mud on their dishonour'd branches bear.

At length the world was all restor'd to view,

But desolate, and of a sickly hue: 471

Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.

Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look,
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke :

Oh wife, oh sister, oh of all thy kind 476

The best and only creature left behind,

By kindred, love, and now by dangers join'd ;

Of multitudes, who breath'd the common air,

We two remain ; a species in a pair ; 480

The rest the seas have swallow'd ; nor have we

E'en of this wretched life a certainty.

The clouds are still above ; and, while I speak,

A second deluge o'er our heads may break.

Should I be snatch'd from hence, and thou

remain, 485

Without relief, or partner of thy pain,

How could'st thou such a wretched life sus-

tain ?

Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea,

That bury'd her I lov'd, shou'd bury me.

Oh could our father his old arts inspire, 490

And make me heir of his informing fire,

That so I might abolish'd man retrieve,

And perish'd people in new souls might live !

But Heaven is pleas'd, nor ought we to com-

plain, 494

That we, the examples of mankind, remain.

He said : the careful couple join their tears,

And then invoke the gods, with pious prayers.

Thus in devotion having eas'd their grief,
 From sacred oracles they seek relief:
 And to Cephifus' brook their way pursue: 500
 The stream was troubled, but the ford they
 knew.

With living waters in the fountain bred,
 They sprinkle first their garments, and their }
 head, }
 Then took the way which to the temple led.
 The roofs were all defil'd with moss and mire,
 The desert altars void of solemn fire. 506
 Before the gradual prostrate they ador'd,
 The pavement kiss'd; and thus the saint im-
 plor'd.

O righteous Themis, if the powers above
 By prayers are bent to pity, and to love; 510
 If human miseries can move their mind;
 If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
 Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
 Mankind, and people desolated earth. 514
 Then thus the gracious goddess, nodding, said;
 Depart, and with your vestments veil your
 head:

And stooping lowly down, with loozen'd zones,
 Throw each behind your backs your mighty
 mother's bones.

Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder, stand,
 Till Pyrrha first refus'd the dire command. 520

Forbid it heaven, said she, that I should tear
Those holy relics from the sepulchre.
They ponder'd the mysterious words again,
For some new sense ; and long they sought in
vain.

At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow,
And said ; The dark ænigma will allow 526
A meaning, which, if well I understand,
From sacrilege will free the god's command :
This earth our mighty mother is, the stones
In her capacious body are her bones : 530
These we must cast behind. With hope, and
fear,

The woman did the new solution hear :
The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the gods ; yet both resolve to try.
Descending from the mount, they first unbind
Their vests, and, veil'd, they cast the stones be-
hind : 536

The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it pass for true)
Did first the rigor of their kind expel,
And suppl'd into softness as they fell ; 540
Then swell'd, and, swelling, by degrees grew
warm ;

And took the rudiments of human form ;
Imperfect shapes, in marble such are seen,
When the rude chizzel does the man begin ;

While yet the roughness of the stone remains,
Without the rising muscles, and the veins. 546

The fatty parts, and next resembling juice,
Were turn'd to moisture, for the body's use :
Supplying humours, blood, and nourishment :

The rest, too solid to receive a bent, 550

Converts to bones ; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and nature did retain.

By help of power divine, in little space,
What the man threw, assum'd a manly face ;
And what the wife, renew'd the female race. }

Hence we derive our nature, born to bear 556
Laborious life, and harden'd into care.

The rest of animals, from teeming earth
Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their birth.
The native moisture, in its close retreat, 560

Digested by the sun's ætherial heat,
As in a kindly womb, began to breed :

Then swell'd, and quicken'd by the vital feed.
And some in less, and some in longer space, 564

Were ripen'd into form, and took a several face.

Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And seeks, with ebbing tides, his ancient bed,

The fat manure with heavenly fire is warm'd ;
And crufted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd :

These, when they turn the glebe, the peasants
find : 570

Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their kind ;

Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth ;
One half alive, and one of lifeless earth.

For heat and moisture, when in bodies join'd,
The temper that results from either kind, 575
Conception makes ; and fighting, till they mix,
Their mingled atoms in each other fix.

Thus nature's hand the genial bed prepares
With friendly discord, and with fruitful wars.

From hence the surface of the ground with
mud 580

And slime besmear'd (the fæces of the flood)
Receiv'd the rays of heaven ; and sucking in
The seeds of heat, new creatures did begin :
Some were of several sorts produc'd before ;
But of new monsters earth created more. 585
Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light
Thee, Python, too, the wondering world to
fright,

And the new nations with so dire a fight.
So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space
Did his vast body and long train embrace : 590
Whom Phœbus basking on a bank espy'd,
Ere now the god his arrows had not try'd,
But on the trembling deer, or mountain-goat ;
At this new quarry he prepares to shoot.

Though every shaft took place, he spent the
store 595
Of his full quiver ; and 'twas long before
The expiring serpent wallow'd in his gore.

Then to preserve the fame of such a deed,
 For Python slain, he Pythian games decreed,
 Where noble youths for mastership should strive,
 To quoit, to run, and steeds and chariots drive.
 The prize was fame, in witness of renown,
 An oaken garland did the victor crown.
 The laurel was not yet for triumphs born,
 But every green alike by Phœbus worn 605
 Did, with promiscuous grace, his flowing
 locks adorn.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A LAUREL.

The first and fairest of his loves was she,
 Whom not blind fortune, but the dire decree
 Of angry Cupid forc'd him to desire:
 Daphne her name, and Peneus was her fire. 610
 Swell'd with the pride that new success attends,
 He sees the stripling, while his bow he bends,
 And thus insults him: Thou lascivious boy,
 Are arms like these for children to employ?

Ver. 610. *Daphne her name,*] I shall not disturb and disgust the reader, in these notes, by a series of mythological tales, and histories of the heathen gods, but in humble imitation of Addison in his remarks subjoined to his translations of Ovid, from time to time endeavour to point out his beauties and blemishes, especially the mixture of false wit and false brilliancy so conspicuous in this hasty and fertile writer. And though we may frequently praise him, cannot possibly assent to an outrageous paradox advanced by Dryden, "that Ovid excels Virgil in the pathetic, and particularly in describing the effects of the passion of love."

Dr. J. WARTON.

Know, such atchievements are my proper
claim; 615

Due to my vigour and unerring aim :
Resistless are my shafts, and Python late,
In such a feather'd death, has found his fate.
Take up thy torch, and lay my weapons by ;
With that the feeble souls of lovers fry. 620

To whom the son of Venus thus reply'd :
Phœbus, thy shafts are sure on all beside ;
But mine on Phœbus : mine the fame shall be
Of all thy conquests, when I conquer thee.

He said, and soaring swiftly wing'd his flight ;
Nor stop'd but on Parnassus' airy height. 626

Two different shafts he from his quiver draws ;
One to repel desire, and one to cause.

One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold, 629

To bribe the love, and make the lover bold :

One blunt, and tipt with lead, whose base allay
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.

The blunted bolt against the nymph he drest :

But with the sharp transfix'd Apollo's breast.

The enamour'd deity pursues the chace ; 635

The scornful damsel shuns his loath'd embrace ;

In hunting beasts of prey her youth employs ;

And Phœbe rivals in her rural joys.

With naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare,

And with a fillet binds her flowing hair. 640

By many suitors fought, she mocks their pains,

And still her vow'd virginity maintains.

Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
 She shuns, and hates the joys she never try'd.
 On wilds and wood she fixes her desire : 645

Nor knows what youth and kindly love inspire.
 Her father chides her oft : 'Thou ow'st, says he,
 A husband to thyself, a son to me.

She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed : 649
 She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head,
 Then, casting round his neck her tender arms,
 Soothes him with blandishments, and filial
 charms :

Give me, my lord, she said, to live, and die,
 A spotless maid, without the marriage-tie.

'Tis but a small request ; I beg no more 655
 Than what Diana's father gave before.

The good old fire was soften'd to consent ;
 But said her wish would prove her punishment :
 For so much youth, and so much beauty join'd,
 Oppos'd the state, which her desires design'd.

The god of light, aspiring to her bed, 661
 Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies
 fed ;

And is by his own oracles misled.

And as in empty fields the stubble burns,
 Or nightly travellers, when day returns, 665
 Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
 That catch the flames, and kindle all the row ;
 So burns the god, consuming in desire,
 And feeding in his breast the fruitless fire :

Her well-turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was
bare) 670

And on her shoulders her dishevell'd hair :
Oh were it comb'd, said he, with what a grace
Would every waving curl become her face !
He view'd her eyes, like heavenly lamps that
shone ;

He view'd her lips, too sweet to view alone, 675
Her taper fingers, and her panting breast ;
He praises all he sees, and for the rest,
Believes the beauties yet unseen are best. }

Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away,
Nor did for these alluring speeches stay : 680

Stay, nymph, he cry'd, I follow, not a foe :
Thus from the Lion trips the trembling Doe ;
Thus from the Wolf the frighten'd Lamb
removes, }

And from pursuing Falcons fearful Doves ;
Thou shunn'st a god, and shunn'st a god, that
loves. 685

Ah lest some thorn should pierce thy tender
foot,

Or thou should'st fall in flying my pursuit !
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline ;
Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly ;
Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.
Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state ;
And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.

Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos obey ;
 These hands the Patareian scepter sway. 695
 The king of gods begot me : what shall be,
 Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see.
 Mine is the invention of the charming lyre ;
 Sweet notes, and heavenly numbers I inspire.
 Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart ; 700
 But ah ! more deadly his, who pierc'd my
 heart.

Med'cine is mine, what herbs and simples
 grow
 In fields and forests, all their powers I know ;
 And am the great physician call'd below.
 Alas, that fields and forests can afford 705
 No remedies to heal their love-sick lord !
 To cure the pains of love, no plant avails ;
 And his own physic the physician fails.

She heard not half, so furiously she flies,
 And on her ear the imperfect accent dies. 710
 Fear gave her wings ; and as she fled, the
 wind

Increasing spread her flowing hair behind ;
 And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view ;
 Which made the god more eager to pursue.
 'The god was young, and was too hotly bent 715
 To lose his time in empty compliment :
 But led by love, and fir'd by such a sight,
 Impetuously pursu'd his near delight.

As when the impatient greyhound, flipt from
far,

Bounds o'er the glebe, to course the fearful
hare, 720

She in her speed does all her safety lay;

And he with double speed pursues the prey;

O'er-runs her at the fitting turn, and licks

His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:

She scapes, and for the neighb'ring covert
strives, 725

And gaining shelter doubts if yet she lives:

If little things with great we may compare,

Such was the god, and such the flying fair:

She, urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly move,

But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by love. 730

He gathers ground upon her in the chace:

Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer
pace;

And just is fastening on the wish'd embrace. }

The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,

Spent with the labour of so long a flight; 735

And now despairing, cast a mournful look,

Upon the streams of her paternal brook:

Oh help, she cry'd, in this extremest need,

If water-gods are deities indeed:

Gape, Earth, and this unhappy wretch intomb:

Or change my form whence all my sorrows
come. 741

Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground:
A filmy rind about her body grows,
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:
The nymph is all into a laurel gone, 746
The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
Yet Phœbus loves her still, and, casting round
Her bole his arms, some little warmth he found.
The tree still panted in the unfinish'd part, 750
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind;
It swerv'd aside, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the god: Because thou canst not be
My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree: 755
Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
The deathless poet, and the poem, crown.
Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
And, after poets, be by victors worn.
Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace; 760
When pomps shall in a long procession pass:
Wreath'd on the post before his palace wait;
And be the sacred guardian of the gate:
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
Unfading as the immortal powers above: 765
And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he
said,
And shook the shady honours of her head.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF IO INTO AN
HEIFER.

An ancient forest in Theffalia grows ; 770
Which Tempe's pleasant valley does inclose :
Through this the rapid Peneus takes his course ;
From Pindus rolling with impetuous force :
Mists from the river's mighty fall arife ;
And deadly damps inclose the cloudy skies : 775
Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood ;
And founds of waters deaf the neighbourhood.
Deep, in a rocky cave, he makes abode :
A mansion proper for a mourning god.
Here he gives audience ; iffuing out decrees 780
To rivers, his dependent deities.
On this occasion hither they refort,
To pay their homage, and to make their court ;
All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His daughter's honour, or lament her fate. 785
Sperchæus, crown'd with poplar, first appears ;
Then old Apidanus came, crown'd with years ;
Enipeus turbulent, Amphryfos tame ;
And Æas laft, with lagging waters, came.
Then of his kindred brooks a numerous throng
Condole his loss, and bring their urns along.
Not one was wanting of the watry train,
That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main,
But Inachus, who, in his cave alone,
Wept not another's losses, but his own ; 795

For his dear Io, whether stray'd, or dead,
 To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed.
 He fought her through the world, but fought
 in vain ;

And, no where finding, rather fear'd her slain.

Her just returning from her father's brook,
 Jove had beheld, with a desiring look ; 801

And, Oh, fair daughter of the flood, he said,
 Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,

Happy, whoever shall those charms possess !

The king of gods (nor is thy lover less) 805

Invites thee to yon cooler shades, to shun
 The scorching rays of the meridian sun.

Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
 Alone without a guide ; thy guide is Jove.

No puny power, but he, whose high com-
 mand 810

Is unconfin'd, who rules the seas and land,
 And tempers thunder in his awful hand.

Oh fly not ; for she fled from his embrace

O'er Lerna's pastures : he pursu'd the chace
 Along the shades of the Lyrcean plain. 815

At length the god who never asks in vain,

Involv'd with vapours, imitating night,

Both air and earth ; and then suppress'd her
 flight,

And, mingling force with love, enjoy'd the
 full delight.

Mean-time the jealous Juno, from on high, 820
Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady ;
And wonder'd that the mist should over-run
The face of day-light, and obscure the sun.
No natural cause she found, from brooks or
bogs,

Or marshy lowlands, to produce the fogs : 825
Then round the skies she sought for Jupiter,
Her faithless husband ; but no Jove was there.
Suspecting now the worst, Or I, she said,
Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.

With fury she precipitates her flight, 830
Dispels the shadows of dissembled night,
And to the day restores his native light. }

The almighty leacher, careful to prevent
The consequence, foreseeing her descent,
Transforms his mistress in a trice ; and now 835
In Io's place appears a lovely cow.

So sleek her skin, so faultless was her make,
E'en Juno did unwilling pleasure take
To see so fair a rival of her love ;
And what she was, and whence, enquir'd of
Jove : 840

Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree ?
The god, half-caught, was forc'd upon a lie ;
And said she sprung from earth. She took the
word,

And begg'd the beauteous heifer of her lord.

What should he do? 'twas equal shame to Jove
Or to relinquish, or betray his love: 846

Yet to refuse so slight a gift, would be
But more to increase his consort's jealousy:
Thus fear, and love, by turns his heart assail'd;
And stronger love had sure at length prevail'd,
But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous
queen 851

Had not the mistress through the heifer seen.
The cautious goddess, of her gift possess'd,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her
breast;

As she who knew the falshood of her Jove, 855
And justly fear'd some new relapse of love.
Which to prevent, and to secure her care,
To trusty Argus she commits the fair.

The head of Argus (as with stars the skies)
Was compass'd round, and wore an hundred
eyes. 860

But two by turns their lids in slumber steep;
The rest on duty still their station keep;
Nor could the total constellation sleep. }
Thus, ever present to his eyes and mind,
His charge was still before him, though be-
hind. 865

In fields he suffer'd her to feed by day;
But, when the setting sun to night gave way,
The captive cow he summon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and ty'd her to the stall.

On leaves of trees and bitter herbs she fed, 870
 Heaven was her canopy, bare earth her bed ;
 So hardly lodg'd : and to digest her food,
 She drank from troubled streams, defil'd with
 mud.

Her woful story fain she would have told,
 With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold.
 Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd, 876
 She strove to speak ; she spoke not, but she
 low'd.

Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around,
 And seem'd to inquire the author of the sound.

Once on the banks where often she had
 play'd, 880
 (Her father's banks) she came, and there sur-
 vey'd

Her alter'd visage, and her branching head ;
 And, starting, from herself she wou'd have
 fled.

Her fellow-nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
 Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise. 885

Ev'n Inachus himself was ignorant ;
 And in his daughter did his daughter want.

She follow'd where her fellows went, as she
 Were still a partner of the company :

They stroke her neck ; the gentle heifer
 stands, 890

And her neck offers to their stroking hands.

Her father gave her grafs; the grafs ſhe
took;
And lick'd his palms, and caſt a piteous
look;
And in the language of her eyes ſhe ſpoke.
She would have told her name, and aſk'd re-
lief, 895
But, wanting words, in tears ſhe tells her grief.
Which with her foot ſhe makes him underſtand;
And prints the name of Io in the ſand.
Ah wretched me! her mournful father cry'd;
She, with a ſigh, to wretched me reply'd: 900
About her milk-white neck his arms he threw;
And wept, and then theſe tender words enſue.
And art thou ſhe, whom I have ſought around
The world, and have at length ſo ſadly found?
So found, is worſe than loſt: with mutual
words 905
Thou answer'ſt not, no voice thy tongue af-
fords:
But ſighs are deeply drawn from out thy breaſt;
And ſpeech deny'd by lowing is expreſs'd.
Unknowing, I prepar'd thy bridal bed;
With empty hopes of happy iſſue fed. 910
But now the huſband of a herd muſt be
Thy mate, and bellowing ſons thy progeny.
Oh, were I mortal, death might bring relief!
But now my god-head but extends my grief;

Prolongs my woes, of which no end I see, 915
And makes me curse my immortality.
More had he said, but fearful of her stay,
The starry guardian drove his charge away,
To some fresh pasture, on a hilly height
He sat himself, and kept her still in fight. 920

THE EYES OF ARGUS TRANSFORMED INTO
A PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

Now Jove no longer could her sufferings
bear:
But call'd in haste his airy messenger,
The son of Maia, with severe decree
To kill the keeper, and to set her free.
With all his harness soon the god was sped; 925
His flying hat was fasten'd on his head;
Wings on his heels were hung, and in his hand
He holds the virtue of the snaky wand.
The liquid air his moving pinions wound,
And, in the moment, shoot him on the ground.
Before he came in sight, the crafty god 931
His wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his rod:
That sleep-procuring wand wise Hermes took,
But made it seem to fight a shepherd's hook.
With this he did a herd of goats controul; 935
Which by the way he met, and slyly stole.
Clad like a country swain, he pip'd, and sung;
And, playing, drove his jolly troop along.

With pleasure Argus the musician heeds ; 939
 But wonders much at those new vocal reeds.
 And, Whoso'er thou art, my friend, said he,
 Up hither drive thy goats, and play by me :
 This hill has brouze for them, and shade for
 thee.

The god, who was with ease induc'd to climb,
 Began discourse to pass away the time ; 945
 And still, betwixt, his tuneful pipe he plies ;
 And watch'd his hour, to close the keeper's
 eyes.

With much ado, he partly kept awake ;
 Not suffering all his eyes repose to take :
 And ask'd the stranger, who did reeds invent,
 And whence began so rare an instrument. 951

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SYRINX INTO REEDS.

THEN Hermes thus ; A nymph of late there
 was,
 Whose heavenly form her fellows did surpass.
 The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains ;
 Belov'd by deities, ador'd by swains : 955
 Syrinx her name, by Sylvans oft pursu'd,
 As oft she did the lustful gods delude :
 The rural and the wood-land powers disdain'd ;
 With Cynthia hunted, and her rites main-
 tain'd ; 959

Like Phœbe clad, e'en Phœbe's self she seems,
 So tall, so straight, such well-proportion'd
 limbs:

The nicest eye did no distinction know,
 But that the goddess bore a golden bow: }
 Distinguish'd thus, the fight she cheated too. }
 Descending from Lycæus, Pan admires 965
 The matchless nymph, and burns with new de-
 fires.

A crown of pine upon his head he wore;
 And thus began her pity to implore.
 But ere he thus began, she took her flight
 So swift, she was already out of sight. 970
 Nor stay'd to hear the courtship of the god;
 But bent her course to Ladon's gentle flood:
 There by the river stopt, and, tir'd before,
 Relief from water-nymphs her prayers implore.

Now while the lustful god, with speedy
 pace, 975 }
 Just thought to strain her in a strict embrace, }
 He fills his arms with reeds, new rising on the
 place.

And while he sighs his ill success to find,
 The tender canes were shaken by the wind;
 And breath'd a mournful air, unheard before;
 That, much surprizing Pan, yet pleas'd him
 more. 981

Admiring this new music, Thou, he said,
 Who canst not be the partner of my bed,

At least shalt be the comfort of my mind ;
 And often, often, to my lips be join'd. 985

He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they
 are :

Unequal in their length, and wax'd with care,
 They still retain the name of his ungrateful
 fair. }

While Hermes pip'd, and fung, and told his
 tale,

The keeper's winking eyes began to fail, 990

And drowsy slumber on the lids to creep ;

Till all the watchman was at length asleep.

Then soon the god his voice and song suppress ;

And with his powerful rod confirm'd his rest :

Without delay his crooked falchion drew, 995

And at one fatal stroke the keeper flew.

Down from the rock fell the dissever'd head,

Opening its eyes in death, and falling bled ;

And mark'd the passage with a crimson trail :

Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale ; 1000

And all his hundred eyes, with all their light,

Are clos'd at once in one perpetual night.

These Juno takes, that they no more may fail,

And spreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.

Impatient to revenge her injur'd bed, 1005

She wreaks her anger on her rival's head ;

With furies frights her from her native home,

And drives her gadding round the world to

 roam :

Nor ceas'd her madness and her flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian shore. 1010
At length, arriving on the banks of Nile,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn with
toil,

She laid her down: and, leaning on her knees,
Invok'd the cause of all her miseries:
And cast her languishing regards above, 1015
For help from heaven, and her ungrateful Jove.
She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd; 'twas all she
cou'd;

And with unkindness seem'd to tax the god.
Last, with an humble prayer, she begg'd repose,
Or death at least to finish all her woes. 1020
Jove heard her vows, and with a flattering look,
In her behalf to jealous Juno spoke.

He cast his arms about her neck, and said:
Dame, rest secure; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph shall violate; by Styx I swear, 1025
And every oath that binds the Thunderer.

The goddess was pleas'd: and at the word
Was lo to her former shape restor'd.

The rugged hair began to fall away;
The sweetness of her eyes did only stay, 1030
Though not so large; her crooked horns de-
crease;

The wideness of her jaws and nostrils cease:

Ver. 1024. Dame, rest] A vulgar form indeed, unworthy of
the god.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Her hoofs to hands return, in little space ;
 The five long taper fingers take their place ;
 And nothing of the heifer now is seen, 1035
 Beside the native whiteness of her skin.

Erected on her feet she walks again,
 And two the duty of the four sustain.
 She tries her tongue, her silence softly breaks,
 And fears her former lowings when she speaks :
 A goddess now through all the Egyptian state ;
 And serv'd by priests, who in white linen wait.

Her son was Epaphus, at length believ'd
 The son of Jove, and as a god receiv'd.
 With sacrifice ador'd, and public prayers, 1045
 He common temples with his mother shares.
 Equal in years, and rival in renown
 With Epaphus, the youthful Phaëton,
 Like honour claims, and boasts his fire the
 Sun.

His haughty looks, and his assuming air, 1050
 The son of Isis could no longer bear :
 Thou tak'st thy mother's word too far, said he,
 And hast usurp'd thy boasted pedigree.
 Go, base pretender to a borrow'd name !
 Thus tax'd, he blush'd with anger, and with
 shame ; 1055

But shame repress'd his rage : the daunted
 youth

Soon seeks his mother, and enquires the truth :

Mother, said he, this infamy was thrown
 By Epaphus on you, and me your son.
 He spoke in publick, told it to my face ; 1060
 Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace :
 Ev'n I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,
 Restrain'd by shame, was forc'd to hold my
 tongue.

To hear an open slander, is a curse :
 But not to find an answer, is a worse. 1065
 If I am heaven-begot, assert your son
 By some sure sign ; and make my father
 known,

To right my honour, and redeem your own. }
 He said, and saying cast his arms about
 Her neck, and begg'd her to resolve the doubt.

'Tis hard to judge if Clymené were mov'd
 More by his prayer, whom she so dearly lov'd,
 Or more with fury fir'd, to find her name
 Traduc'd, and made the sport of common fame.
 She stretch'd her arms to heaven, and fix'd her
 eyes 1075

On that fair planet that adorns the skies ;
 Now by those beams, said she, whose holy fires
 Consume my breast, and kindle my desires ;
 By him who sees us both, and cheers our sight,
 By him, the public minister of light, 1080
 I swear that Sun begot thee : if I lye,
 Let him his chearful influence deny :

Let him no more this perjur'd creature see,
And shine on all the world but only me.
If still you doubt your mother's innocence, 1085
His eastern mansion is not far from hence ;
With little pains you to his levee go,
And from himself your parentage may know.
With joy the ambitious youth his mother heard,
And eager for the journey soon prepar'd. 1090
He longs the world beneath him to survey ;
To guide the chariot, and to give the day :
From Meroë's burning sands he bends his
course,
Nor less in India feels his father's force ;
His travel urging, till he came in sight, 1095
And saw the palace by the purple light.

MELEAGER AND ATALANTA,

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

CONNECTION TO THE FORMER STORY.

Ovid, having told how Theseus had freed Athens from the tribute of children, which was imposed on them by Minos, king of Creta, by killing the Minotaur, here makes a digression to the story of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the most inartificial connections in all the Metamorphoses: for he only says, that Theseus obtained such honour from that combat, that all Greece had recourse to him in their necessities; and, amongst others, Calydon, though the hero of that country, prince Meleager, was then living.

FROM him the Caledonians fought relief;
Though valiant Meleagrus was their chief.
The cause, a boar, who ravag'd far and near,
Of Cynthia's wrath the avenging minister.
For Oeneus with autumnal plenty blest'd, 5
By gifts to heaven his gratitude express'd:

Cull'd sheafs, to Ceres ; to Lyæus, wine ;
 To Pan, and Pales, offer'd sheep and kine ;
 And fat of olives, to Minerva's shrine. }

Beginning from the rural gods, his hand 10
 Was liberal to the powers of high command :
 Each deity in every kind was blest'd,
 Till at Diana's fane the invidious honour ceas'd.
 Wrath touches ev'n the gods ; the queen of
 night

Fir'd with disdain, and jealous of her right, 15
 Unhonour'd though I am, at least, said she,
 Not unreveng'd that impious act shall be.

Swift as the word, she sped the boar away,
 With charge on those devoted fields to prey.
 No larger bulls the Ægyptian pastures feed, 20
 And none so large Sicilian meadows breed :
 His eye-balls glare with fire, suffus'd with blood ;
 His neck shoots up a thick set thorny wood ;
 His bristled back a trench impal'd appears,
 And stands erected, like a field of spears. 25

Froth fills his chaps, he sends a grunting sound,
 And part he churns, and part befoams the
 ground.

For tusks with Indian elephants he strove,
 And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he
 drove.

He burns the leaves ; the scorching blast in-
 vades 30

The tender corn, and shrivels up the blades :

Or, suffering not their yellow beards to rear,
He tramples down the spikes, and intercepts
the year.

In vain the barns expect their promis'd load,
Nor barns at home, nor reeks are heap'd
abroad : 35

In vain the hinds the threshing-floor prepare,
And exercise their flails in empty air.

With olives ever green the ground is strow'd,
And grapes ungather'd shed their generous
blood.

Amid the fold he rages, nor the sheep 40
Their shepherds, nor the grooms their bulls can
keep.

From fields to walls the frightened rabble run,
Nor think themselves secure within the town :

Till Meleagrus, and his chosen crew,
Contemn the danger, and the praise pursue. 45

Fair Leda's twins, (in time to stars decreed)

One fought on foot, one curb'd the fiery steed ;

Then issued forth fam'd Jason after these,

Who mann'd the foremost ship that sail'd the
seas ;

Then Theseus, join'd with bold Pirithous,
came, 50

A single concord in a double name :

The Thestian sons, Idas who swiftly ran,

And Ceneus, once a woman, now a man.

Lynceus, with eagle's eyes, and lion's heart ;
 Leucippus, with his never-erring dart ; 55
 Acastus, Phileus, Phœnix, Telamon,
 Echion, Lelex, and Eurytion, }
 Achilles' father, and great Phocus' son ; }
 Dryas the fierce, and Hippafus the strong ;
 With twice old Iolas, and Nestor then but
 young. 60

Laertes active, and Ancæus bold ; }
 Mopsus the sage, who future things foretold ; }
 And t'other feer yet by his wife unfold. }
 A thousand others of immortal fame ;
 Among the rest fair Atalanta came, 65
 Grace of the woods : a diamond buckle bound
 Her vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the
 ground,
 And shew'd her buskin'd legs ; her head was
 bare,

But for her native ornament of hair ;
 Which in a simple knot was ty'd above, 70
 Sweet negligence, unheeded bait of love !
 Her founding quiver on her shoulder ty'd,
 One hand a dart, and one a bow supply'd.
 Such was her face, as in a nymph display'd
 A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd 75 }
 The blushing beauties of a modest maid. }
 The Caledonian chief at once the dame
 Beheld, at once his heart receiv'd the flame,

With heavens averſe. O happy youth, he
cry'd ;

For whom thy fates reſerve ſo fair a bride ! 80

He ſigh'd, and had no leiſure more to ſay ;

His honour call'd his eyes another way,

And force him to purſue the now neglected
prey. }

There ſtood a foreſt on the mountain's
brow,

Which overlook'd the ſhaded plains below. 85

No founding ax preſum'd thoſe trees to bite ;

Coeval with the world, a venerable ſight.

The heroes there arriv'd, ſome ſpread around

The toils, ſome ſearch the footſteps on the
ground, }

Some from the chains the faithful dogs un-
bound. 90

Of action eager, and intent on thought,

The chiefs their honourable danger fought :

A valley ſtood below ; the common drain

Of waters from above, and falling rain :

The bottom was a moiſt and marſhy ground, 95

Whoſe edges were with bending oſiers crown'd ;

The knotty bulruſh next in order ſtood,

And all within of reeds a trembling wood.

From hence the boar was rous'd, and ſprung
again,

Like lightning ſudden, on the warrior-train ; 100

Beats down the trees before him, shakes the
 ground,
 The forest echoes to the crackling sound ;
 Shout the fierce youth, and clamours ring
 around.

All stood with their protended spears prepar'd,
 With broad steel heads the brandish'd weapons
 glar'd. 105

The beast impetuous with his tusks aside
 Deals glancing wounds ; the fearful dogs di-
 vide :

All spend their mouth aloft, but none abide.
 Echion threw the first, but miss'd his mark,
 And stuck his boar-spear on a maple's bark. 110
 Then Jason ; and his javelin seem'd to take,
 But fail'd with over-force, and whizz'd above
 his back.

Mopfus was next ; but, ere he threw, address'd
 To Phœbus thus : O patron, help thy priest ;
 If I adore, and ever have ador'd 115
 Thy power divine, thy present aid afford ;
 That I may reach the beast. The god allow'd
 His prayer, and, smiling, gave him what he
 could :

He reach'd the savage, but no blood he drew,
 Dian unarm'd the javelin as it flew. 120

This chaf'd the boar, his nostrils flames ex-
 pire,
 And his red eye-balls roll with living fire.

Whirl'd from a sling, or from an engine thrown,
Amidst the foes, so flies a mighty stone,
As flew the beast; the left wing put to flight, 125
The chiefs o'erborn, he rushes on the right.
Empalamos and Pelagon he laid
In dust, and next to death, but for their fellows'
aid.

Onesimus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly;
The fatal fang drove deep within his thigh, 130
And cut the nerves; the nerves no more sustain
The bulk; the bulk unprop'd falls headlong on
the plain.

Nestor had fail'd the fall of Troy to see,
But, leaning on his lance, he vaulted on a tree;
Then gathering up his feet, look'd down with
fear, 135

And thought his monstrous foe was still too near.
Against a stump his tusk the monster grinds,
And in the sharpen'd edge new vigour finds;
Then, trusting to his arms, young Othrys found,
And ranch'd his hips with one continu'd wound.
Now Leda's twins, the future stars, appear; 141
White were their habits, white their horses
were;

Conspicuous both, and both in act to throw,
Their trembling lances brandish'd at the foe:
Nor had they miss'd; but he to thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming spears, not pervious to
the steed. 146

But Telamon rush'd in, and happ'd to meet
A rising root, that held his fasten'd feet ;
So down he fell, whom, sprawling on the ground,
His brother from the wooden gyves unbound.
Meantime the virgin-huntress was not slow 151
To expel the shaft from her contracted bow :
Beneath his ear the fasten'd arrow stood,
And from the wound appear'd the trickling
blood.

She blush'd for joy: But Meleagrus rais'd 155
His voice with loud applause, and the fair
archer prais'd.

He was the first to see, and first to show
His friends the marks of the successful blow.
Nor shall thy valour want the praises due,
He said ; a virtuous envy seiz'd the crew. 160
They shout ; the shouting animates their
hearts,

And all at once employ their thronging darts ;
But out of order thrown, in air they join ;
And multitude makes frustrate the design.
With both his hands the proud Ancæus takes,
And flourishes his double-biting ax :
Then forward to his fate, he took a stride
Before the rest, and to his fellows cry'd,
Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,
Between a woman-warrior and a man ; 170
The boar is doom'd ; nor, though Diana lend
Her aid, Diana can her beast defend.

Thus boasted he ; then stretch'd, on tiptoe
stood,

Secure to make his empty promise good.

But the more wary beast prevents the blow, 175

And upward rips the groin of his audacious foe.

Ancæus falls ; his bowels from the wound

Rush out, and clotted blood distains the ground.

Pirithous, no small portion of the war,

Prefs'd on, and shook his lance ; to whom from
far, 180

Thus Theseus cry'd : O stay, my better part,

My more than mistress ; of my heart, the heart :

The strong may fight aloof : Ancæus try'd

His force too near, and by presuming dy'd :

He said, and, while he spake, his javelin
threw ;

Hissing in air the unerring weapon flew ; 186

But on an arm of oak, that stood betwixt

The marksman and the mark, his lance he fixt.

Once more bold Jason threw, but fail'd to
wound

The boar, and flew an undeserving hound ;

And through the dog the dart was nail'd to
ground. 191

Two spears from Meleager's hand were sent,

With equal force, but various in the event :

The first was fix'd in earth, the second stood

On the boar's bristled back, and deeply drank

his blood. 195

Now while the tortur'd falvage turns around,
And flings about his foam, impatient of the
wound ;

The wound's great author close at hand pro-
vokes

His rage, and plies him with redoubled strokes ;
Wheels as he wheels ; and with his pointed dart
Explores the nearest passage to his heart. 201

Quick and more quick he spins in giddy gires,
Then falls, and in much foam his soul expires.
This act with shouts heaven-high the friendly
band 204

Applaud, and strain in theirs the victor's hand.
Then all approach the slain with vast surprise,
Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies ;
And, scarce secure, reach out their spears afar,
And blood their points, to prove their partner-
ship of war.

But he, the conquering chief, his foot im-
press'd 210

On the strong neck of that destructive beast ;
And gazing on the nymph with ardent eyes,
Accept, said he, fair Nonacrine, my prize ;
And, though inferior, suffer me to join
My labours, and my part of praise, with thine :
At this presents her with the tusky head 216
And chine, with rising bristles roughly spread.
Glad, she receiv'd the gift ; and seem'd to take
With double pleasure, for the giver's sake.

The rest were seiz'd with fullen discontent, 220
 And a deaf murmur through the squadron went:
 All envy'd ; but the Thestyan brethren show'd
 The least respect, and thus they vent their spleen
 aloud :

Lay down those honour'd spoils, nor think to
 share,

Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war : 225

Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,

Since Meleagrus from our lineage came.

Trust not thy beauty ; but restore the prize,

Which he, besotted on that face and eyes,

Would rend from us. At this, inflam'd with
 spite, 230

From her they snatch the gift, from him the
 giver's right.

But soon the impatient prince his fauchion
 drew,

And cry'd, Ye robbers of another's due,

Now learn the difference, at your proper cost,

Betwixt true valour, and an empty boast. 235

At this advanc'd, and, sudden as the word,

In proud Plexippus' bosom plung'd the sword :

Toxeus amaz'd, and with amazement flow,

Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow,

Stood doubting ; and, while doubting thus he
 stood, 240

Receiv'd the steel bath'd in his brother's blood.

Pleas'd with the first, unknown the second
news,

Althæa to the temples pays their dues

For her son's conquest; when at length ap-
pear

Her grisly brethren stretch'd upon the bier:

Pale, at the sudden sight, she chang'd her
cheer, 246

And with her cheer her robes; but hearing tell
The cause, the manner, and by whom they fell,
'Twas grief no more, or grief and rage were one
Within her soul; at last 'twas rage alone; 250

Which burning upwards in succession dries
The tears that stood considering in her eyes.

There lay a log unlighted on the earth:

When she was lab'ring in the throes of birth

For the unborn chief, the fatal sisters came, 255

And rais'd it up, and tofs'd it on the flame:

Then on the rock a scanty measure place

Of vital flax, and turn'd the wheel apace;

And turning sung, 'To this red brand and thee,

O new-born babe, we give an equal destiny: 260

So vanish'd out of view. The frightened dame

Sprung hasty from her bed, and quench'd the
flame:

The log, in secret lock'd, she kept with care,

And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd her
heir.

This brand she now produc'd ; and first she
 throws 265

The hearth with heaps of chips, and after
 blows ;

Thrice heav'd her hand, and heav'd, she thrice
 reprefs'd :

The sister and the mother long contest,
Two doubtful titles in one tender breast ;

And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow, 270

Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow ;

Now lowring looks presage approaching storms,

And now prevailing love her face reforms :

Resolv'd, she doubts again ; the tears, she dry'd

With blushing rage, are by new tears sup-
 ply'd ; 275

And as a ship, which winds and waves assail,

Now with the current drives, now with the
 gale,

Both opposite, and neither long prevail,

She feels a double force, by turns obeys

The imperious tempest, and the impetuous
 seas ; 280

So fares Althæa's mind ; first she relents

With pity, of that pity then repents :

Sister and mother long the scales divide,

But the beam nodded on the sister's side.

Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd aloud ;

But sighs were stifled in the cries of blood, 286

The pious impious wretch at length decreed,
To please her brothers' ghosts, her son should
bleed ;

And when the funeral flames began to rise,
Receive, she said, a sister's sacrifice : 290

A mother's bowels burn : high in her hand,
Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal brand ;
Then thrice before the kindled pile she bow'd,
And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud :

Come, come, revenging sisters, come and view
A sister paying her dead brothers' due : 296

A crime I punish, and a crime commit ;
But blood for blood, and death for death is fit :
Great crimes must be with greater crimes re-
paid,

And second funerals on the former laid. 300

Let the whole household in one ruin fall,

And may Diana's curse o'ertake us all.

Shall fate to happy Oeneus still allow

One son, while Thestius stands depriv'd of }
two ? }

Better three lost, than one unpunish'd go. 305

Ver. 295. *Come, come, revenging sisters,*] Ovid seems here
to imitate Catullus :

Quare, facta virum multantes vindice poenâ
Eumenides, quibus anguineo redimita capillo
Frons expirantis præportat pectoris iras,
Huc, huc adventate, meas audite, querelas.

JOHN WARTON:

Ibid. *Come, come,*] Here are six admirable lines.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Take then, dear ghosts, (while yet, admitted
 new
 In hell, you wait my duty) take your due ;
 A costly offering on your tomb is laid,
 When with my blood the price of yours is
 paid.

Ah ! whither am I hurry'd ? Ah ! forgive,
 Ye shades, and let your sister's issue live ; 311
 A mother cannot give him death ; though he
 Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.

Then shall the unpunish'd wretch insult the
 slain,
 Triumphant live ? not only live, but reign ? 315
 While you, thin shades, the sport of winds, are
 tost

O'er dreary plains, or tread the burning coast.
 I cannot, cannot bear ; 'tis past, 'tis done ;
 Perish this impious, this detested son ;
 Perish his fire, and perish I withal ; 320
 And let the house's heir, and the hop'd kingdom
 fall.

Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
 And where the pains with which ten months I
 strove !

Ah ! hadst thou dy'd, my son, in infant years,
 Thy little herse had been bedew'd with tears. 325

Thou liv'st by me ; to me thy breath resign ;
 Mine is the merit, the demerit thine.

Thy life by double title I require;
 Once given at birth, and once preserv'd from
 fire :

One murder pay, or add one murder more, 330
 And me to them who fell by thee restore.

I would, but cannot : my son's image stands
 Before my sight ; and now their angry hands
 My brothers hold, and vengeance these exact,
 This pleads compassion, and repents the fact. 335

He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his
 doom :

My brothers, though unjustly, shall o'ercome.
 But having paid their injur'd ghosts their due,
 My son requires my death, and mine shall his
 pursue.

At this for the last time she lifts her hand, 340
 Averts her eyes, and half unwilling drops the
 brand.

The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
 Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying groan ;
 The fires themselves but faintly lick'd their
 prey,

Then loath'd their impious food, and would
 have shrunk away. 345

Just then the hero cast a doleful cry,
 And in those absent flames began to fry :
 The blind contagion rag'd within his veins ;
 But he with manly patience bore his pains ;

He fear'd not fate, but only griev'd to die 356
 Without an honest wound, and by a death so
 dry.

Happy Ancæus, thrice aloud he cry'd,
 With what becoming fate in arms he dy'd !
 Then call'd his brothers, sisters, fire, around,
 And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound;
 Perhaps his mother ; a long sigh he drew, 356
 And his voice failing, took his last adieu :
 For as the flames augment, and as they stay
 At their full height, then languish to decay,
 They rise, and sink by fits ; at last they soar 360
 In one bright blaze, and then descend no more :
 Just so his inward heats, at height, impair,
 Till the last burning breath shoots out the soul
 in air.

Now lofty Calydon in ruins lies ;
 All ages, all degrees unfluice their eyes ; 365
 And heaven and earth resound with murmurs,
 groans, and cries.

Matrons and maidens beat their breasts, and
 tear

Their habits, and root up their scatter'd hair.
 The wretched father, father now no more,
 With sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the floor, 370
 Deforms his hoary locks with dust obscene,
 And curses age, and loaths a life prolong'd with
 pain.

By steel her stubborn soul his mother freed,
And punish'd on herself her impious deed.
Had I an hundred tongues, a wit so large 375
As could their hundred offices discharge ;
Had Phœbus all his Helicon bestow'd,
In all the streams inspiring all the god ;
Those tongues, that wit, those streams, that god
in vain
Would offer to describe his sisters' pain : 380
They beat their breasts with many a bruising
blow,
Till they turn livid, and corrupt the snow.
The corpse they cherish, while the corpse re-
mains,
And exercise and rub with fruitless pains ;
And when to funeral flames 'tis borne away, 385
They kiss the bed on which the body lay :
And when those funeral flames no longer burn,
(The dust compos'd within a pious urn)
Ev'n in that urn their brother they confess,
And hug it in their arms, and to their bosoms
press. 390
His tomb is rais'd ; then, stretch'd along the
ground,
Those living monuments his tomb surround :
Ev'n to his name, inscrib'd, their tears they
pay,
Till tears and kisses wear his name away.

But Cynthia now had all her fury spent, 395
Not with less ruin, than a race, content :
Excepting Gorge, perish'd all the feed,
And her whom heaven for Hercules decreed.
Sate at last, no longer she pursu'd
The weeping sisters ; but with wings endu'd, 400
And horny beaks, and sent to flit in air ;
Who yearly round the tomb in feather'd flocks
repair.

But Geminius now took off her fury's spear,
 Not with less rage, than a once, content:

Her angry Gorgon, grinded all the seed,

BACCHUS AND PHILEMON.

And the whole world, no longer the world's
 Name at all, no longer the world's

The weeping infant, and the mourning parent,
 And the young babe, and the old man,

Who yearly round the tomb in tender'd flock
 OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

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BAUCIS AND PHILEMON,

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The author, pursuing the deeds of Theseus, relates how he, with his friend Pirithous, were invited by Achelous, the river-god, to stay with him, till his waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with a relation of his own love to Perimele, who was changed into an island by Neptune, at his request. Pirithous, being an atheist, derides the legend, and denies the power of the gods to work that miracle. Lelex, another companion of Theseus, to confirm the story of Achelous, relates another metamorphosis of Baucis and Philemon into trees; of which he was partly an eye-witness.

THUS Achelous ends: his audience hear
With admiration, and, admiring, fear
The powers of heaven; except Ixion's son,
Who laugh'd at all the gods, believ'd in none;
He shook his impious head, and thus replies, 5
These legends are no more than pious lies:

You attribute too much to heavenly sway,
To think they give us forms, and take away.

The rest, of better minds, their sense declar'd
Against this doctrine, and with horror heard. 10

Then Lelex rose, an old experienc'd man,
And thus with sober gravity began :
Heaven's power is infinite : earth, air, and sea,
The manufacture mafs, the making power obey :
By proof to clear your doubt ; in Phrygian

ground 15

Two neighb'ring trees, with walls encompass'd
round,

Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,
One a hard oak, a softer linden one :
I saw the place and them, by Pittheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandfire's govern-
ment. 20

Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant :
Here Jove with Hermes came ; but in disguise
Of mortal men conceal'd their deities :

One laid aside his thunder, one his rod ; 25
And many toilsome steps together trod ;

For harbour at a thousand doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.

At last an hospitable house they found,
An homely shed ; the roof, not far from ground, }
Was thatch'd with reeds and straw together }
bound. 31

There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
 Had liv'd long marry'd, and a happy pair :
 Now old in love ; though little was their
 store,

Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore, 35
 Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.

For master or for servant here to call,
 Was all alike, where only two were all.

Command was none, where equal love was paid,
 Or rather both commanded, both obey'd. 40

From lofty roofs the gods repuls'd before,
 Now stooping, enter'd through the little door ;
 The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)
 A common fettle drew for either guest,
 Inviting each his weary limbs to rest. 45

But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
 Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to
 raise ;

Coarse, but the best she had ; then takes the
 load

Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
 The living coals, and, lest they should expire, 50
 With leaves and barks she feeds her infant fire :
 It smokes, and then with trembling breath she
 blows,

Till in a chearful blaze the flames arose.
 With brushwood and with chips she strengthens
 these,

And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees. 55

The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on,
 (Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone)
 Next took the coleworts which her husband got
 From his own ground (a small well-water'd
 spot;)

She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the
 best 60

She cull'd, and then with handy care she
 drefs'd.

High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
 Good old Philemon seiz'd it with a prong,
 And from the footy rafter drew it down,
 Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one: 65
 Yet a large portion of a little store,
 Which for their fakes alone he wish'd were
 more.

This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
 To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
 The time between, before the fire they sat, 70
 And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.

A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
 Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:

This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they set
 Before their guests; in this they bath'd their
 feet, 75

And after with clean towels dry'd their sweat:

This done, the host produc'd the genial bed,
 Sallow the foot, the borders, and the sted,
 Which with no costly coverlet they spread;

But coarse old garments, yet such robes as these
They laid alone, at feasts, on holydays. 81

The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The table sets; the invited gods lie down.

The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame, 85

Who thrust beneath the limping leg a sherd,
So was the mended board exactly rear'd:

Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd mint,
A wholesome herb, that breath'd a grateful
scent.

Pallas began the feast, where first was seen 90

The party-colour'd olive, black and green:

Autumnal cornels next in order serv'd,

In lees of wine well pickled and preserv'd:

A garden-sallad was the third supply,

Of endive, radishes, and succory: 95

Then curds and cream, the flower of country
fare,

And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care

Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.

All these in earthen-ware were serv'd to
board;

And, next in place, an earthen pitcher, stor'd

With liquor of the best the cottage could
afford. 101

This was the table's ornament and pride,

With figures wrought: like pages at his side

Stood beechen bowls ; and these were shining
clean,

Varnish'd with wax without, and lin'd within. 105

By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,

And to the table sent the smoking lard ;

On which with eager appetite they dine,

A savoury bit, that serv'd to relish wine :

The wine itself was suiting to the rest, 110

Still working in the must, and lately press'd.

The second course succeeds like that before,

Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintry store,

Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates were

set

In canisters, to enlarge the little treat : 115

All these a milk-white honey-comb surround,

Which in the midst the country-banquet

crown'd.

But the kind hosts their entertainment grace

With hearty welcome, and an open face :

In all they did, you might discern with ease 120

A willing mind, and a desire to please.

Mean-time the beechen bowls went round,

and still,

Though often empty'd, were observ'd to fill,

Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord

Ran without feet, and danc'd about the board,

Devotion seiz'd the pair, to see the feast 125

With wine, and of no common grape, increas'd ;

And up they held their hands, and fell to
prayer,

Excusing, as they could, their country fare.

One goose they had ('twas all they could
allow) 130

A wakeful centry, and on duty now,

Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:

Her, with malicious zeal, the couple view'd;

She ran for life, and, limping, they pursu'd:

Full well the fowl perceiv'd their bad intent,

And would not make her master's compli-
ment; 136

But, persecuted, to the powers she flies,

And close between the legs of Jove she lies.

He, with a gracious ear, the suppliant heard,

And sav'd her life; then what he was declar'd,

And own'd the god. The neighbourhood,
said he, 141

Shall justly perish for impiety:

You stand alone exempted; but obey

With speed, and follow where we lead the
way:

Leave these accurs'd; and to the mountain's
height 145

Ascend; nor once look backward in your flight.

They haste, and what their tardy feet de-
ny'd,

The trusty staff (their better leg) supply'd.

An arrow's flight they wanted to the top, 149
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop ;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes ;
Loft in a lake the floated level lies :

A watry desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains :
Wondring with peeping eyes, while they de-
plore 155

Their neighbours' fate, and country now no
more,

Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increas'd, in height
and bulk to grow.

A stately temple shoots within the skies :
The crotchets of their cot in columns rise : 160
The pavement polish'd marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture grac'd, the spires and
tiles of gold.

Then thus the fire of gods, with looks se-
rene,

Speak thy desire, thou only just of men ;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found 165
To be with such a man in marriage bound.

A while they whisper ; then, to Jove ad-
dress'd,

Philemon thus prefers their joint request :
We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine : 170

And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death ; that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre. 176

The godheads sign their suit. They run their
race

In the same tenor all the appointed space ;
Then, when their hour was come, while they
relate

These past adventures at the temple-gate, 180
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green ;
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood :
New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind, 185
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind :
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu ;
At once, Farewel, O faithful spouse, they said ;
At once the incroaching rinds their closing lips
invade. 190

Ev'n yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows ;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I saw myself the garlands on their boughs, 195
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows ;

And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,
The good, said I, are God's peculiar care,
And such as honour heaven, shall heavenly
honour share.

THE FABLE OF
IPHIS AND IANTHE,
FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fame of this, perhaps, through Crete
had flown ;

But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd ; for near the Gnoſſian
bounds,

(As loud report the miracle reſounds)

At Phæſtus dwelt a man of honeſt blood, ⁵
But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good ;
Eſteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbour-
hood :

Who to his wife, before the time aſſign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly ſpoke his
mind :

If heaven, ſaid Lygdus, will vouchſafe to hear,
I have but two petitions to prefer ; ¹¹
Short pains for thee, for me a ſon and heir. }

Girls cost as many throes in bringing forth ;
Beside, when born, the tits are little worth ;
Weak puling things, unable to sustain 15
Their share of labour, and their bread to
gain.

If, therefore, thou a creature shalt produce,
Of so great charges, and so little use,
(Bear witness, heaven, with what reluctance)
Her hapless innocence I doom to die. 20
He said, and tears the common grief display,
Of him who bade, and her who must obey.

Yet Telethusa still persists, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind ;
To extend his wishes to a larger scope, 25
And in one vessel not confine his hope.
Lygdus continues hard : her time drew near,
And she her heavy load could scarcely bear ;
When slumbring, in the latter shades of
night,
Before the approaches of returning light, 30
She saw, or thought she saw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Isis at their head :
Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
And yellow sheaves her shining temples grac'd :
A mitre, for a crown, she wore on high ; 35
The dog, and dappled bull were waiting by ;
Osiris, fought along the banks of Nile ;
The silent god ; the sacred Crocodile ;

And, last, a long proceſſion moving on,
 With timbrels, that aſſiſt the lab'ring moon. 40
 Her ſlumbers ſeem'd diſpell'd, and, broad
 awake,

She heard a voice that thus diſtinctly ſpake:
 My votary, thy babe from death defend,
 Nor fear to ſave whate'er the gods will ſend.
 Delude with art thy huſband's dire de-
 cree: 45

When danger calls, reſoſe thy truſt on me;
 And know thou haſt not ſerv'd a thankleſs
 deity.

This promiſe made, with night the goddeſs
 fled:

With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her
 bed:

Devoutly liſts her ſpotleſs hands on high, 50
 And prays the powers their gift to ratify.

Now grinding pains proceed to bearing
 throes,

Till its own weight the burden did diſcloſe.

'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to
 light

With ſecrecy, to ſhun the father's ſight. 55

The indulgent mother did her care employ,

And paſs'd it on her huſband for a boy.

The nurſe was conſcious of the fact alone;

The father paid his vows as for a ſon;

And call'd him Iphis, by a common name, 60
Which either sex with equal right may claim.

Iphis his grandfire was: the wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud by fortune's favour eas'd:
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat. 65

The habit shew'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceness mingled female grace.

Now thirteen years of age were swiftly
run,
When the fond father thought the time drew
on
Of settling in the world his only son. 70

Ianthe was his choice; so wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare:
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more blest'd with Fortune's goods
than he.

They soon espous'd: for they with ease were
join'd, 75

Who were before contracted in the mind.
Their age the same, their inclinations too;
And bred together in one school they grew.
Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the same desires. 80
Equal their flame, unequal was their care:
One lov'd with hope, one languish'd in de-
spair.

The maid accus'd the lingering days alone :
 For whom she thought a man, she thought her
 own.

But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief: 85

As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.

E'en her despair adds fuel to her fire :

A maid with madness does a maid desire.

And, scarce refraining tears, Alas ! said she,

What issue of my love remains for me ! 90

How wild a passion works within my breast !

With what prodigious flames am I possest !

Could I the care of Providence deserve,

Heaven must destroy me, if it would preserve.

And that's my fate, or sure it would have sent

Some usual evil for my punishment ; 96

Not this unkindly curse ; to rage and burn,

Where Nature shews no prospect of return.

Nor cows for cows consume with fruitless fire :

Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares de-
 fire : 100

The father of the fold supplies his ewes ;

The stag through secret woods his hind pur-
 sues ;

And birds for mates the males of their own
 species choose.

Her females nature guards from female flame,

And joins two sexes to preserve the game : 105

Would I were nothing, or not what I am !

Crete, fam'd for monsters, wanted of her store,
Till my new love produc'd one monster more.
The daughter of the sun a bull desir'd,
And yet e'en then a male a female fir'd : 110
Her passion was extravagantly new :
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impossible she was not bent,
But found the means to compass her intent.
To cheat his eyes she took a different shape ; 115
Yet still she gain'd a lover, and a leap.
Should all the wit of all the world conspire,
Should Dædalus assist my wild desire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthé to a boy ? 120
Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless maid,
And recollect thy reason for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens
ought,
And drive these golden wishes from thy
thought.
Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to gain ; 125
Where hope is wanting, wishes are in vain.
And yet no guards against our joys conspire ;
No jealous husband hinders our desire :
My parents are propitious to my wish,
And she herself consenting to the bliss. 130
All things concur to prosper our design :
All things to prosper any love but mine.

And yet I never can enjoy the fair ;
'Tis past the power of heaven to grant my
prayer.

Heaven has been kind, as far as heaven can
be ; 135

Our parents with our own desires agree ;
But Nature, stronger than the gods above,
Refuses her assistance to my love ;
She sets the bar that causes all my pain :
One gift refus'd makes all their bounty vain.

And now the happy day is just at hand, 141
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band :
Our hearts, but not our bodies : thus ac-
curs'd,

In midst of water I complain of thirst.
Why comest thou, Juno, to these barren
rites, 145

To bless a bed defrauded of delights ?
And why should Hymen lift his torch on
high,

To see two brides in cold embraces lie ?

Thus love-sick Iphis her vain passion mourns :
With equal ardour fair Ianthe burns, 150
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's power,
To speed the work, and haste the happy
hour.

She hopes, while Telethusa fears the day,
And strives to interpose some new delay :

Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright 155
For this bad omen, or that boding sight.

But having done whate'er she could devise,
And empty'd all her magazine of lies,
The time approach'd ; the next ensuing day
The fatal secret must to light betray. 160

Then Telethusa had recourse to prayer,
She and her daughter with dishevell'd hair ;
Trembling with fear, great Isis they ador'd,
Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.

Fair queen, who dost on fruitful Egypt
smile, 165

Who sway'ft the sceptre of the Pharian isle,
And seven-fold falls of disemboguing Nile ;
Relieve, in this our last distress, she said,
A suppliant mother, and a mournful maid.

Thou, goddess, thou wert present to my sight ;
Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair light: 171

I saw thee in my dream, as now I see,
With all thy marks of awful majesty :

The glorious train that compass'd thee around ;
And heard the hollow timbrel's holy sound. 175

Thy words I noted, which I still retain ;
Let not thy sacred oracles be vain.

That Iphis lives, that I myself am free
From shame, and punishment, I owe to thee.

On thy protection all our hopes depend : 180
Thy counsel sav'd us, let thy power defend.

Her tears pursu'd her words, and while she
spoke,
The goddesses nodded, and her altar shook :
The temple doors, as with a blast of wind,
Were heard to clap ; the lunar horns, that bind
The brows of Isis, cast a blaze around ; 186
The trembling timbrel made a murmuring
sound.

Some hopes these happy omens did impart ;
Forth went the mother with a beating heart,
Not much in fear, nor fully satisfy'd ; 190
But Iphis follow'd with a larger stride :
The whiteness of her skin forsook her face :
Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace :
Her features and her strength together grew,
And her long hair to curling locks withdrew. 195
Her sparkling eyes with manly vigour shone ;
Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.
The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
To shoot, and spread, and burnish into man.
The maid becomes a youth ; no more delay 200
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear :
The votive tables this inscription wear :
Iphis, the man, has to the goddesses paid
The vows, that Iphis offer'd when a maid. 205

Now when the star of day had shewn his face,
Venus and Juno with their presence grace

The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Descended to complete their happy love ;
The gods of marriage lend their mutual aid, 210
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE,

FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The Propæetides, for their impudent behaviour, being turned into stone by Venus, Pygmalion, prince of Cyprus, detested all women for their sake, and resolved never to marry. He falls in love with a statue of his own making, which is changed into a maid, whom he marries. One of his descendants is Cinyras, the father of Myrrha: the daughter incestuously loves her own father; for which she is changed into a tree which bears her name. These two stories immediately follow each other, and are admirably well connected.

PYGMALION loathing their lascivious life,
Abhorr'd all womankind, but most a wife:
So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed,
Well pleased to want a consort of his bed:
Yet fearing idleness, the nurse of ill,
In sculpture exercis'd his happy skill;

And carv'd in ivory such a maid, so fair,
 As nature could not with his art compare,
 Were she to work ; but in her own defence,
 Must take her pattern here, and copy hence. 10
 Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
 Adores ; and last, the thing ador'd desires.

A very virgin in her face was seen,
 And, had she mov'd, a living maid had been :
 One would have thought she could have stirr'd ;
 but strove 15

With modesty, and was ashamed to move.
 Art, hid with art, so well perform'd the cheat,
 It caught the carver with his own deceit :
 He knows 'tis madness, yet he must adore,
 And still the more he knows it, loves the
 more : 20

The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
 Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft.
 Fir'd with this thought, at once he strain'd the
 breast,

And on the lips a burning kiss impress'd.
 'Tis true, the harden'd breast resists the gripe,
 And the cold lips return a kiss unripe : 26
 But when retiring back, he look'd again,
 To think it ivory was a thought too mean :
 So would believe she kiss'd, and courting
 more,

Again embrac'd her naked body o'er ; 30

And straining hard the statue, was afraid
His hands had made a dint, and hurt the
maid :

Explor'd her, limb by limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a gripe had left a livid mark be-
hind :

With flattery now he seeks her mind to move,
And now with gifts, the powerful bribes of
love : 36

He furnishes her closet first ; and fills
The crowded shelves with rarities of shells :
Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he
drew,

And all the sparkling stones of various hue : 40
And parrots, imitating human tongue,
And singing-birds in silver cages hung ;
And every fragrant flower, and odorous green,
Were sorted well, with lumps of amber laid
between :

Rich, fashionable robes her person deck, 45
Pendants her ears, and pearls adorn her
neck :

Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone surrounds her slender
waste.

Thus like a queen array'd, so richly dress'd,
Beauteous she shew'd, but naked shew'd the
best. 50

Then from the floor, he rais'd a royal bed,
 With coverings of Sidonian purple spread :
 The solemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,
 With blandishments invites her to his side,
 And as she were with vital sense possess'd, 55
 Her head did on a plummy pillow rest.

The feast of Venus came, a solemn day,
 To which the Cypriots due devotion pay ;
 With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
 Slaughter'd before the sacred altars, bled : 60
 Pygmalion offering, first approach'd the shrine,
 And then with prayers implor'd the powers
 divine :

Almighty gods, if all we mortals want,
 If all we can require, be yours to grant ;
 Make this fair statue mine, he would have
 said, 65
 But chang'd his words for shame, and only
 pray'd,
 Give me the likeness of my ivory maid.

The golden goddess, present at the prayer,
 Well knew he meant the inanimated fair,
 And gave the sign of granting his desire ; 70
 For thrice in chearful flames ascends the fire.
 The youth, returning to his mistress, hies,
 And, impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
 And beating breast, by the dear statue
 lies.

He kisses her white lips, renews the bliss, 75
 And looks and thinks they redden at the kiss :
 He thought them warm before ; nor longer
 stays,

But next his hand on her hard bosom lays :
 Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
 It seem'd the breast beneath his fingers bent ;
 He felt again, his fingers made a print, 81
 'Twas flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against the
 dint.

The pleasing task he fails not to renew :
 Soft, and more soft at every touch it grew :
 Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce 85
 The former mass to form, and frame to use.
 He would believe, but yet is still in pain,
 And tries his argument of sense again,
 Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein. }
 Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his studied thanks and
 praise, 90

To her who made the miracle, he pays :
 Then lips to lips he join'd ; now freed from
 fear,

He found the favour of the kiss sincere :
 At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
 And view'd at once the light and lover, with
 surprise. 95

The goddess present at the match she made,
 So bless'd the bed, such fruitfulness convey'd,

That ere ten moons had sharpen'd either horn,
 To crown their bliss, a lovely boy was born ;
 Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood,
 wall'd

100

The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA,

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no connexion of this story with the former: for the beginning of this immediately follows the end of the last: the reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by birth a Thracian; and his country far distant from Cyprus, where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia, whither she fled. You will see the reason of this note, soon after the first lines of this fable.

NOR him alone produc'd the fruitful queen;
But Cinyras, who like his fire had been
A happy prince, had he not been a fire.
Daughters and fathers from my song retire:
I sing of horror; and, could I prevail, 5
You should not hear, or not believe my tale.
Yet if the pleasure of my song be such,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive listen to the last event,
And with the sin believe the punishment: 10

Since nature could behold so dire a crime,
 I gratulate at least my native clime,
 That such a land, which such a monster bore,
 So far is distant from our Thracian shore.

Let Araby extol her happy coast, 15

Her cinnamon and sweet Amomum boast,

Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious
 tears,

Her second harvests, and her double years ;

How can the land be call'd so blest'd that

Myrrha bears ?

Not all her odorous tears can cleanse her crime,

Her plant alone deforms the happy clime : 21

Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,

Disowns thy love, and vindicates his dart ;

Some fury gave thee those infernal pains,

And shot her venom'd vipers in thy veins. 25

To hate thy fire, had merited a curse :

But such an impious love deserv'd a worse.

The neighb'ring monarchs, by thy beauty led,

Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed :

The world is at thy choice, except but one, 30

Except but him, thou canst not choose, alone.

She knew it too, the miserable maid,

Ere impious love her better thoughts be-
 tray'd,

And thus within her secret soul she said :

Ah Myrrha ! whither would thy wishes tend ? 35

Ye gods, ye sacred laws, my soul defend

From such a crime as all mankind detest,
 And never lodg'd before in human breast !
 But is it sin ? Or makes my mind alone
 The imagin'd sin ? For nature makes it none. 40

What tyrant then these envious laws began,
 Made not for any other beast but man !

The father-bull his daughter may bestride,
 The horse may make his mother-mare a bride ;

What piety forbids the lusty ram, 45

Or more falacious goat, to rut their dam ?

The hen is free to wed her chick she bore,
 And make a husband, whom she hatch'd before.

All creatures else are of a happier kind,

Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleasure
 bind, 50

Nor thoughts of sin disturb their peace of
 mind. }

But man a slave of his own making lives :

The fool denies himself what nature gives :

Too busy senates, with an over-care

To make us better than our kind can bear, 55

Have dash'd a spice of envy in the laws,

And, straining up too high, have spoil'd the
 cause.

Yet some wise nations break their cruel chains,

And own no laws, but those which love ordains :

Where happy daughters with their fires are

 join'd, 60

And piety is doubly paid in kind.

O that I had been born in such a clime,
Not here, where 'tis the country makes the
crime!

But whither would my impious fancy stray?
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts,
away!

His worth deserves to kindle my desires, 66
But with the love that daughters bear to fires.
Then had not Cinyras my father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen?
But the perverseness of my fate is such, 70
That he's not mine, because he's mine too
much:

Our kindred-blood debars a better tie;
He might be nearer, were he not so nigh.
Eyes and their objects never must unite,
Some distance is requir'd to help the sight: 75
Fain would I travel to some foreign shore,
Never to see my native country more,
So might I to myself myself restore;
So might my mind these impious thoughts re-
move,

And ceasing to behold, might cease to love. 80
But stay I must, to feed my famish'd fight,
To talk, to kifs; and more, if more I might:
More, impious maid! What more canst thou
design?

To make a monstrous mixture in thy line,
And break all statutes human and divine? 85

Canst thou be call'd (to save thy wretched life)
Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife?
Confound so many sacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother! sister to thy son!
And fear'st thou not to see the infernal bands, 90
Their heads with snakes, with torches arm'd
their hands,

Full at thy face the avenging brands to bear,
And shake the serpents from their hissing hair?
But thou in time the increasing ill controul,
Nor first debauch the body by the soul; 95
Secure the sacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the functions nature has design'd.
Suppose I should attempt, the attempt were vain;
No thoughts like mine his sinless soul profane:
Observant of the right; and O, that he 100
Could cure my madness, or be mad like me!

Thus she; but Cinyras, who daily sees
A crowd of noble suitors at his knees,
Among so many, knew not whom to choose,
Irresolute to grant, or to refuse. 105
But having told their names, inquir'd of her,
Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would
prefer?

The blushing maid stood silent with surprise,
And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking sigh'd; and as she sigh'd, began 110
Round tears to shed, that scalded as they ran.

The tender fire, who saw her blush, and cry,
Ascrib'd it all to maiden modesty ;
And dry'd the falling drops, and yet more kind,
He strok'd her cheeks, and holy kisses join'd: 115
She felt a secret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleasure than a daughter
should ;

And, ask'd again, what lover of the crew
She lik'd the best ; she answered, One like you.
Mistaking what she meant, her pious will 120
He prais'd, and bade her so continue still :
The word of Pious heard, she blush'd with shame
Of secret guilt, and could not bear the name.

'Twas now the mid of night, when slumbers
close

Our eyes, and sooth our cares with soft repose ;
But no repose could wretched Myrrha find, 126
Her body rolling, as she roll'd her mind :
Mad with desire, she ruminates her sin,
And wishes all her wishes o'er again :
Now she despairs, and now resolves to try ; 130
Would not, and would again, she knows not
why ;

Stops, and returns, makes and retracts the
vow ;

Fain would begin, but understands not how :
As when a pine is hewn upon the plains,
And the last mortal stroke alone remains, 135

Lab'ring in pangs of death, and threatning all,
This way and that she nods, considering where
to fall :

So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either side,
Takes every bent, but cannot long abide :
Irresolute on which she should rely, 140

At last unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die :
On that sad thought she rests ; resolv'd on death,
She rises, and prepares to choak her breath :
Then while about the beam her zone she ties,
Dear Cinyras, farewell, she softly cries ; 145

For thee I die, and only wish to be
Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee :
Pardon the crime, in pity to the cause :
This said, about her neck the noose she draws.
The nurse, who lay without, her faithful guard,
Though not the words, the murmurs over-
heard, 151

And sighs and hollow sounds : surpris'd with
fright,

She starts, and leaves her bed, and springs a
light :

Unlocks the door, and entring out of breath,
The dying saw, and instruments of death. 155

She shrieks, she cuts the zone with trembling
haste,

And in her arms her fainting charge embrac'd :
Next (for she now had leisure for her tears)
She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming years,

What unforeseen misfortune caus'd her care, 160
To lothe her life, and languish in despair?

The maid, with downcast eyes, and mute with
grief,

For death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd relief,
Stood fullen to her suit: the beldame press'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd
breast; 165

Adjur'd her, by the kindly food she drew
From those dry founts, her secret ill to shew.
Sad Myrrha sigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aside:
The nurse still urg'd, and would not be deny'd:
Nor only promis'd secrecy; but pray'd 170

She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
Good will, she said, my want of strength sup-
plies,

And diligence shall give what age denies:
If strong desires thy mind to fury move,
With charms and med'cines I can cure thy
love: 175

If envious eyes their hurtful rays have cast,
More powerful verse shall free thee from the
blast:

If heaven offended sends thee this disease,
Offended heaven with prayers we can appease.
What then remains, that can these cares pro-
cure? 180

Thy house is flourishing, thy fortune sure:

Thy careful mother yet in health survives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives.
The virgin started at her father's name,
And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the shame :
Nor yet the nurse her impious love divin'd : 186
But yet surmis'd, that love disturb'd her mind :
Thus thinking, she pursu'd her point, and laid
And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid ;
Then softly sooth'd her thus, I guess your
grief : 190

You love, my child ; your love shall find re-
lief.

My long experienc'd age shall be your guide ;
Rely on that, and lay distrust aside :
No breath of air shall on the secret blow,
Nor shall (what most you fear) your father
know. 195

Struck once again, as with a thunder-clap,
The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
And threw her body prostrate on the bed,
And, to conceal her blushes, hid her head :
There silent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
To go : but she receiv'd not the command ; 201
Remaining still importunate to know :
Then Myrrha thus ; Or ask no more, or go :
I pr'ythee go, or staying spare my shame ;
What thou would'st hear, is impious ev'n to
name. 205

At this, on high the beldame holds her hands,
And trembling, both with age and terror,
stands ;

Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats,
Sooths her with blandishments, and frights with
threats,

To tell the crime intended, or disclose 210
What part of it she knew, if she no farther
knows :

And last, if conscious to her counsel made,
Confirms anew the promise of her aid.

Now Myrrha rais'd her head ; but soon
oppress'd

With shame, reclin'd it on her nurse's breast ;
Bath'd it with tears, and strove to have con-
fess'd ; 216

Twice she began, and stopp'd ; again she
try'd ;

The faltering tongue its office still deny'd :

At last her veil before her face she spread,
And drew a long preluding sigh, and said, 220
O happy mother, in thy marriage-bed !

Then groan'd, and ceas'd ; the good old woman
shook,

Stiff were her eyes, and ghastly was her look :

Her hoary hair upright with horror stood,

Made (to her grief) more knowing than she
would : 225

Much she reproach'd, and many things she
said, 225

To cure the madness of the unhappy maid :
In vain : for Myrrha stood convict of ill ;
Her reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her will :
Perverse of mind, unable to reply,
She stood resolv'd or to possess, or die. 230

At length the fondness of a nurse prevail'd
Against her better sense, and virtue fail'd :
Enjoy, my child, since such is thy desire,
Thy love, she said ; she durst not say, thy fire.
Live, though unhappy, live on any terms : 235
Then with a second oath her faith confirms.

The solemn feast of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen stoles the matrons
wear ;

Rank'd in procession walk the pious train,
Offering first-fruits, and spikes of yellow grain :
For nine long nights the nuptial bed they
shun, 241

And, sanctifying harvest, lie alone.
Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forsook her
lord,

And Ceres' power with secret rites ador'd :
The royal couch now vacant for a time, 245
The crafty crone, officious in her crime,
The curst occasion took : the king she found
Easy with wine, and deep in pleasure drown'd,

Prepar'd for love : the beldame blew the flame,
Confess'd the passion, but conceal'd the name.
Her form she prais'd ; the monarch ask'd her
years,

And she reply'd, the same that Myrrha bears.
Wine and commended beauty fir'd his thought ;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, she hies her
home, 255

And gratulates the nymph, the task was over-
come.

Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear ;
But, clogg'd with guilt, the joy was insincere :
So various, so discordant is the mind,
That in our will, a different will we find. 260
Ill she presag'd, and yet pursu'd her lust ;
For guilty pleasures give a double gust.

'Twas depth of night : Arctophylax had driven
His lazy wain half round the northern heaven,
When Myrrha hasten'd to the crime desir'd ; 265
The moon beheld her first, and first retir'd ;
The stars amaz'd ran backward from the sight,
And, shrunk within their sockets, lost their
light.

Icarius first withdraws his holy flame :
The Virgin sign, in heaven the second name, 270
Slides down the belt, and from her station flies,
And night with sable clouds involves the skies.

Bold Myrrha still pursues her black intent :
She stumbled thrice, (an omen of the event ;)
Thrice shriek'd the funeral owl, yet on she
went, 275

Secure of shame, because secure of sight ;
Ev'n bashful sins are impudent by night.
Link'd hand in hand, the accomplice and the
dame,

Their way exploring, to the chamber came :
The door was ope, they blindly grope their
way, 280

Where dark in bed the expecting monarch
lay :

Thus far her courage held, but here forsakes ;
Her faint knees knock at every step she makes.
The nearer to her crime, the more within
She feels remorse, and horror of her sin : 285

Repents too late her criminal desire,
And wishes, that unknown she could retire.
Her lingring thus, the nurse (who fear'd de-
lay

The fatal secret might at length betray)
Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun, 290
And said to Cinyras, Receive thy own :
Thus saying, she deliver'd kind to kind,
Accurs'd, and their devoted bodies join'd.
The fire, unknowing of the crime, admits
His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd sheets. 295

He found she trembled, but believ'd she strove,
 With maiden modesty, against her love;
 And fought with flattering words vain fancies
 to remove.

Perhaps he said, My daughter, cease thy fears,
 (Because the title suited with her years;) 300
 And, Father, she might whisper him again,
 That names might not be wanting to the sin.
 Full of her fire, she left the incestuous bed,
 And carry'd in her womb the crime she bred:
 Another, and another night she came; 305
 For frequent sin had left no sense of shame:
 Till Cinyras desir'd to see her face,
 Whose body he had held in close embrace,
 And brought a taper; the revealer, light,
 Expos'd both crime, and criminal, to sight: 310
 Grief, rage, amazement, could no speech afford,
 But from the sheath he drew the avenging
 sword;

The guilty fled: the benefit of night,
 That favour'd first the sin, secur'd the flight.
 Long wandering through the spacious fields,
 she bent 315
 Her voyage to the Arabian continent;
 Then pass'd the region which Panchæa join'd,
 And, flying, left the palmy plains behind.
 Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns; at
 length
 With travel weary, unsupply'd with strength, 320

And with the burden of her womb oppress'd,
Sabæan fields afford her needful rest:
There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguish of her spirit, thus she pray'd:
Ye powers, if any so propitious are 325
To accept my penitence, and hear my prayer,
Your judgments, I confess, are justly sent;
Great sins deserve as great a punishment:
Yet since my life the living will profane,
And since my death the happy dead will stain,
A middle state your mercy may bestow, 331
Betwixt the realms above, and those below:
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.
The prayers of penitents are never vain: 335
At least, she did her last request obtain;
For, while she spoke, the ground began to rise,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and
thighs:
Her toes in roots descend, and, spreading wide,
A firm foundation for the trunk provide: 340
Her solid bones convert to solid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to sap her blood:
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their
kind,
Her tender skin is harden'd into rind.
And now the rising tree her womb invests, 345
Now, shooting upwards still, invades her breasts,

And shades the neck ; and, weary with delay,
She sunk her head within, and met it half the
way.

And though with outward shape she lost her
sense,

With bitter tears she wept her last offence ; 350
And still she weeps, nor sheds her tears in vain ;
For still the precious drops her name retain.

Mean-time the misbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, distends with deadly throes
The swelling rind, with unavailing strife, 355
To leave the wooden womb, and pushes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppress'd with pain,
Writhes here and there, to break the bark, in
vain ;

And, like a lab'ring woman, would have pray'd,
But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid : 360

The bending bole sends out a hollow sound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood
Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the
groaning wood ;

Then reach'd her midwife-hand, to speed the
throes, 365

And spoke the powerful spells that babes to
birth disclose.

The bark divides, the living load to free,
And safe delivers the convulsive tree.

The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
And wash him in the tears the parent plant
distill'd. 370

They swath'd him with their scarfs; beneath him
spread

The ground with herbs; with roses rais'd his
head.

The lovely babe was born with every grace:
Ev'n envy must have prais'd so fair a face:
Such was his form, as painters, when they show
Their utmost art, on naked loves bestow: 376
And that their arms no difference might betray,
Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
Time glides along, with undiscover'd haste,
The future but a length behind the past: 380
So swift are years: the babe, whom just before
His grandfire got, and whom his sister bore;
The drop, the thing which late the tree inclos'd,
And late the yawning bark to life expos'd;
A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears; 385
And lovelier than himself at riper years.
Now to the queen of love he gave desires,
And, with her pains, reveng'd his mother's fires.

The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
And wash him in the tears the parent plant

dropt.
The faithful nurse then feeds him

And the good with herbs: and rolls him in
The greenest of the earth: and rolls him in

And the good with herbs: and rolls him in
The greenest of the earth: and rolls him in

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CEYX AND ALCYONE,

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

CONNECTION OF THIS FABLE WITH THE FORMER.

Ceyx, the son of Lucifer (the morning star) and king of Trachin, in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone, daughter to Æolus, god of the winds. Both the husband and the wife loved each other with an entire affection. Dædalion, the elder brother of Ceyx, whom he succeeded, having been turned into a falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Dædalion's daughter, slain by Diana, Ceyx prepares a ship to sail to Claros, there to consult the oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to enquire how the anger of the gods might be atoned.

THESE prodigies affect the pious prince,
But, more perplex'd with those that happen'd
since,

He purposed to seek the Clarian god,
Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd abode ;
Since Phlegian robbers made unsafe the road. }

Yet could not he from her he lov'd so well, 6
 The fatal voyage, he resolv'd, conceal :
 But when she saw her lord prepar'd to part,
 A deadly cold ran shivering to her heart :
 Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue, 10
 And in her eyes the tears are ever new :
 She thrice essay'd to speak ; her accents hung,
 And faltring dy'd unfinish'd on her tongue,
 Or vanish'd into sighs : with long delay
 Her voice return'd ; and found the wonted
 way. 15

Tell me, my lord, she said, what fault un-
 known }
 Thy once belov'd Alcyone has done ? }
 Whither, ah whither is thy kindness gone ! }
 Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
 And unconcern'd forsake the sweets of life ? 20
 What can thy mind to this long journey move,
 Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love ?
 Yet, if thou goest by land, though grief possess
 My soul even then, my fears will be the less.
 But ah ! be warn'd to shun the watry way, 25
 The face is frightful of the stormy sea.
 For late I saw a-drift disjointed planks,
 And empty tombs erected on the banks.
 Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,
 Because my fire in caves constrains the wind, 30
 Can with a breath a clamorous rage appease,
 They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas ;

Not so, for, once indulg'd, they sweep the main,
Deaf to the call, or, hearing, hear in vain ;
But bent on mischief bear the waves before, 35
And not content with seas insult the shore ;
When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage :
At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run across the fields above : 40
I know them well, and mark'd their rude com-
port,

While yet a child, within my father's court :
In times of tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the throne :
The more I know, the more my fears augment,
And fears are oft prophetic of the event. 46
But if not fears, or reasons will prevail,
If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to fail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal share, 50 }
And present suffer what I only fear :
Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.
These reasons mov'd her starlike husband's
heart,

But still he held his purpose to depart : 55
For as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He would not to the seas expose his wife ;
Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,
But fought by arguments to sooth her pain ;

Nor these avail'd ; at length he lights on one,
 With which so difficult a cause he won : 61
 My love, so short an absence cease to fear,
 For, by my father's holy flame, I swear,
 Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
 If heaven allow me life, I will return. 65

This promise of so short a stay prevails :
 He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
 And gives the word to launch ; the trembling
 views

This pomp of death, and parting tears renews :
 Last, with a kiss, she took a long farewell, 70
 Sigh'd, with a sad presage, and swooning fell.
 While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,
 Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order
 drew

To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew. }

The queen, recover'd, rears her humid eyes,
 And first her husband on the poop espies, 76
 Shaking his hand at distance on the main :
 She took the sign, and shook her hand again.
 Still as the ground recedes, retracts her view
 With sharpen'd sight, till she no longer knew 80
 The much lov'd face ; that comfort lost supplies
 With less, and with the galley feeds her eyes ;
 'The galley born from view by rising gales,
 She follow'd with her sight the flying sails :
 When ev'n the flying sails were seen no more, 85
 Forfaken of all sight, she left the shore.

Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And fought in sleep her weary'd eyes to close :
Her husband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he prefs'd, renew'd the former
smart. 90

And now a breeze from shore began to blow,
The failors ship their oars, and cease to row ;
Then hoist their yards a-trip, and all their sails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales :
By this the vessel half her course had run, 95
And as much rested till the rising sun ;
Both shores were lost to sight, when at the close
Of day, a stiffer gale at east arose :

The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, first denounce the watry war. 100

This seen, the master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the top-sail ; let the main-sheet fly,
And furl your sails : The winds repel the sound,
And in the speaker's mouth the speech is
drown'd.

Yet of their own accord, as danger taught, 105
Each in his way, officiously they wrought ;
Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides,
Another bolder yet the yard bestrides,
And folds the sails ; a fourth, with labour, laves
The intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves.

In this confusion while their work they ply, 111
The winds augment the winter of the sky,

And wage intestine wars ; the suffering seas
Are tofs'd, and mingled as their tyrants please.
The master would command, but, in despair 115
Of safety, stands amaz'd with stupid care,
Nor what to bid, or what forbid, he knows,
The ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows ;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill ;
With such a concourse comes the flood of ill : 120
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling shrowds ;
Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds :
At once from east to west, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flash, the roaring thunders
roll.

Now waves on waves ascending scale the
skies, 125

And, in the fires above, the water fries :
When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden show :
And when the fouler bottom spews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take : 130
Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,
And change their colour, changing their disease.
Like various fits the Trachin vessel finds,
And now sublime she rides upon the winds ;
As from a lofty summit looks from high, 135
And from the clouds beholds the nether sky ;
Now from the depth of hell they lift their fight,
And at a distance see superior light :

The lashing billows make a loud report,
And beat her sides, as battering rams a fort : 140
Or as a lion, bounding in his way,
With force augmented bears against his prey,
Sidelong to seize : or, unappall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear :
So seas impell'd by winds with added power 145
Assault the sides, and o'er the hatches tower.

The planks, their pitchy coverings wash'd
away,
Now yield ; and now a yawning breach display :

The roaring waters with a hostile tide
Rush through the ruins of her gaping side. 150
Meantime in sheets of rain the sky descends,
And ocean, swell'd with waters, upwards tends,
One rising, falling one ; the heavens and sea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way :
The sails are drunk with showers, and drop with
rain, 155

Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.
No star appears to lend his friendly light :
Darkness and tempest make a double night.
But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns,
And while the lightnings blaze, the water
burns. 160

Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite,
And as a soldier, foremost in the fight,

His wife he wishes, and would still be near, 190
Not her with him, but wishes him with her :
Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,
Which fate has destin'd him to see no more ;
He fought, but in the dark tempestuous night
He knew not whither to direct his fight. 195
So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.

The giddy ship ran round ; the tempest tore
Her mast, and over-board the rudder bore.
One billow mounts ; and with a scornful brow,
Proud of her conquest gain'd, insults the waves
below ; 201

Nor lighter falls, than if some giant tore
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they bore,
And toss'd on seas : press'd with the ponderous
blow

Down sinks the ship within the abyss below : 205
Down with the vessel sink into the main
The many, never more to rise again.
Some few on scatter'd planks with fruitless care
Lay hold, and swim, but, while they swim,
despair.

Ev'n he, who late a sceptre did command, 210
Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand,
And while he struggles on the stormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain ;
But yet his comfort is his greater care ;
Alcyone he names amidst his prayer, 215

Names as a charm against the waves and
wind ;

Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind :
Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of safety past,
From prayers to wishes he descends at last ;
That his dead body, wafted to the sands, 220
Might have its burial from her friendly
hands.

As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
And peep above the seas, he names the fair ;
And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he
raves,

Murmuring Alcyone below the waves : 225
At last a falling billow stops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him under-
neath.

Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears
That night, his heavenly form obscur'd with
tears ;

And since he was forbid to leave the skies, 230
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.

Meantime Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been
gone ;

Observes the waning moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wishes for a new ; 235
Against the promis'd time provides with care,
And hastens in the woof the robes he was to
wear :

And for herself employs another loom,
 New drefs'd to meet her lord returning home,
 Flattering her heart with joys that never were
 to come: 240

She fum'd the temples with an odorous flame,
 And oft before the sacred altars came,
 To pray for him, who was an empty name. }
 All powers implor'd, but far above the rest,
 To Juno she her pious vows address'd, 245
 Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect,
 And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct:
 Then pray'd that she might still possess his
 heart,

And no pretending rival share a part.
 This last petition heard of all her prayer, 250
 The rest, dispers'd by winds, were lost in
 air.

But she, the goddess of the nuptial bed,
 Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
 Resolv'd the tainted hand should be repell'd,
 Which incense offer'd, and her altar held: 255
 Then Iris thus bespoke: Thou faithful maid,
 By whom the queen's commands are well con-
 vey'd,

Haste to the house of sleep, and bid the god,
 Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
 Prepare a dream, in figure and in form 260
 Resembling him who perish'd in the storm:

This form before Alcyone present,
To make her certain of the sad event.

Indu'd with robes of various hue she flies,
And flying draws an arch, (a segment of the
 skies :) 265

Then leaves her bending bow, and from the
 steep

Descends to search the silent house of Sleep.

Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode,
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowsy god ;
Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun, 270
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon :
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky ;
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day : 275
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace :
Nor beast of nature, nor the tame, are nigh,
Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry ;
But safe repose, without an air of breath, 280
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.

An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow,
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps ;
Around its entry nodding poppies grow, 286
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow ;

Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent plains :
No door there was the unguarded house to
keep, 290

On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.

But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon sted:
Black was the covering too, where lay the god,
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad :
About his head fantastick visions fly, 296
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms ; the leaves on trees not
more,

Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the
shore.

The virgin entring bright indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams
away : 301

The god, disturb'd with this new glare of light
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
And sinking on his bosom knock'd his chin : 305
At length shook off himself ; and ask'd the
dame,

(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came ?

To whom the goddess thus : O sacred Rest,
Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the powers the
best !

O peace of mind, repairer of decay, 310
 Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of
 the day,
 Care shuns thy soft approach, and fullen flies
 away !

Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
 The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm,
 And send it flitting to the Trachin court, 315
 The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report :
 Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
 Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.
 She said, and scarce awake her eyes could
 keep,

Unable to support the fumes of sleep : 320
 But fled, returning by the way she went,
 And swerv'd along her bow with swift ascent.

The god, uneasy till he slept again,
 Resolv'd at once to rid himself of pain ;
 And, though against his custom, call'd aloud,
 Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd : 326
 Morpheus of all his numerous train express'd
 The shape of man, and imitated best ;
 The walk, the words, the gesture could supply,
 The habit mimic, and the mien bely ; 330
 Plays well, but all his action is confin'd ;
 Extending not beyond our human kind.
 Another birds, and beasts, and dragons apes,
 And dreadful images, and monster shapes :

This dæmon, Icelos, in heaven's high hall 335

The gods have nam'd ; but men Phobeter call :

A third is Phantafus, whose actions roll

On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul ;

Earth, fruits, and flowers, he represents in

dreams,

And solid rocks unmov'd, and running streams :

These three to kings and chiefs their scenes dis-

play, 341

The rest before the ignoble commons play :

Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd :

Which done, the lazy monarch, overwatch'd,

Down from his propping elbow drops his head,

Diffolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed. 346

Darkling the dæmon glides, for flight pre-

par'd,

So soft that scarce his fanning wings are heard.

To Trachin, swift as thought, the flitting shade

Through air his momentary journey made : 350

Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,

Forfakes his proper form, assumes the king's ;

And pale as death, despoil'd of his array,

Into the queen's apartment takes his way, }

And stands before the bed at dawn of day : 355 }

Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard appears ; }

And shedding vain, but seeming real tears ; }

The briny water dropping from his hairs ; }

Then staring on her, with a ghastly look

And hollow voice, he thus the Queen bespoke :

Know'st thou not me? Not yet, unhappy
 wife? 361

Or are my features perish'd with my life?
 Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
 Lo! all that's left of him, thy husband's ghost!
 Thy vows for my return were all in vain; 365
 The stormy south o'ertook us in the main;
 And never shalt thou see thy loving lord again. }
 Bear witness, heaven, I call'd on thee in death,
 And while I call'd, a billow stopp'd my breath:
 Think not that flying fame reports my fate; 370
 I present, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
 Rise, wretched widow, rise, nor undeplor'd }
 Permit my ghost to pass the Stygian ford: }
 But rise, prepar'd, in black, to mourn thy pe- }
 rish'd lord.

Thus said the player god; and adding art 375
 Of voice and gesture, so perform'd his part,
 She thought (so like her love the shade appears)
 That Ceyx spake the words, and Ceyx shed the
 tears.

She groan'd, her inward soul with grief oppress'd,
 She sigh'd, she wept; and sleeping beat her
 breast: 380

Then stretch'd her arms to embrace his body
 bare,

Her clasping arms inclose but empty air:
 At this not yet awake she cry'd, Oh stay,
 One is our fate, and common is our way!

So dreadful was the dream, so loud she spoke, 385
That starting sudden up, the slumber broke ;
Then cast her eyes around, in hope to view
Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true :
For now the maids, who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands. 390
Tir'd with the search, not finding what she
seeks,

With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd
cheeks ;

Then from her beaten breast the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair :
Her nurse demands the cause ; with louder cries
She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies : 396

No more Alcyone, she suffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx lost his breath :
No flattery, no false comfort, give me none,
My shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone ; 400

I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew :
His lustre lost, and every living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face ;
Though with pale cheeks, wet beard, and drop-
ping hair, 405

None but my Ceyx could appear so fair :
I would have strain'd him with a strict embrace,
But through my arms he slip't, and vanish'd
from the place :

There, ev'n just there, he stood ; and as she
spoke,

Where last the spectre was, she cast her look :
Fain would she hope, and gaz'd upon the
ground, 411

If any printed footsteps might be found.

Then sigh'd and said : 'This I too well fore-
knew,

And my prophetic fear presag'd too true :
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding
heart 415

I took my leave, and suffer'd thee to part,
Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way !
Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd
Together we had liv'd ; ev'n not in death dis-
join'd ! 420

So had my Ceyx still been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there :
Now I die absent, in the vast profound ;
And me without myself the seas have drown'd :
The storms were not so cruel ; should I strive 425
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive ;
But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
In death forsake, but keep thee company.
If not one common sepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our last remains, 430
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone shall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line.

No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For sighs come rushing in betwixt her words,
And stopt her tongue; but what her tongue
deny'd, 435
Soft tears, and groans, and dumb complaints
supply'd.

'Twas morning; to the port she takes her
way,

And stands upon the margin of the sea:

That place, that very spot of ground she fought,
Or thither by her destiny was brought, 440

Where last he stood: and while she sadly said,

'Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd

His parting kifs; and there his anchors
weigh'd;

Thus speaking, while her thoughts past actions
trace,

And call to mind, admonish'd by the place, 445

Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,

And somewhat floating from afar descries;

It seem'd a corpse adrift, to distant sight,

But at a distance who could judge aright?

It wafted nearer yet, and then she knew 450

That what before she but surmis'd, was true:

A corpse it was, but whose it was, unknown,

Yet mov'd, howe'er, she made the case her own:

Took the bad omen of a shipwreck'd man,

As for a stranger wept, and thus began: 455

Poor wretch, on stormy seas to lose thy life,
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife !
At this she paus'd ; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the side :
The more she looks, the more her fears in-
crease 460

At nearer sight ; and she's herself the less :
Now driven ashore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees :
Her husband's corpse ; at this she loudly shrieks,
'Tis he, 'tis he, she cries, and tears her cheeks, 465
Her hair, her vest, and stooping to the sands,
About his neck she cast her trembling hands.

And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'st thou to thy longing wife !
She said, and to the neighb'ring mole she strode,
(Rais'd there to break the incursions of the
flood ;) 471

Headlong from hence to plunge herself she
springs,

But shoots along supported on her wings ;
A bird new made about the banks she plies,
Not far from shore ; and short excursions tries ;
Nor seeks in air her humble flight to raise, 476
Content to skim the surface of the seas ;
Her bill, though slender, sends a creaking noise,
And imitates a lamentable voice :
Now lighting where the bloodless body lies, 480
She with a funeral note renews her cries.

At all her stretch her little wings she spread,
And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the dead;
Then flickering to his pallid lips, she strove
To print a kiss, the last essay of love: 485

Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rais'd his head
To meet the kiss, the vulgar doubt alone;
For sure a present miracle was shown.

The gods their shapes to winter-birds translate,
But both obnoxious to their former fate. 491

Their conjugal affection still is ty'd,
And still the mournful race is multiply'd;
They bill, they tread; Alcyone compress'd
Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest:
A wintry queen: her fire at length is kind, 496
Calms every storm, and hushes every wind:
Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
And for his hatching nephews smooths the seas.

CELTIC AND ALLIGATOR
At all his friends but I the winds are spread
And with her father's arms around the head
Then looking to the east the shore
To greet a kiss the last of love
To purchase what touch new consolation
Of that the moving waters said his love
To reach the kiss the vulgar doubt none
For here a silent nurse was there
The good their hopes to winter-blossoms translate
But both obedient to their former fate
Their congeal reflection full is
And all the month's race is multiply'd
They did they read; Alcyon consoled
Seven days the brooding on her floating self
A wintry queen: her life at length is kind
Calms every storm, and halts every wind
I repeat his empire for his daughter's sake
And for his halcyon's nest the tears
His agonies from night I was woe
The grave is one that I can't dig
A cold heart's mine and love is no more
And I am a woman with a novel heart
Thoughtless as a bird in a cage
Love is a thing that I can't dig
I am a woman with a novel heart
And I am a woman with a novel heart
Now I am a woman with a novel heart
She is a woman with a novel heart

ÆSACUS

TRANSFORMED INTO A CORMORANT.

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THESE some old man fees wanton in the air,
And praises the unhappy constant pair.

Then to his friend the long-neck'd cormorant
shows,

'The former tale reviving others' woes:
That fable bird, he cries, which cuts the flood
With slender legs, was once of royal blood; 6
His ancestors from mighty Tros proceed,
The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede,
(Whose beauty tempted Jove to steal the boy)
And Priam, hapless prince! who fell with Troy:
Himself was Hector's brother, and had fate 11
But given this hopeful youth a longer date,
Perhaps had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
Though on the mother's side of meaner birth;
Fair Alyxothoë, a country maid, 15
Bare Æsacus by stealth in Ida's shade.

He fled the noisy town, and pompous court,
 Lov'd the lone hills, and simple rural sport,
 And feldom to the city would resort. }

Yet he no rustic clownishness profess, 20
 Nor was soft love a stranger to his breast:

The youth had long the nymph Hesperia woo'd,
 Oft through the thicket, or the mead pursu'd:
 Her haply on her father's bank he spy'd,

While fearless she her silver tresses dry'd; 25

Away she fled: not stags with half such speed,
 Before the prowling wolf, scud o'er the mead;
 Not ducks, when they the safer flood forsake,
 Pursu'd by hawks, so swift regain the lake.

As fast he follow'd in the hot career; 30

Desire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.

A snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless foot;
 Quick through the veins the venom'd juices
 shoot: }

She fell, and 'scap'd by death his fierce pur-
 suit. }

Her lifeless body, frightened, he embrac'd, 35

And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy
 haste:

O had my love been less, or less thy fear!

The victory thus bought is far too dear.

Accursed snake! yet I more curs'd than he!

He gave the wound; the cause was given by
 me. 40

Yet none shall say, that unreveng'd you dy'd. }
 He spoke ; then climb'd a cliff's o'er-hanging }
 side, }
 And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming tide. }
 Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave ;
 The death he fought deny'd, and feathers gave.
 Debarr'd the surest remedy of grief, 46
 And forc'd to live, he curst the unask'd relief,
 Then on his airy pinions upward flies, }
 And at a second fall successless tries ; }
 The downy plume a quick descent denies. 50 }
 Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave,
 And there in vain expects to find a grave.
 His ceaseless sorrow for the unhappy maid
 Meagred his look, and on his spirits prey'd.
 Still near the sounding deep he lives ; his name
 From frequent diving and emerging came. 56

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

CONNECTION TO THE END OF THE ELEVENTH
BOOK.

Æsacus, the son of Priam, loving a country life, forsakes the court : living obscurely, he falls in love with a nymph ; who, flying from him, was killed by a serpent ; for grief of this, he would have drowned himself ; but, by the pity of the gods, is turned into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æsacus, believes him to be dead, and raises a tomb to preserve his memory. By this transition, which is one of the finest in all Ovid, the poet naturally falls into the story of the Trojan war, which is summed up, in the present book, but so very briefly, in many places, that Ovid seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual style. Yet the House of Fame, which is here described, is one of

the most beautiful pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs, yield to no other part of this poet : and particularly the loves and death of Cyllarus and Hylonome, the male and female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.

PRIAM, to whom the story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd son :
A cenotaph his name and title kept,
And Hector round the tomb, with all his brothers, wept.

This pious office Paris did not share ; 5
Absent alone, and author of the war,
Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians
drew

To avenge the rape, and Asia to subdue.

A thousand ships were mann'd, to sail the
sea :
Nor had their just resentments found delay, 10
Had not the winds and waves oppos'd their
way. }

At Aulis, with united powers, they meet ;
But there, cross winds or calms detain'd the
fleet.

Now, while they raise an altar on the shore,
And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore ; 15

A boding sign the priests and people see :
 A snake of size immense ascends a tree,
 And in the leafy summit spy'd a nest,
 Which, o'er her callow young, a sparrow press'd.
 Eight were the birds unfledg'd ; their mother
 flew, 20

And hover'd round her care ; but still in view :
 Till the fierce reptile first devour'd the brood ;
 Then seiz'd the fluttering dam, and drank her
 blood.

This dire ostent the fearful people view ;
 Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught, foreknew 25
 What heaven decreed : and with a smiling
 glance,

Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
 O Argives, we shall conquer ; Troy is ours,
 But long delays shall first afflict our powers :
 Nine years of labour the nine birds portend ; 30
 The tenth shall in the town's destruction end.

The serpent, who his maw obscene had fill'd,
 The branches in his curl'd embraces held :
 But as in spires he stood, he turn'd to stone :
 The stony snake retain'd the figure still his own.

Yet not for this the wind-bound navy
 weigh'd ; 36

Slack were their sails ; and Neptune disobey'd.
 Some thought him loth the town should be de-
 stroy'd,

Whose building had his hands divine employ'd :

Not so the feer; who knew, and known fore-
 show'd, 40

The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood
 Must first be reconcil'd; the common cause
 Prevail'd; and pity yielding to the laws,
 Fair Iphigenia, the devoted maid,
 Was, by the weeping priests, in linen robes
 array'd; 45

All mourn her fate; but no relief appear'd:
 The royal victim bound, the knife already
 rear'd:

When that offended power, who caus'd their woe,
 Relenting ceas'd her wrath; and stopp'd the
 coming blow.

A mist before the ministers she cast; 50
 And, in the virgin's room, a hind she plac'd.
 The oblation slain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
 The storm was hush'd, and dimpled ocean
 smil'd:

A favourable gale arose from shore,
 Which to the port desir'd the Grecian gallies
 bore. 55

Full in the midst of this created space,
 Betwixt heaven, earth, and skies, there stands a
 place

Confining on all three; with triple bound;
 Whence all things, though remote, are view'd
 around,
 And thither bring their undulating sound. 60

The palace of loud Fame ; her feat of power ;
 Plac'd on the summit of a lofty tower.
 A thousand winding entries, long and wide,
 Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide.
 A thousand crannies in the walls are made ; 65
 Nor gate nor bars exclude the busy trade.
 'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
 The spreading sounds, and multiply the news ;
 Where echoes in repeated echoes play : 69
 A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
 Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
 But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease ;
 Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
 Of tides, receding from the insulted shore :
 Or like the broken thunder, heard from far, 75
 When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.
 The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
 Of crouds, or issuing forth, or entering in :
 A thorough-fare of news : where some devise
 Things never heard ; some mingle truth with
 lies : 80

Ver. 67. *'Tis built*] The following lines are some of Dryden's happiest alliterations, consisting of letters thrice repeated.

“ And shot her venom'd vipers in her veins—

“ The breast beneath his fingers bent—

“ 'Tis built of brass the better to diffuse—

“ Nor did the whizzing weapon miss his way.”

The first of these lines reminds me of the following one in Lucretius,

Verbera ventorum vitare——

With a repetition of an uncommon consonant.

Dr. J. WARTON.

The troubled air with empty sounds they beat ;
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.

Error fits brooding there ; with added train
Of vain Credulity, and Joys as vain :

Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near ; 85
And rumors rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and
panique fear.

Fame fits aloft ; and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above ; enquiring all
around.

The goddess gives the alarm ; and soon is
known

The Grecian fleet, descending on the town. 90

Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not slow
To guard their shore from an expected foe.

They meet in fight : by Hector's fatal hand
Protesilaus falls, and bites the strand,

Which with expence of blood the Grecians
won ; 95

And prov'd the strength unknown of Priam's
son.

And to their cost the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they
dealt.

From these first onsets, the Sigæan shore
Was strew'd with carcases, and stain'd with gore :
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had slain ;
Achilles in his car had scour'd the plain,

And clear'd the Trojan ranks : where'er he
fought,

Cygnus, or Hector, through the fields he
fought :

Cygnus he found ; on him his force essay'd : 105
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.

His white-maned steeds, that bow'd beneath
the yoke,

He cheer'd to courage, with a gentle stroke ;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe :

And rising shook his lance, in act to throw. 110
But first he cry'd, O youth, be proud to bear

Thy death, ennobled by Pelides' spear.

The lance pursu'd the voice without delay ;

Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way,

But pierc'd his cuirass, with such fury sent ; 115

And sign'd his bosom with a purple dint.

At this the feed of Neptune ; Goddess-born,

For ornament, not use, these arms are worn ;

This helm, and heavy buckler, I can spare,

As only decorations of the war : 120

So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.

'Tis somewhat more from Neptune to pro-
ceed,

Than from a daughter of the sea to spring :

Thy fire is mortal ; mine is ocean's king.

Secure of death, I should contemn thy dart, 125

Though naked, and impassible depart :

He said, and threw: the trembling weapon
 pass'd
 Through nine bull-hides, each under other
 plac'd,
 On his broad shield, and stuck within the last.
 Achilles wrench'd it out; and sent again 130
 The hostile gift: the hostile gift was vain.
 He try'd a third, a tough well-chosen spear;
 The inviolable body stood sincere,
 Though Cygnus then did no defence provide,
 But scornful offer'd his unshielded side. 135

Not otherwise the impatient hero far'd,
 Than as a bull, encompass'd with a guard,
 Amid the circus roars: provok'd from far
 By sight of scarlet, and a sanguine war:
 They quit their ground; his bended horns
 elude; 140

In vain pursuing, and in vain pursu'd.

Before to farther fight he would advance,
 He stood considering, and survey'd his lance.
 Doubts if he wielded not a wooden spear
 Without a point: he look'd, the point was
 there. 145

This is my hand, and this my lance, he said,
 By which so many thousand foes are dead.
 O whither is their usual virtue fled!
 I had it once; and the Lyrnessian wall,
 And Tenedos, confess'd it in their fall. 150

Thy streams, Caïcus, roll'd a crimson flood ;
 And Thebes ran red with her own natives'
 blood.

Twice 'Telephus employ'd their piercing steel,
 To wound him first, and afterward to heal.

The vigour of this arm was never vain : 155 }
 And that my wonted prowess I retain, }
 Witness these heaps of slaughter on the plain. }

He said, and, doubtful of his former deeds,
 To some new trial of his force proceeds.

He chose Menætes from among the rest ; 160
 At him he lanc'd his spear, and pierc'd his
 breast :

On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
 And lay supine ; and forth the spirit fled.

Then thus the hero ; Neither can I blame
 The hand, or javelin ; both are still the same.
 The same I will employ against this foe ; 166
 And wish but with the same success to throw.
 So spoke the chief ; and while he spoke he
 threw ;

The weapon with unerring fury flew ; 169
 At his left shoulder aim'd : nor entrance found ;
 But back, as from a rock, with swift rebound
 Harmless return'd : a bloody mark appear'd,
 Which with false joy the flatter'd hero cheer'd.
 Wound there was none ; the blood that was in
 view,

The lance before from slain Menætes drew. 175

Headlong he leaps from off his lofty car,
And in close fight on foot renews the war.
Raging with high disdain, repeats his blows ;
Nor shield nor armour can their force oppose ;
Huge cantlets of his buckler strew the ground,
And no defence in his bor'd arms is found. 181
But on his flesh no wound or blood is seen ;
The sword itself is blunted on the skin.

This vain attempt the chief no longer bears ;
But round his hollow temples and his ears 185
His buckler beats : the son of Neptune, stunn'd
With these repeated buffets, quits his ground ;
A sickly sweat succeeds, and shades of night ;
Inverted nature swims before his sight :
The insulting victor presses on the more, 190
And treads the steps the vanquish'd trod before,
Nor rest, nor respite gives. A stone there lay
Behind his trembling foe, and stopp'd his way :
Achilles took the advantage which he found,
O'er-turn'd, and push'd him backward on the
ground. 195

His buckler held him under, while he press'd,
With both his knees above, his panting breast :
Unlac'd his helm : about his chin the twist
He ty'd ; and soon the strangled soul dismiss'd.

With eager haste he went to strip the dead ;
The vanquish'd body from his arms was fled.
His sea-god fire, to immortalize his fame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.

A truce succeeds the labours of this day,
And arms suspended with a long delay. 205

While Trojan walls are kept with watch and
ward ;

The Greeks before their trenches mount the
guard.

The feast approach'd; when to the blue-ey'd
maid

His vows for Cygnus slain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid. 210

The reeking entrails on the fire they threw ;

And to the gods the grateful odour flew :

Heaven had its part in sacrifice : the rest

Was broil'd and roasted for the future feast.

The chief invited guests were set around : 215

And, hunger first assuag'd, the bowls were
crown'd,

Which in deep draughts their cares and la-
bours drown'd.

The mellow harp did not their ears employ :

And mute was all the warlike symphony.

Discourse, the food of souls, was their delight,

And pleasing chat prolong'd the summer's night:

The subject, deeds of arms ; and valour shown,

Or on the Trojan side, or on their own.

Of dangers undertaken, fame achiev'd,

They talk'd by turns; the talk by turns re-
liev'd. 225

What things but these could fierce Achilles tell,
Or what could fierce Achilles hear so well?
The last great act perform'd, of Cygnus slain,
Did most the martial audience entertain:
Wondering to find a body, free by fate 230
From steel, and which could ev'n that steel re-
bate:

Amaz'd, their admiration they renew;
And scarce Pelides could believe it true.

Then Nestor, thus; What once this age has
known,
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone, 235
These eyes have seen in Cæneus long before,
Whose body not a thousand swords could bore.
Cæneus, in courage, and in strength, excell'd,
And still his Othrys with his fame is fill'd:
But what did most his martial deeds adorn, 240
(Though since he chang'd his sex) a woman
born.

A novelty so strange, and full of fate,
His listening audience ask'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common fate;
O father, first for prudence in repute, 245
Tell, with that eloquence, so much thy own,
What thou hast heard, or what of Cæneus
known:

What was he, whence his change of sex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he
won?

Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal strife 250
The youth, without a wound, could lose his
life?

Neleides then; Though tardy age, and time,
Have shrunk my sinews, and decay'd my prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my store,
Yet not exhausted, I remember more. 255
Of all that arms atchiev'd, or peace design'd,
That action still is fresher in my mind
Than ought beside. If reverend age can give
To faith a sanction, in my third I live.

'Twas in my second century, I survey'd 260
Young Cænis, then a fair Theffalian maid:
Cænis the bright was born to high command;
A princess, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles: every tongue proclaim'd 264
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy fire, perhaps had fought her bed,
Among the rest; but he had either led
Thy mother then, or was by promise ty'd;
But she to him, and all, alike her love deny'd.

It was her fortune once, to take her way 270
Along the sandy margin of the sea:
The Power of ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
And, lov'd as soon as seen, by force embrac'd.
So fame reports. Her virgin treasure seiz'd,
And his new joys the ravisher so pleas'd, 275
That thus, transported, to the nymph he cry'd;
Ask what thou wilt, no prayer shall be deny'd.

Rais'd altars shone with holy fires ; the bride,
 Lovely herself (and lovely by her side
 A bevy of bright nymphs, with sober grace,)
 Came glittering like a star, and took her place:
 Her heavenly form beheld, all wish'd her joy ;
 And little wanted, but in vain, their wishes all
 employ.

For one, most brutal of the brutal brood,
 Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
 Or both at once, beheld with lustful eyes 310
 The bride ; at once resolv'd to make his prize.
 Down went the board ; and fastening on her
 hair,

He seiz'd with sudden force the frightened fair.
 'Twas Eurytus began : his bestial kind
 His crime pursu'd ; and each as pleas'd his
 mind, 315
 Or her, whom chance presented, took : the
 feast

An image of a taken town express'd.

The cave resounds with female shrieks ; we
 rise,
 Mad with revenge, to make a swift reprisal :
 And Theseus first ; What frenzy has possess'd,
 O Eurytus, he cry'd, thy brutal breast, 321
 To wrong Pirithous, and not him alone,
 But, while I live, two friends conjoin'd in
 one ?

To justify his threat, he thrusts aside
 The crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the bride.
 The monster nought reply'd: for words were
 vain; 326

And deeds could only deeds unjust maintain:
 But answers with his hand; and forward prefs'd,
 With blows redoubled, on his face and breast.
 An ample goblet stood, of antique mold, 330
 And rough with figures of the rising gold;
 The hero snatch'd it up, and tofs'd in air,
 Full at the front of the foul ravisher:
 He falls; and falling vomits forth a flood
 Of wine, and foam, and brains, and mingled
 blood. 335

Half roaring, and half neighing through the
 hall,

Arms, arms, the double-form'd with fury call;
 To wreak their brother's death: a medley
 flight

Of bowls and jars, at first, supply the fight,
 Once instruments of feasts, but now of fate; 340
 Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.

Bold Amycus, from the robb'd vestry, brings
 The chalices of heaven, and holy things
 Of precious weight: a sconce, that hung on
 high,

With tapers fill'd, to light the sacrifice, 345
 Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand
 He threw amid the Lapithæan band.

On Celadon the ruin fell, and left
 His face of feature and of form bereft :
 So, when some brawny sacrificer knocks, 350
 Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
 His eye-balls rooted out are thrown to ground ;
 His nose dismantled in his mouth is found,
 His jaws, cheeks, front, one undistinguish'd }
 wound.

This, Belates, the avenger, could not brook ;
 But, by the foot, a maple-board he took, 356
 And hurl'd at Amycus ; his chin is bent
 Against his chest, and down the Centaur sent ;
 Whom sputtering bloody teeth, the second blow
 Of his drawn sword dispatch'd to shades below.

Grineus was near ; and cast a furious look
 On the side-altar, cens'd with sacred smoke,
 And bright with flaming fires ; The gods, he
 cry'd,

Have with their holy trade our hands supply'd :
 Why use we not their gifts ? Then from the
 floor 365

An altar-stone he heav'd, with all the load it
 bore :

Altar and altars freight together flew
 Where thickest throng'd the Lapithæan crew ; }
 And, at once, Broteas and Oryus flew :
 Oryus' mother, Mycale, was known 370
 Down from her sphere to draw the lab'ring
 moon.

Exadius cry'd, Unpunish'd shall not go
 This fact, if arms are found against the foe.
 He look'd about, where on a pine were spread
 The votive horns of a stag's branching head: 375
 At Grineus these he throws; so just they fly,
 That the sharp antlers stuck in either eye:
 Breathless and blind he fell; with blood be-
 smear'd,

His eye-balls beaten out hung dangling on his
 beard. 379

Fierce Rhætus, from the hearth, a burning
 brand 380

Selects, and whirling waves; 'till, from his hand
 The fire took flame; then dash'd it from the
 right,

On fair Charaxus' temples, near the fight:
 The whistling pest came on, and pierc'd the
 bone,

And caught the yellow hair, that shrivell'd
 while it shone: 385

Caught, like dry stubble fir'd, or like feer-
 wood; }

Yet from the wound ensu'd no purple flood; }
 But look'd a bubbling mass of frying blood. }

His blazing locks sent forth a crackling sound,
 And hiss'd, like red-hot iron within the smithy
 drown'd. 390

The wounded warrior shook his flaming hair,
 Then (what a team of horse could hardly rear)

He heaves the threshold-stone ; but could not
throw ;

The weight itself forbad the threaten'd blow ;
Which, dropping from his lifted arms, came
down 395

Full on Cometes' head, and crush'd his crown.

Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy, but said, }
So by their fellows may our foes be sped, }
Then with redoubled strokes he plies his head: }

The burning lever not deludes his pains ; 400

But drives the batter'd skull within the brains.

Thus flush'd, the conqueror, with force re-
new'd,

Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, pursu'd :

First, Corythus, with downy cheeks, he slew ;

Whose fall when fierce Evagrus had in view, 405

He cry'd, What palm is from a beardless
prey ?

Rhætus prevents what more he had to say ;

And drove within his mouth the fiery death,

Which enter'd hissing in, and chok'd his
breath.

At Dryas next he flew ; but weary chance 410

No longer would the same success advance.

But while he whirl'd in fiery circles round }
The brand, a sharpen'd stake strong Dryas }
found ; }

And in the shoulder's joint inflicts the wound. }

The weapon struck : which roaring out with
 pain 415

He drew ; nor longer durst the fight main-
 tain,

But turn'd his back, for fear ; and fled amain.

With him fled Orneus, with like dread possess'd ;

Thaumas and Medon, wounded in the breast,

And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd, 420

Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.

Pholus and Melaneus from fight withdrew,

And Abas maim'd, who boars encountering
 flew :

And augur Aftylos, whose art in vain

From fight dissuaded the four-footed train, 425

Now beat the hoof with Nessus on the plain ;

But to his fellow cry'd, Be safely slow,

Thy death deferr'd is due to great Alcides' bow.

Mean time strong Dryas urg'd his chance so
 well,

That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell ; 430

All, one by one, and fighting face to face :

Crenæus fled, to fall with more disgrace :

For, fearful while he look'd behind, he bore,

Betwixt his nose and front, the blow before.

Amid the noise and tumult of the fray, 435

Snoring and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.

Ev'n then the bowl within his hand he kept,

And on a bear's rough hide securely slept.

Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd ;
Take thy next draught with Stygian waters
mix'd, 440

And sleep thy fill, the insulting victor cry'd ;
Surpris'd with death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd :
The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his foul,
Repas'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.

I saw Petræus' arms employ'd around 445
A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous
bands,

The trunk was like a sapling in his hands,
And still obey'd the bent: while thus he stood,
Pirithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the
wood. 450

Lycus and Chromys fell, by him oppress'd :
Helops and Dictys added to the rest
A nobler palm : Helops, through either ear
Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating spear. 454
This Dictys saw ; and seiz'd with sudden fright,
Leapt headlong from the hill of steepy height ;
And crush'd an ash beneath, that could not
bear his weight.

The shatter'd tree receives his fall, and strikes,
Within his full-blown paunch, the sharpen'd
spikes.

Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty stone, 460
The fragment of a rock, and would have
thrown ;

But Theseus, with a club of harden'd oak,
 The cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke ;
 And left him maim'd ; nor seconded the
 stroke.

Then leapt on tall Bianor's back : (who bore 465
 No mortal burden but his own, before.)

Press'd with his knees his fides ; the double
 man,

His speed with spurs increas'd, unwilling ran,
 One hand the hero fasten'd on his locks ;
 His other ply'd him with repeated strokes. 470
 The club hung round his ears, and batter'd
 brows ;

He falls ; and lashing up his heels, his rider
 throws.

The same Herculean arms Nedymnus
 wound ;

And lay by him Lycotas on the ground ; 474
 And Hippafus, whose beard his breast invades ;
 And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland shades :
 And Tereus, us'd with mountain-bears to strive ;
 And from their dens to draw the indignant
 beasts alive.

Demoleon could not bear this hateful fight,
 Or the long fortune of the Athenian knight :
 But pull'd with all his force, to disengage 481
 From earth a pine, the product of an age :
 The root stuck fast : the broken trunk he sent
 At Theseus : Theseus frustrates his intent,

And leaps aside, by Pallas warn'd, the blow 485
 To shun: (for so he said; and we believ'd it so.)
 Yet not in vain the enormous weight was cast;
 Which Crantor's body sunder'd at the waist.
 Thy father's squire, Achilles, and his care;
 Whom, conquer'd in the Dolopeian war, 490
 Their king, his present ruin to prevent,
 A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus sent.
 Thy fire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate;
 And cry'd, Not long, lov'd Crantor, shalt thou
 wait

Thy vow'd revenge. At once he said, and threw
 His ashen-spear, which quiver'd as it flew, 496
 With all his force and all his soul apply'd;
 The sharp point enter'd in the Centaur's side:
 Both hands, to wrench it out, the monster
 join'd;

And wrench'd it out; but left the steel behind.
 Stuck in his lungs it stood: inrag'd he rears 501
 His hoofs, and down to ground thy father
 bears.

Thus trampled under foot, his shield defends
 His head; his other hand the lance portends.
 Ev'n while he lay extended on the dust, 505
 He sped the Centaur with one single thrust.
 Two more his lance before transfix'd from far;
 And two his sword had slain in closer war.
 To these was added Dorylas: who spread
 A bull's two goring horns around his head. 510

With these he push'd ; in blood already dy'd :
Him, fearless, I approach'd, and thus defy'd :
Now, monster, now, by proof it shall appear,
Whether thy horns are sharper, or my spear.

At this, I threw: for want of other ward, 515

He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.

His hand it pass'd, and fix'd it to his brow :

Loud shouts of ours attend the lucky blow :

Him Peleus finish'd, with a second wound,

Which through the navel pierc'd: he reel'd
around, 520

And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the
ground :

Trod what he dragg'd, and what he trod he
crush'd :

And to his mother-earth, with empty belly,
rush'd.

Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreshow
Thy fate ; (if form to monsters men allow :) 525
Just bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden
hue :

Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy shoul-
ders flew.

Sprightly thy look: thy shapes in every part
So clean, as might instruct the sculptor's art:

As far as man extended : where began 530

The beast, the beast was equal to the man.

Add but a horse's head and neck, and he,

O Caſtor, was a courſer worthy thee.

So was his back proportion'd for the feat ;
 So rose his brawny chest ; so swiftly mov'd his
 feet. 535

Coal-black his colour, but like jet it shone ;
 His legs and flowing tail were white alone.
 Belov'd by many maidens of his kind,
 But fair Hylonome possess'd his mind ;
 Hylonome, for features, and for face, 540
 Excelling all the nymphs of double race :
 Nor less her blandishments, than beauty, move ;
 At once both loving, and confessing love.
 For him she dress'd ; for him with female care
 She comb'd, and set in curls, her auburn hair.
 Of roses, violets, and lilies mix'd, 546
 And sprigs of flowing rosemary betwixt,
 She form'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front :
 In waters of the Pegasæan fount,
 And in the streams that from the fountain play,
 She wash'd her face, and bath'd her twice a
 day. 551

The scarf of furs, that hung below her side,
 Was ermin, or the panther's spotted pride ;
 Spoils of no common beast : with equal flame
 They lov'd : their sylvan pleasures were the
 same : 555

All day they hunted ; and when day expir'd,
 Together to some shady cave retir'd.
 Invited, to the nuptials both repair :
 And, side by side, they both engage in war.

Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart 560
 At Cyllarus was sent, which pierc'd his heart.
 The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
 He faints with staggering steps, and seeks the
 ground :

The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
 And strove his wandering spirits to recal : 565
 And while her hand the streaming blood op-
 pos'd,

Join'd face to face, his lips with hers she clos'd.
 Stifled with kisses, a sweet death he dies ;
 She fills the fields with undistinguish'd cries :
 At least her words were in her clamour drown'd ;
 For my stunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal sound. 571
 In madness of her grief, she seiz'd the dart
 New-drawn, and reeking from her lover's
 heart ;

To her bare bosom the sharp point apply'd,
 And wounded fell ; and falling by his side, 575
 Embrac'd him in her arms, and thus em-
 bracing dy'd.

Ev'n still, methinks, I see Phæocomes ;
 Strange was his habit, and as odd his dress.
 Six lions' hides, with thongs together fast,
 His upper part defended to his waist ; 580
 And where man ended, the continu'd vest,
 Spread on his back, the hous and trappings of
 a beast.

A stump too heavy for a team to draw,
 (It seems a fable, though the fact I saw ;)
 He threw at Pholon ; the descending blow 585
 Divides the skull, and cleaves his head in two.
 The brains, from nose and mouth, and either
 ear,

Came issuing out, as through a colendar
 The curdled milk : or from the press the whey,
 Driven down by weights above, is drain'd away.

But him, while stooping down to spoil the
 slain, 591
 Pierc'd through the paunch, I tumbled on the
 plain.

Then Chthonius and Teleboas I flew :
 A fork the former arm'd ; a dart his fellow
 threw :

The javelin wounded me ; (behold the scar.) 595
 Then was my time to seek the Trojan war ;
 Then I was Hector's match in open field ;
 But he was then unborn ; at least a child ;
 Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
 By Periphantes how Pyretus fell ; 600
 The Centaur by the Knight : nor will I stay
 On Amphix, or what deaths he dealt that day :
 What honour, with a pointless lance, he won,
 Stuck in the front of a four-footed man. 604
 What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight :
 Or dwell on Nessus, now return'd from flight.

How prophet Mopsus not alone divin'd,
Whose valour equall'd his foreseeing mind.

Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,
Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their band :
Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus, 611
Bromus the brave, and stronger Stiphelus ;
Their names I number'd, and remember well,
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.

Latreus, the bulkiest of the double race, 615
Whom the spoil'd arms of slain Halesus grace,
In years retaining still his youthful might,
Though his black hairs were interspers'd with
white,

Betwixt the embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance; 620
And rode the ring around ; that either host
Might hear him, while he made this empty
boast.

And from a strumpet shall we suffer shame ?
For Cænis still, not Cæneus is thy name :
And still the native softness of thy kind 625
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert : what price was
paid

To change thy sex : to make thee not a maid :
And but a man in shew : go, card and spin ;
And leave the business of the war to men. 630

While thus the boaster exercis'd his pride,
The fatal spear of Cæneus reach'd his side :

Just in the mixture of the kinds it ran ;
 Betwixt the nether breast and upper man.
 The monster mad with rage, and stung with
 smart, 635

His lance directed at the hero's heart :
 It strook ; but bounded from his harden'd
 breast,

Like hail from tiles, which the safe house invest ;
 Nor seem'd the stroke with more effect to come,
 Than a small pebble falling on a drum. 640

He next his fauchion try'd, in closer fight ;
 But the keen fauchion had no power to bite.
 He thrust ; the blunted point return'd again :
 Since downright blows, he cry'd, and thrusts
 are vain,

I'll prove his side : in strong embraces held, 645
 He prov'd his side ; his side the sword repell'd :
 His hollow belly echo'd to the stroke ;
 Untouch'd his body, as a solid rock ;
 Aim'd at his neck at last, the blade in shivers
 broke. }

The impassive knight stood idle, to deride
 His rage, and offer'd oft his naked side : 651
 At length, Now, monster, in thy turn, he
 cry'd, }

Try thou the strength of Cæneus : at the word
 He thrust ; and in his shoulder plung'd the
 sword.

Then writh'd his hand; and as he drove it
down, 655

Deep in his breast, made many wounds in one.

The Centaurs saw, inrag'd, the unhop'd suc-
cess;

And, rushing on, in crowds, together prefs;

At him, and him alone, their darts they threw:

Repuls'd they from his fated body flew. 660

Amaz'd they stood; till Monychus began,

O shame, a nation conquer'd by a man!

A woman-man; yet more a man is he,

Than all our race; and what he was, are we. 664

Now, what avail our nerves? the united force,

Of two the strongest creatures, man and horse?

Nor goddess-born, nor of Ixion's seed

We seem; (a lover built for Juno's bed;)

Master'd by this half man. Whole mountains
throw

With woods at once, and bury him below. 670

This only way remains. Nor need we doubt

To choak the foul within, though not to force
it out.

Heap weights, instead of wounds: He chanc'd
to see

Where southern storms had rooted up a tree;

This, rais'd from earth, against the foe he
threw; 675

The example shewn, his fellow-brutes pursue.

With forest-loads the warrior they invade ;
 Othrys and Pelion soon were void of shade ;
 And spreading groves were naked mountains }
 made.

Prefs'd with the burden, Cæneus pants for
 breath ;

And on his shoulders bears the wooden death.

To heave the intolerable weight he tries ;

At length it rose above his mouth and eyes ;

Yet still he heaves : and struggling with despair,

Shakes all aside, and gains a gulp of air : 685

A short relief, which but prolongs his pain ;

He faints by fits ; and then respire again :

At last, the burden only nods above,

As when an earthquake stirs the Idæan grove.

Doubtful his death : he suffocated seem'd 690

To most ; but otherwise our Mopsus deem'd :

Who said he saw a yellow bird arise

From out the pile, and cleave the liquid skies :

I saw it too, with golden feathers bright,

Nor e'er before beheld so strange a sight. 695

Whom Mopsus viewing, as it soar'd around

Our troop, and heard the pinions' rattling

found,

All hail, he cry'd, thy country's grace and

love ;

Once first of men below, now first of birds

above.

Its author to the story gave belief: 700
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief:
Ashamed to see a single man, pursu'd
With odds, to sink beneath a multitude:
We push'd the foe, and forc'd to shameful fight;
Part fell; and part escap'd by favour of the
night. 705

This tale, by Nestor told, did much dis-
please

Tlepolemus, the seed of Hercules:
For, often he had heard his father say,
That he himself was present at the fray;
And more than shar'd the glories of the day. }

Old Chronicle, he said, among the rest, 711
You might have nam'd Alcides at the least:
Is he not worth your praise? The Pylian prince
Sigh'd ere he spoke; then made this proud de-
fence.

My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd, 715
I would have lost; but you renew the wound:
Better to pass him o'er, than to relate
The cause I have your mighty fire to hate.
His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the
sky;

(Which, oh, I wish, with truth, I could deny!)
We praise not Hector; though his name, we
know,
Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praise a foe.

He, your great father, levell'd to the ground
 Messenia's towers : nor better fortune found
 Elis, and Pylus ; that, a neighb'ring state, 725
 And this, my own : both guiltless of their fate.

To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one, he slew,
 My brethren, who their birth from Neleus
 drew.

All youths of early promise, had they liv'd ;
 By him they perish'd : I alone surviv'd. 730

The rest were easy conquest : but the fate
 Of Periclymenos is wond'rous to relate.

To him our common grandfire of the main
 Had given to change his form, and, chang'd,
 resume again.

Vary'd at pleasure, every shape he try'd ; 735

And in all beasts Alcides still defy'd :

Vanquish'd on earth, at length he soar'd above ;

Chang'd to the bird that bears the bolt of

Jove :

The new dissembled eagle, now endu'd

With peak and pounces, Hercules pursu'd, 740

And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face ;

Then, safe retir'd, and tower'd in empty space.

Alcides bore not long his flying foe :

But bending his inevitable bow,

Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood ; 745

And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.

Light was the wound ; but in the sinew hung

The point ; and his disabled wing unstrung.

He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in
vain;

His vans no longer could his flight sustain : 750
For while one gather'd wind, one unsupply'd
Hung drooping down ; nor pois'd his other side.
He fell : the shaft that slightly was impress'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his neck, astant ; he spurns the
ground, 755
And the foul issues through the weazon's
wound.

Now, brave commander of the Rhodian seas,
What praise is due from me to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree 759
For my slain brothers ; but 'tis peace with thee.

Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor spoke:
Then, to full bowls each other they provoke :
At length with weariness and wine oppress'd,
They rise from table, and withdraw to rest. 764

The fire of Cygnus, monarch of the main, }
Mean time, laments his son in battle slain : }
And vows the victor's death, nor vows in vain. }
For nine long years the smother'd pain he bore ;
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before :) 769
Then when he saw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus bespoke the god, that guides the year.
Immortal offspring of my brother Jove ;
My brightest nephew, and whom best I love,

Whose hands were join'd with mine, to raise the
wall

Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall ; 775

Dost thou not mourn our power employ'd in
vain ;

And the defenders of our city slain ?

To pass the rest, could noble Hector lie

Unpity'd, dragg'd around his native Troy ?

And yet the murderer lives : himself by far 780

A greater plague, than all the wasteful war :

He lives ; the proud Pelides lives, to boast

Our town destroy'd, our common labour lost !

O, could I meet him ! But I wish too late,

To prove my trident is not in his fate. 785

But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy dart,

And pierce his only penetrable part.

Apollo bows to the superior throne ;

And to his uncle's anger adds his own.

Then, in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,

Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal

fight ; 791

And found out Paris, lurking where he stood,

And stain'd his arrows with plebeian blood :

Phœbus to him alone the god confess'd,

Then to the recreant knight he thus address'd.

Dost thou not blush, to spend thy shafts in

vain 796

On a degenerate and ignoble train ?

If fame, or better vengeance, be thy care,
There aim: and, with one arrow, end the war.

He said; and shew'd from far the blazing
shield
And sword, which but Achilles none could
wield;
And how he mov'd a god, and mow'd the
standing field.

The deity himself directs aright
The invenom'd shaft; and wings the fatal flight.

Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian name;
And he, the base adulterer, boasts the fame. 806
A spectacle to glad the Trojan train;
And please old Priam, after Hector slain.

If by a female hand he had foreseen
He was to die, his wish had rather been 810
The lance and double ax of the fair warrior
queen.

And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
The Grecian honour, ornament, and shield,
High on a pile, the unconquer'd chief is plac'd:
The god, that arm'd him first, consum'd at last.
Of all the mighty man, the small remains 816
A little urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in Homer, still Achilles lives;
And, equal to himself, himself survives.

His buckler owns its former lord; and brings
New cause of strife betwixt contending kings;

Who worthiest, after him, his sword to wield,
Or wear his armour, or sustain his shield. 823
Ev'n Diomede fat mute, with down-cast eyes ;
Conscious of wanted worth to win the prize :
Nor Menelaus presum'd these arms to claim,
Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only rose : Læertes' son,
And the vast bulk of Ajax Telamon.
The king, who cherish'd each with equal love,
And from himself all envy would remove, 831
Left both to be determin'd by the laws ;
And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cause.

END OF VOL. III.

Dryden, John,

The poetical works of John Dryden containing original poems, tales, and translations, with notes

Bd.: 3

London (1811)

P.o.angl. 96 mf-3

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10746215-5